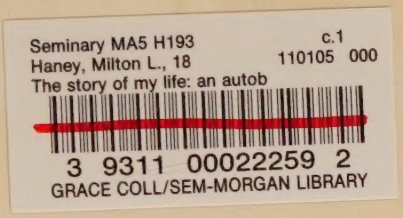
The Story of my Life

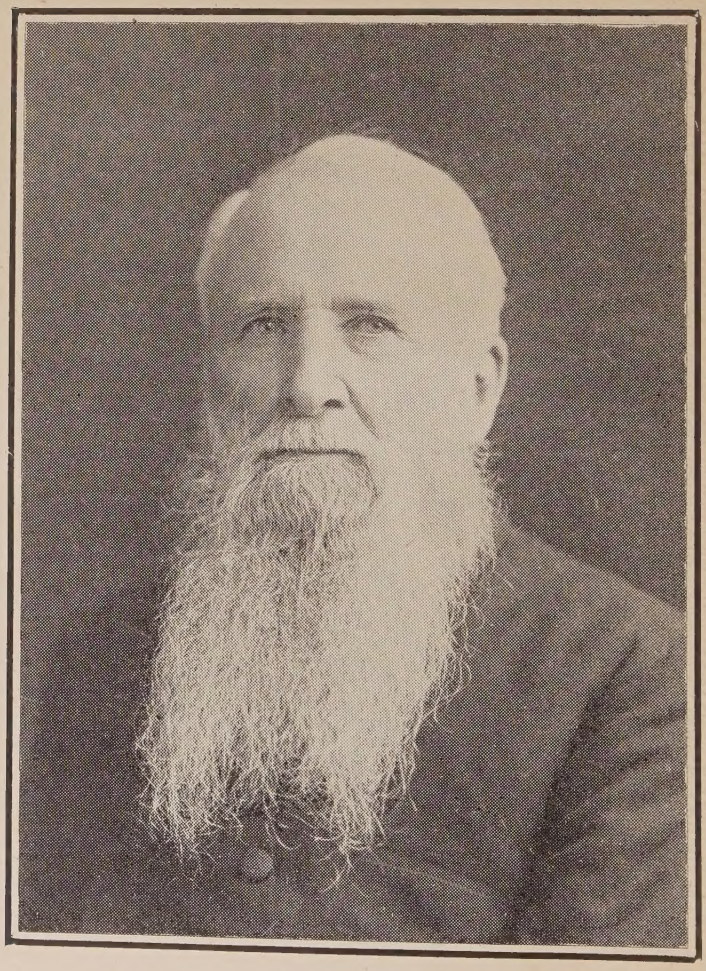
M. L. Haney

GRACE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

MA5
H193

PROPERTY OF
GRACE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
WINONA LAKE, IND.





Your friend & brother
M. L. Haney

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

AN

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY

M. L. HANEY, Evangelist

GRACE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

PUBLISHED BY

THE AUTHOR

Normal, McLean County, Ill.

1904

MA5
H193
2914

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1904
M. L. HANEY
In the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

PREFACE

At the oft repeated request of judicious and holy people, accompanied, as I think, by kindred suggestions from the Holy Spirit, I at length put in printed form the incidents of my life. This recital involves a glance at parentage and childhood, with early youth in the West, and covers a ministry of fifty-seven years. Too much space may have been given to exciting incidents of the war of the great rebellion; but three years' identity with its front lines of fire and blood can hardly be passed over lightly.

The book has been hurriedly written in my seventy-ninth year, very largely from memory; but is launched with all its imperfections with the prayer that God may use it in the salvation of men after the hand that wrote it has ceased to act.

M. L. HANEY.

Normal, Illinois, July 30, 1903.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I.
Parentage 1

CHAPTER II.
Birth and Childhood 5

CHAPTER III.
A Word on Family Government..... 9

CHAPTER IV.
Incidents of Boyhood 14

CHAPTER V.
The Westward Move..... 17

CHAPTER VI.
Early Methodism 22

CHAPTER VII.
My Conversion 26

CHAPTER VIII.
On the Farm 31

CHAPTER IX.
Called to the Ministry..... 36

CHAPTER X.
Preparing for the Work..... 40

CHAPTER XI.
My First Circuit..... 49

CHAPTER XII.
A Striking Miracle..... 57

CHAPTER XIII.
Spread of Revival Fire..... 60

CHAPTER XIV.
In the Cleansing Fountain..... 63

CHAPTER XV.
Back to Work..... 71

CHAPTER XVI.
In Peru 76

CHAPTER XVII.
Marriage 81

CHAPTER XVIII.
The Work at Canton..... 84

CHAPTER XIX.
Experience with a Secret Order..... 87

CHAPTER XX.
Abingdon 93

CHAPTER XXI.
Life at Lewistown..... 100

CHAPTER XXII.
Mt. Morris 103

CHAPTER XXIII.
Mt. Morris (Continued)..... 110

CHAPTER XXIV.
At Galesburg 115

CHAPTER XXV.
The Battle in Peoria 119

CHAPTER XXVI.
Farmington 121

CHAPTER XXVII.
Farmington (Continued) 129

CHAPTER. XXVIII.
In Lewistown Again 134

CHAPTER XXIX.
My Country Calls 137

CHAPTER XXX.
The Duties of a Chaplain..... 142

CHAPTER XXXI.
The Battle of Pittsburg Landing..... 145

CHAPTER XXXII.
The Battle of Pittsburg Landing (Concluded)..... 153

CHAPTER XXXIII.
On to Corinth 158

CHAPTER XXXIV.
The March to Memphis 161

CHAPTER XXXV.
Before Vicksburg 167

CHAPTER XXXVI.
Young's Point and Vicksburg 174

CHAPTER XXXVII.
The Siege of Vicksburg 180

CHAPTER XXXVIII.
Sickness and Rest 186

CHAPTER XXXIX.
Chattanooga 191

CHAPTER XL.
Diverse Experiences 197

CHAPTER XLI.
At Atlanta 205

CHAPTER XLII.
Mustered Out 214

CHAPTER XLIII.
Ministry in La Salle 221

CHAPTER XLIV.
Great Revival in Williamsville 229

CHAPTER XLV.
Some Short Meetings 235

CHAPTER XLVI.
At Atlanta 239

CHAPTER XLVII.
The Work in Mason City 244

CHAPTER XLVIII.
Campaigning in Southern Illinois 248

CHAPTER XLIX.
Further Work in Southern Illinois 253

CHAPTER L.
Some Glorious Victories 259

CHAPTER LI.
End of First Evangelistic Term 263

CHAPTER LII.
Pastorates in Brimfield and Ipava..... 269

CHAPTER LIII.
The Evangelistic Field Opens Again..... 277

CHAPTER LIV.
Early Holiness Work and Workers..... 287

CHAPTER LV.
Some Reminiscences 293

CHAPTER LVI.
A Miracle of Grace..... 301

CHAPTER LVII.
Two Glorious Years..... 311

CHAPTER LVIII.
More Campaigning 319

CHAPTER LIX.
The Fifteenth Year 323

CHAPTER LX.
And Yet Three Years..... 329

CHAPTER LXI.
A Wide Battle Line..... 337

CHAPTER LXII.
From Colorado Eastward 345

CHAPTER LXIII.
Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-seven..... 351

CHAPTER LXIV.
The Battles of the Twenty-fourth Year..... 359

CHAPTER LXV.
The Closing Century..... 369

CHAPTER LXVI.
Nineteen Hundred and One..... 377

CHAPTER LXVII.
My Work in Texas..... 385

CHAPTER LXVIII.
The Last Year 389

CHAPTER LXIX.
In Conclusion 395

THE STORY OF MY LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

Parentage.

My father, Rev. James Haney, was born in the County of Donegal, Ireland, about the year 1776. He and his brother Thomas came to America in 1782 with my grandfather, John Haney, and settled in Washington County, Pennsylvania. Father was of Scotch descent and reared a Presbyterian, but in boyhood his heart was turned toward the Methodists. He was married to Hanna Freeborn, and from this union there were born twelve children, nine sons and three daughters. In the year 1811, with a small company of adventurers, he removed to Ohio, where, one mile east of where now stands the town of Savannah, in Ashland County, they cut their farms from a dense beech forest. Father was a self-made man, with less help than now can be well conceived, but made his mark in those times as a man of unswerving integrity, as a real Christian, and an able minister. He was an ordained local preacher for nearly 50 years. He never belonged to a conference, but traveled and preached much more than pastors now usually do. I think he never received one dollar by way of compensation for his ministry. He was twice in the State Legislature, but I have no recollection of his re-

ferring to it but once! Father's natural sense of justice was marked and wonderful. I believe he would have scorned the offer of ten thousand dollars, if made on condition that he would wrong a neighbor out of one cent. I think in twenty years he never intentionally swerved a hair's breadth in business transactions from what he saw to be right.

In August, 1820, his first wife died at the birth of her twelfth child, and three years afterward he married Mary Bevans, who the 23d day of January, 1825, became my mother. Her parents were born in New England and her father was of Welsh stock. Grandfather Bevans was a revolutionary soldier, but rarely could be drawn out to speak of his war history. Once, after much teasing by his grandson, he concluded that the English dead in the ditch fronting where he stood were three men deep! His relation to the revolutionary struggle marked him to the end of his life with a high order of patriotism. After peace was declared he was married to Miss Hannah Owen, who was an intense Calvinist and an earnest defender of her faith.

Less than five years had gone by after the close of the war, when Freeborn Garretson appeared in their New England town as a Methodist preacher. The news of his arrival spread like wild fire, accompanied with statements involving his character, the whole population being warned against him as a wolf in sheep's clothing and his church as infidelity in disguise. Not a church, school house, nor even a private dwelling could be procured as a preaching place. So Garretson announced that he would preach at 2 P. M. under the shade of a tree the coming Sabbath. My grandfather was a common sinner, and so much had been said against the stranger, that he was curious to see and hear for himself. The opening songs and prayers of the preacher to him were new and wonderful. The com-

pany gathered seemed awe-stricken, as though a man from eternity were there. The Scriptures read, the text announced and the preaching that followed were clothed with Divine authority, and the first stroke of Freeborn Garretson's sword cut my grandfather's heart in two! On reaching home he said with emotion to his young wife: "Hannah, that is a man of God." Poor Hannah, thinking her husband would be ruined, raved like a wild woman; but the wound in her husband's heart was too deep for any power to turn him from his purpose, so he went again.

On returning the second time to Hannah, she saw a light in his face that had never been there before. The change in her husband was so marked and wonderful that she felt curious to go and see and hear for herself! The prejudices of a lifetime were swept from her great soul under the preaching of Garretson, her sins rose like mountains before her, but the minister held up Christ bleeding on the cross for her, and my grandmother was born of God! My mother was subsequently converted in her tenth year, about 109 years ago, and joined the Methodist Church under the ministry of Freeborn Garretson. Of this church she was a member eighty-three years.

She was a woman of prayer and attained a wide knowledge of the Scriptures. Private prayer and searching the Scriptures were the strongholds of early Methodists. From the time she reached her majority till her marriage her time was largely given to teaching. During these years she was widely recognized as a woman of strength in public prayer and exhortation. To the end of her life she possessed a remarkable interest in soul saving. I think I have never known one who surpassed her in soul travail, taking the years together. She was always a believer in the Methodist doctrine of holiness, and always a seeker. Mentally

she knew is was received by faith, but eighty-three years were put in in getting ready to believe. Practically she could not shake herself loose from the growth theory which has deceived a multitude of millions. She was strong willed and high tempered, and carried a battle of four score years against self-will and unholy anger. The years of fasting and prayer, of struggle and agony to conquer herself are amazing to contemplate. It was not till in the last week of her life, while surrounded by a group of holiness people, that she let go of it all, and allowed the Lord to sanctify her.

After marriage in her forty-second year, she entered my father's home as a "stepmother." There were six sons and two daughters still remaining, with ages ranging from twenty down to four years. God only knew the tasks which were before her in this new relation. Her interest in mental culture was greatly in advance of those about her, as many considered ignorance a virtue. She insisted on the best opportunities attainable for the schooling of these boys and girls, and exerted a moral influence over them, which will never be rightly estimated till the judgment day. Each of them subsequently made a profession of religion, and three of the boys became ministers. My mother lived to see them all in mature manhood save one, who died at the age of ten. The effect of her unremitting care for her household can hardly be estimated, nor justice meted to her for the patient toils of that wonderful life. It now seems impossible that she could have accomplished what she did, when the major part of the very fabric to attire her family was constructed by her hands. The great and smaller spinning wheels seem before me now as in childhood, with the wonder that mothers feet could never get weary. It will require the years of eternity to fill up the measure of praise due to God for giving me such a mother.

CHAPTER II.

Birth and Childhood.

I was born Jan. 23, 1825, in Richland County, Ohio, one mile east of Savannah, and seven miles from Ashland. Richland County has since been divided, and this territory is now in Ashland County. The vicinity was largely an unbroken beech forest when father came. Savannah was laid out by my oldest brother, John, and at first was called Haneytown. Here the first nine years of my life were spent, and their memories are very precious. John Gregg, an Irishman, was my first school teacher. The seats in the brick school house were without backs, which was a misfortune to the boys, but a comfort to Gregg. He kept a supply of long beech sprouts for all common uses and a rawhide in the southeast corner for special occasions. Often when passing a row of boys whom he thought might disobey in the near future he would apply the rod as a preventive. When school opened he held a ruler in his hand till some scholar looked off his book, when instantly the ruler would go flying through the air to where the culprit was seated. The offender was then compelled to return the ruler to the teacher, who applied it severely to his outstretched open hand. The culprit then took the ruler and kept it till another child failed to keep his eyes on his book, when he hurled it at him, and he came forward for punishment as before. So after the first offender there was one child on guard with the ruler in hand till the next offender relieved him. The first class

in spelling was called out in a row on the west side of the room as the closing service of each day. The scholar at the head of the class the previous day had now to take his place at the foot. Gregg never failed to stand in front with both spelling book and ruler in hand. Each member of the class who missed a word was ordered to stretch forth his hand, when the ruler was heartily applied to the palm.

In this class there was an overgrown boy of 19 summers, called "Bill" Jackson. The hardest word in the lesson was put to him one evening, and he "missed" it. "Stretch forth you hand, sir," was the order of the angry teacher; but Bill did not respond. The command was repeated, and the student was still obdurate. No common instrument in this case could fill the bill, so Gregg hastened to the southeast corner for his rawhide, but Bill calmly moved for the hall, where stove wood was stored, and returned with a good selection in his hand, meeting Gregg in front of the class. "Lay down that stick, sir!" But Bill made no reply, and the cowardly despot returned the rawhide to its place and Bill returned the stick of wood to the hall, and bowed himself out of school, taking that as his graduating service. Children of that generation in what was then called the West, got what knowledge they could with difficulty.

Our religious privileges were better. My father's home was a place of moral culture. He was generally absent each Sabbath, preaching twice or thrice, and returning at night. Connected with family prayers each child was interrogated as to his reading, especially as to the Scriptures. There was a rigid abstaining from all unnecessary work on the Sabbath, and the playgrounds were forsaken. It was appointed of God as a day for rest and worship, and we listened and obeyed. After seventy years, the memories of those

Sabbath days are a benediction. Strict obedience to parental authority was demanded through those years, and it may be truthfully said I never planned once to disobey my father. There were failures to execute orders, from failures of memory, or heedlessness of childhood; but no single case is now remembered of direct, intentional rebellion. This is in no sense to be attributed to any inborn goodness in me, but the result of a wise, scriptural and divinely appointed family government.

There was one marked case of known disobedience to a command of mother. I was a lover of horses, and claimed one colt as especially mine. It was gentle and yet dangerous to a child. Mother had strictly forbidden me to ride the colt, but my older cousins and little brother were there and the boys "dared" me to ride. I was accordingly mounted, but had not proceeded far till it gave a spring and I was lying on the ground. Being hurt from the fall, I came to mother and told her "I was feeling badly and would like to lie down awhile." Mother seemed almost omniscent, and responded: "Milton, have you been riding that colt?" I answered: "No, I haven't." I was sleeping soundly when a neighbor came in and inquired how Milton was. Mother responded: "How did you know that Milton was poorly?" "Why," said he, "I saw him when the colt threw him off." Mother had just come from her bedroom when I arose. Her eyes were very red, as she had been weeping before God. She said nothing, but looked as though her heart was broken. I also saw a well prepared beech rod near by and felt as though the judgment day were nearing. It was not until another season of prayer was had and mother felt she had light from God, that a word was spoken to me on the subject. I was then invited to accompany her to the barn.

It was the first and only time she had ever known me to lie, and now her confidence in me had been destroyed. To know that her boy had lied was like death to her. She dwelt upon the awful character of intentional falsehood, insisting it would undermine all that was good, bring the curse of God and the damnation of hell. She then prayed with me, and wept and prayed, and then administered the most fearful scourging I ever received, before or since. The procedure of that day had much to do with laying the foundation in me for the joy of illimitable years. Mother's love for me was too great to allow me to perish. There was no visible symptom of anger, or revenge in her marred face, but it was the picture of wounded love.

Her whole procedure was full of heavenly wisdom and the scourging given was God's appointed remedy for sin. The government of children by their parents in those days was recognized by Christians as the absolute order of God, and disobedience to parents a crime. Times have changed and parents now are more frequently ruled by their children, but the love of God has not changed, nor is doom averted by those who fail to respond to its requirements. Both the parent and the child may repent and through Christ be forgiven, but neither can ever be what they might have been had the child obeyed and the parent exacted obedience.

CHAPTER III.

A Word on Family Government.

The subject of family government involves much more than is generally recognized, and to get the best should be a consuming desire on the part of every parent. No one procedure will be alike successful with every child, hence in this field is the highest call for the exercise of strong, practical common sense, aided by the Spirit of God.

1. With children of ordinary capacities of body and mind, obedience should be secured in the first year of the child's life. If allowed to go beyond that period, the best time has passed. It is not better to allow the child to have its own way for a whole year and then suddenly exact obedience, but from the beginning to pave the way. It will not fail to set up its will in many ways very early, and usually it will require that which costs the most. It suddenly discovers that it is nice to have a light burning for it to sleep by. Then it is very irksome to quietly lie in its crib, but beautiful to be rocked all the time. Then rocking becomes distasteful and it must be on the arms or knee. But soon it discovers the luxury of being caried about in the arms at whatever cost. Every mother will know the inconsistency of keeping a child always in one position, but it is the mother, and not the child, who is to decide what is best, and what is not best. It is of all things most unreasonable that the judgment of an infant child should surpass the judgment of an intelligent mother. So

God has put the helpless, dependent, ignorant little creature into the hands and heart of the mother, and expects her to choose for and guide it till it can choose for and guide itself.

Stopping at the home of a young minister who was compelled to be absent in his pastoral work much of the time during the day, and was not able to procure help for his wife, I saw her very life was in danger from the exactions of her baby. The care of her house was upon her, but nothing short of her whole time would answer the demands of her child. Not a step out of its sight could be taken without screams, and the preparation of meals was sometimes well nigh impossible. The child was from seven to twelve months old and an intolerable burden. She counseled me as to what could be done, and I suggested that she proceed at once to substitute her way for the child's way, which she did with a courageous heart, and the child had more happiness in a single month than in all its life before.

2. There should be with most children a period, a day or hour, when the question of obedience is settled. As before suggested, much should be done preparatory to this, and in some cases no great battle will occur; but the child will fall in and be ruled by the parent. Yet in a great majority of cases there will come a time when the child will have to be thoroughly conquered. I think my father never had but one such a battle with each child, and that generally, if not always, before it had entered its second year. This should not be undertaken unless it is fully carried out.

3. There needs to be care taken not to make demands which are not best. Great calmness is necessary to rightly govern a child. A hasty temper is a great impediment and a curse to both parent and child.

4. There must be persistence in what is begun. Be careful that what is required is right, then per-

severe in it till the child fully accepts your will. Hasty and frequent corrections, leaving the child with more rebellion than when you began, is a calamity. Rightly governed children rarely have to be punished; badly governed children are always in need of correction. Promised castigations, unfulfilled, should be avoided. The spirit of scold is a horror, wherever residing. Let him who undertakes to govern others see to it that he governs himself.

5. A wise variety of appliances should be used where punishment is necessary. A word of disapproval with some children is felt more deeply than severe punishment with others. A fine switch used on the bare flesh of a little child is an instrument of terror, and usually will result in early submission and the best results without injury to the child. The use of the hand should be avoided. After a child is 10 years old the rod should rarely be used. Other modes of correction should be sought, and there are many which when used bear better results than the rod.

6. Correction given to gratify an evil temper, or to revenge the parent, is a painful perversion of right government. Hence punishment should not be administered without sufficient time to reflect. The daughter of toil and poverty, with her overtaxed nervous system, midst a hundred cares, of which but few have knowledge, will find this rule difficult to keep. Her duties may be so exacting that more haste may be demanded. The activities of a healthy child are amazing, hence its changes of position from one forbidden object to another, would sometimes tax the patience of an angel. To counteract all this and carry forward to completion her daily tasks is more difficult than to rule a kingdom. Her life will be sacrificed if she fails to have prohibitory laws which really prohibit. The baby has to be borne with, but to have children from

two to seven years marking the walls, disfiguring furniture, crying and screaming for things they can ask for, is an outrage. There must be fixed bounds and the child made to understand where they are. When these are wilfully transcended let there be a settlement. If the mother does not waver, her tired soul will be saved from a thousand perplexities.

7. Where both parents live, but little can be done toward right control without hearty co-operation of both parties. In these days of great business activities the father is usually absent largely during the day, hence the weight of home training rests with the mother. But few fathers have any just conception of what it costs to rule a family of active children a single day. Coming home at night, he is glad to see his children, and they are shouting happily because "Papa has come." If complaints are made as to "Mamma's" government, he needs always be ready to sustain her, while in their presence and with the whole weight of a father's authority to insist on strict obedience of every child to the mother. If convinced that she has made mistakes that can be settled in kindly council when the children are absent. He would have probably done worse than she had he been compelled to occupy her place. As children get older the father's presence and authority are of the highest importance. If my father was ever displeased with mother's government, we children never found it out.

8. Parents should be able to secure the aid of Deity in this most important of all human relationships. In the Divine order parental government precedes and paves the way for God to rule in after years, and the child who has not yielded to parental authority finds it almost impossible to submit to the authority of God. Hence it cannot be otherwise than that God will be infinitely pleased by the Holy Spirit to render aid in

every part of this most important of all human obligations.

Had I a thousand lives to live, I would not dare to assume the responsibility of raising a family without knowing God myself, and being assured of His assistance at every turn.

CHAPTER IV.

Incidents of Boyhood.

It was the order at my father's house that all who were old enough should do something to pay their way. There were two branches of work with which I was identified in childhood, which are well remembered. The picking of brush and aid rendered in the harvest field. The farm being cut out of a dense forest, acre by acre, there were each year trees by the quantity which had to be felled, their trunks sawed asunder, and their large branches cut, leaving the ground strewn with brush, all of which had to be removed. There were periodical "log rollings," to which neighboring men were invited, when the heavier timber was rolled together and piled in heaps for burning. The work at these gatherings was free, and often accompanied with amusements. It was the custom on all such occasions that free whiskey should be served, which was then used in nearly every home. My father utterly refused to furnish intoxicants for his neighbors, and forbade it in his home. The harvests were reaped with sickles, involving many hands. It was often said that "Old Jimmy Haney" could not get men to harvest his grain, or roll his logs, or raise his buildings without whiskey; but they always came and the logs were rolled, the harvests gathered and his building raised. When their children were married he married them, and when they were sick or in death he must needs be present to comfort them and bury their dead.

As the result of his beautiful example and this unbending adherence to the right, no one of his eleven sons ever used tobacco or intoxicants. But all this did not gather that brush into piles nor relieve the younger boys from their appointed tasks. In harvest time my duties were twofold—to keep the men supplied with water and aid in the gathering of sheaves. To this I have no memory of complaint or murmur, except when my uncovered feet were pierced with briars or scratched among the stubble. To this day I render praise to God for my escape from the crime of idleness, and this early attention given to business habits demanded by my father. There was sufficient time given for recreation and I had more fun than any idle boy I have known in seventy years.

My father was, strictly speaking, a self-made man, and largely expected his children to dig out knowledge as he had done. We had a common school of a very imperfect type, which was available five to six months in the year; but habits of study were inculcated, on rainy days, and in the lengthened evenings when out of school, which were of great value in after years. I was born with a strong attachment for domestic animals, which gave me a deep aversion to all forms of cruelty. My pets gave me great pleasure in childhood and sometimes became my idols. When they sickened and died, or had to be slaughtered, it gave me great pain. I am now persuaded that calamities had to come to my child soul to prevent it supremely centering in the creature, and to produce a trend toward the Creator.

Among my earliest recollections, I was the leader of Divine services and preaching to children. Often when alone I would mount a stump for a pulpit and preach to the surrounding stumps as my audience. My mother set me apart from the womb as a gospel minister, and I believe the Holy Spirit never took His

hand from me till He thrust me out to help save a lost world. Hence I was always, more or less, under Divine conviction and do not remember when I was not seeking God.

My parents carefully avoided mentioning the faults of Christians, or the failures of ministers, in the presence of their children, so we knew little of anything but good of those who claimed to be the children of God. Our relations were largely with the Methodists, and that church was in her simplicity and purity at that time. Her ministers were to me as the messengers of God and for them my child heart was filled with reverence and love. I was reading the New Testament when in my sixth year, as the Word of God, and have never doubted its Divine authenticity. Before my conversion I had read the whole Bible through twice or thrice. This was done voluntarily, and its reading had much to do with laying the base for whatever of righteousness or truth may have appeared in the years which followed. Sunday Schools were unknown to my childhood, but the care of Christian parents, with the help of godly ministers, resulted in saving a much larger proportion of the children in Christian homes then than now.

CHAPTER V.

The Westward Move.

My oldest brother having gone West, sent back enchanting statements about the glory of Illinois. The Indians had been driven from its territory in the Black Hawk war, which closed in 1833. The excitement of Stillman's defeat had not subsided among the poorly protected inhabitants, who were scattered along the streams and strips of timber. Black Hawk was conceded to be a manly Indian and was prized highly by many of the first white settlers who survived the war. Eternity may show that much injustice was done him and his braves, who held the first right to this wondrous territory.

General Stillman was a gentleman of more than common abilities for his time, and of sufficient military knowledge to command a force against Indians. He had strength of numbers and equipment to have made victory easy, had the officers and men of his command remained sober; but, alas, at the time, above all others, when the best wisdom was needed, a portion of his officers and command were beastly drunk and his army was driven by Black Hawk's braves, like a flock of sheep, imperiling the lives of innocent families by savage butchery. Strong drink has been the curse of armies through ages.

In May of 1834, having sold his possessions in Ohio, my father, with mother and the four unmarried children, left the home of my childhood for Fulton County, Illinois. We were accompanied by Benjamin

Hoyt, who had married my second sister, his family and several others. The journey was long and difficult, as we had to move with wagons. The roads in many places were well night impassable, because of unbridged streams and mud unspeakable, through Indiana and Eastern Illinois. Father and mother, myself and little brother rode in a spring wagon constructed by father's hands. The third day out, at noon, we came to a spring stream, where we thought it best to dine. While we boys were drinking from the stream we heard a noise, and, looking up, saw father in a desperate struggle to stop the horse, which was wild with fear and plunging forward with mother in the vehicle. Father was designing to take the horse from the shafts, and, being an Irishman, began by first removing the bridle, whose blinds had secreted the vehicle with its black cover. These appearing suddenly, the horse was frightened and leaped forward with increased alarm. Father had seized the harness and lessened his speed, but drew him to the left, where he was torn loose by contact with the fence, and dashed up the road at tremendous speed. Reaching the summit of a long hill, my mother saw an exceedingly rough, hilly road before her and sprang from the vehicle and was prostrate when we reached her. The bones of her left foot were displaced, and my mother went limping for forty years. God only knows what she suffered, and who can explain how she could do what she did in the years that followed?

At a later period in our journey the older boys were walking and a girl was driving Mr. Hoyt's team. There was rather a steep descent to a small stream which was bridged. The horses being pressed by the wagon, began to increase their speed, when she put her whole force on the lines. Unfortunately, the lines were crossed, and she swung the horses too near the left side of the bridge, drew mightily with her right

hand, and forced horses and wagon off the bridge to the left, and all went down from eight to fifteen feet to the bottom of the stream. At one time little Freeborn Hoyt was under one of the horses in the water. No injury was done to the horses, the wagon was but slightly affected, the girl came off unhurt, and the boy went on his way rejoicing.

In less than six weeks this company landed in Rushville, Ill., where my oldest brother had his residence. The cholera had swept the town and my brother's wife was taken sick after we came and died in the midst of the families, and was buried by her friends, not one of whom was affected by the disease. We seemed miraculously preserved. Father settled in Fulton County, midway between Woodville (now Avon) and Ellisville. For a time we were sheltered at Richard Freeborn's, but soon had a hewed log cabin of our own, covered with shingles which father split from oak timber, and floored by Illinois soil. Here we all lived the first winter and were warmed by fires kept burning in a large fireplace where mother cooked for a family of seven, and her outfit was one tea kettle, one frying pan, one deep skillet with a cover, and one kettle. Her baking was done in that skillet and johnny cake baked on a board before the fire; but a jollier lot of children will rarely be found.

I was in my tenth year, and it seemed my school days were ended, but we studied at night by the light of candles, and when candles gave out I rose before day and lit my way through with a burning rag in a saucer of lard. We had corn for the horses, with plenty of prairie hay. Prairie chickens were numerous and were caught in traps, which with deer hunted by father and an older brother, furnished the best of meat, and we never suffered with hunger. Buffalo had retired farther West, but the bones of slaughtered thousands

were still visible. Wolves were very numerous, and coyotes were more numerous than sheep. There were not so many large gray and black wolves, but some of them visited us every night. We had a small greyhound that met them fiercely as they came, but surely retreated with sufficient speed to avoid capture. He was often followed so hotly that to save his life he would spring through the window, landing on beds or floor, as it might happen. Panes of glass were 8 by 10 or 10 by 12, but he found his way through, never breaking but one pane of glass at a time. These large wolves would often kill a common dog at a single snap. Father secured a few sheep and I was the shepherd boy, when there were probably ten wolves to one sheep. The grass being high, the coyotes could easily secrete themselves, making constant watching a necessity. They were very cowardly and the presence of a child would intimidate them. Later they were less plentiful and daring, and I ventured to work in a field where my sheep were in full view.

To my surprise, looking up, I saw a wolf dashing that way and through my flock, and I nearly a half mile away. Running to the barn, I found only one horse there and he was blind; but it was a case of great emergency. He was fleet of foot, but as I mounted I saw the wolf had seized a half grown lamb. This increased my wrath, and, forgetful of danger, my blind charger nearly flew. The wolf clung to his prey till I was near enough to see the white of his eyes, when he ran for his life. Vengeance for my slaughtered lamb was the one thought of my angered soul, but he hastened to broken ground and was safe. Compelled to quit the chase, I hastened to the scene of slaughter and found my flock had gone home and left the victim alone. Dismounting, I saw his life was yet fully in him, and, lifting him on the horse, I brought him home. Reaching the fold,

I let him down gently, when he sprang to his feet and whisked his tail and ran into the flock. The wolf had undertaken to crush in his head, but the little creature had two nice horns, which had saved his life. The experiences of those days gave me a feeling toward wolves from which I have as yet hardly recovered.

CHAPTER VI.

Early Methodism.

My father being a minister, brought me into closer contact with ministers in my childhood and boyhood days, which will be a benediction to my spirit forever. Among my earliest memories are the presence and influence of such men of God as Jones, Sheldon, Bigelow and Christie, of the old Ohio Conference. The life of Russell Bigelow was as a burning lamp, and his gospel was well nigh irresistible. As a Presiding Elder he was simply an evangelist on fire. His quarterly meetings were seasons of wonderful power, when sinners never failed to be awakened and converted. At Jerome-ville I heard him when a child. He looked to me like an angel while preaching, and the whole people seemed to my child mind as though melting in that gospel furnace.

Bro. Towner, of Troy Grove, Ills.—a most excellent brother—gave me this recital of one of Bigelow's Ohio camps. By Sabbath morning the wicked had gathered in large numbers and were rude and unruly, so it seemed doubtful whether they could be governed. Bigelow took his text and preached till he seemed too hoarse to go further, and called sinners to the altar. The old time Methodist camp meeting altar was an enclosure with three doors, one in front and one at each side of the pulpit. This was filled with many seats, which would not be occupied by any except seekers and those who instructed them. This was a necessary

provision to protect penitents from disturbance by the rabble. "Immediately," said Bro. Towner, "the whole enclosure was filled with earnest souls crying for mercy. I knelt among them, but in a few minutes, hearing a noise I looked up, and saw Bigelow falling from a table they had fixed for him to stand upon; it had given way. The wicked had pressed toward the front, and B. met them there, not with threats of police, but with the gospel he had received of the Lord Jesus! He read a second text, and his voice was as clear as a bell, and preached till as hoarse as before. I had come into this second service, and when the preacher closed he filled the seats right and left with a host of those rebel men, and again we went down to prayer. While there I heard singing farther out, and looked. Bigelow had followed the retreating fragment of the mob to a long log, and took for his third text, 'The great day of his wrath hath come and who shall be able to stand it?' His voice was as clear as at the beginning.

"When this sermon closed he made the log his mourners' bench, and filled it with earnest penitents. From that time to the close of the camp there was not a dog that could move his tongue."

Bro. Towner gave each of the three texts, but the first two I cannot recall. The above is in substance Bro. Towner's statement, but not in every case his exact words. Who can compute the effect upon human destiny of such a gospel and such ministers. William B. Christie seemed to have been a combination of Apollos and St. John, and his saintly life and ministry gave him a wondrous power with the people.

Quigley was a man of strength, and the instrument God used in a great revival in Savannah in 1835, in which my brother Thomas, with other relatives, were wonderfully saved. He was a strong defender of the Methodist doctrine of holiness and a definite witness

to that experience. In after years Bishop Thompson, who also was a professor of this grace, having great confidence in Mr. Quigley, asked him to describe his consecration. The following is the substance of his answer: "Well, Bishop, when I came to Christ to be made perfect in love, under the searching light of the Holy Spirit, I took all there was of my being and its possessions that I could see or think of and put them all in one bundle, and gave that bundle to Christ. Then I took all I could not see or know, involving all the possibilities of the future, and put them into another bundle, and I gave that bundle to Christ. From that time on I have had a clear consciousness that I am all and forever the Lord's. Whenever He is pleased to open that second bundle and show me any part of its contents I respond, 'Yes, Lord, that you know, was in the contract.'" If all God's ministers were in like manner to place and leave themselves in the hands of God the world could be reached in thirty years.

In the days of my childhood in Ohio holy ministers were prized beyond all others among the Methodists, as holiness was their central doctrine. Up to that time and after it this experience was a marked feature in any candidate for the bishopric, and having it, other things being equal, he was doubly sure of election to that office. The same was true of all her General Conference officers. In a pre-eminent sense she was then the light of the world. My father's cabin was a preaching place for years after we came to Illinois. We were not long there till the pioneer Methodist itinerant knocked at the door. Barton Cartwright, Kirkpatrick, Chauncey Hobert, Henry Summers, Peter Boring, George Rutledge and others brought us the simple gospel of the early Methodists. This consisted largely of persistent heralding of a free and full salvation. The fall of man, the redemption by Christ, pardon for the

guilty, and full salvation for all believers were the leading topics of the day. The demand for repentance preceding loving faith was implied, as taught in nearly every sermon. All seekers must know their sins forgiven by the witness of the Holy Spirit or their profession was accounted an abortion. These Western preachers largely lived with the people and were a part of them, and they did more to lay the foundations of society than any other class of men.

As settlements increased, camp meetings multiplied and were made of incalculable value to the cause of God. They rarely continued a whole week, but were often meetings of great power. It was in 1835 I first met with Peter Cartwright in a camp near Canton, Ills. He was then in early middle years, and people went great distances to hear him. The story of his life included many wonderful incidents, which have been doubted by people born later on, but from what came under my observation in those days I concluded its most extravagant recitals are worthy of confidence. The laws for the protection of society were so imperfect, and often the officers of law were so unreliable, that in many places Divine services had to be shielded by sheer physical force. In such cases the right arm of Peter Cartwright as an instrument of terror equaled a small battalion of soldiers! Rigid rules had to be enforced by main strength, as many camps would have been broken up by ruthless hands. "Uncle Peter" was the Sampson of Methodism in those times, and though he did many things which others could not, God used him, and thousands are in heaven because he lived. His opportunities for culture were exceedingly meagre, but he was stalwart in common sense.

CHAPTER VII.

My Conversion.

My father's inflexible righteousness between man and man impressed me early in life. I believed he would not intentionally wrong a fellow man for any price that could be offered. He was so unlike the world about him, in this regard, that it gave me an intense conviction of the integrity of God! Our altar of prayer never went down. In those days morning worship consisted of reading the Scriptures, a hymn of praise, and prayer. In evening devotion we usually sang a few verses standing, and then knelt in prayer. Business was never so pressing that this had to be put aside, and the presence of visitors or working men never furnished a reason for its omission. This left the impression that one's duties to God were first. Children brought up without prayer are wronged from their infancy.

The home life of my mother was the greatest human factor leading to my salvation. It was well nigh impossible to shake off the impress of her spirit, or to resist the impression that her religion was Divine. Her life of prayer kept a sense of my obligations to God ever before me. Her care for the company I kept, her scrutiny of my habits, her knowledge of my heart life, her pain when I was perverse, and her hold on God for my eternal salvation made her agency more potent than any other that was human in bringing me to Christ. I can hardly remember when I did not really desire and intend to be a Christian.

A sermon by Rev. John S. Barger, preached at Marietta, Ills., in the spring of 1840, made the strongest impression of any heard in my unconverted life. He was our Presiding Elder at the time, and preached about three hours from I Thes. 5: 23, 24. His theme was entire sanctification. That sermon marked me for eternal years! I had been secretly seeking God all along, but the truth fastened on my soul that day, put me where I determined never to rest till I found God. My timidity was perhaps the greatest barrier in my way. I was powerfully impressed at times for years, to publicly renounce a life of sin and give myself to God. Had I yielded to that conviction, I would have been saved years before. I would have given a great price, had it been possible, for salvation; but it seemed I could not get to an altar of prayer. I alarmed my mother by staying at home when the family went four miles to the preaching services: when the sole object of my remaining was to get opportunity of being for hours alone with God in prayer. One time I prayed a half day in a woodland, and at the end it seemed like the darkness of the second death begun! I seemed ready to do anything but yield to God. I hated a life of sin. There were no overt acts of crime in which I indulged. I often confessed with bitter tears to God the failure of my life; but there was one thing I would not do. The early ministers gave special invitation to sinners in nearly every sermon, and had I heeded their call and come right out before the world, as the Holy Spirit led, I would have been saved at any time in all those years.

Reuben Plummer and Richard Watters were our ministers in 1840 and 1841. They were esteemed as messengers of God, and a great work was accomplished at various points on that wide circuit. During the holidays, Mr. Plummer was in a battle north of Knoxville, and the junior preacher was to hold a watch meet-

ing New Year's eve at Harrisonville (now Hermon), Knox County, Ills. It was twelve or more miles away, and the weather cold; but my anxious, weary soul could not refrain from going. A niece of my mother, Miss Eleanor Hull, accompanied me. She was a devoted girl and had often prayed for my salvation. The services up to that time from the first settlement there, had been held in Father Long's dwelling. He was a good old local preacher, and Mother Long one of John's elect ladies. I went, all the way hoping I would not return in my sins, that the long-looked-for time when it would be easy to yield to God would come. I was seated in the farthest corner from the preacher, on the steps leading to the stairway, wanting to find God and so deeply convicted I hardly heard the sermon; yet by subtle devil power put myself where it would be most difficult to find Him!

For years the demand of the Holy Ghost had been plain that I must come out publicly and identify myself with God's people. The Methodists urged all penitents to unite with the church on probation as seekers. I had refused to do it, being wiser than my teachers, as sinners generally are. The preaching being ended an invitation was given to all penitents to come to the altar, but I delayed in tears. A brother came by and asked me to go, but left me on my seat. A young man came and asked me if "I wanted religion." I timidly answered that I did. He suggested that I "go at once to the mourners' bench," but to me it seemed nearly impossible. He put his arm around me and said: "Come now, and I will go with you." Those words of love seemed to put strength into me, and in a moment I decided to go and never to leave that spot till I was born of God!

The decision of that moment was more than equal to all those years of struggle. The preacher had

said if any would come, he would remain with them till sunrise, if need be. The Holy Spirit threw light on the pathway of my life, till my past sins rose as mountains before me. Others found Christ, but my sins, as a deep, dismal cloud, obscured everything but the displeasure of God. Midnight had come and the minister was anxious to close, and made several proposals for all the seekers to rise. I remembered his promise and did not obey. I had come to stay till I heard from heaven. All who were seeking had found, and my condition had never seemed so terrible as now. There was a period when it did appear the pains of hell had taken hold upon me and I had such a view of the damnation of the wicked that it has never been erased from my mind. Despair had seized my spirit as though my feet had entered hell's door and all was lost!

At that juncture the minister said: "The Methodist Church is an asylum which receives wounded souls, and all who have got religion, and any who are earnestly seeking, can now be taken into the church on probation by giving me your hand and name," at the same time drawing near to where I knelt. The Holy Spirit suggested, "Will you now obey?" I answered, "Yes, Lord, I will," and, without rising, turned and gave him my hand, and in less than ten seconds was standing on my feet in the new heavens and the new earth, God's happy and forgiven child! The last point of disobedience having given way, Christ instantly came before me as my sin-pardoning Saviour. He had been there before, but the door was closed; now He found it open, and He came in. Rev. 3: 20. The change apparent to my sensibilities was the utter and instant removal of my guilty load. Not even a symptom of condemnation was left. Rom. 8: 1. 2. I found myself consciously possessed of a new life which I had never had before.

I stood in silence before God. Not a word did I utter. The quiet of eternity seemed to be within. The first active emotion was an unspeakable desire to put my arms about all that were there and bring them to Christ! Sixty-two years have come and gone, and I have never lost that desire. The peace then given was a new possession and a new love, never before possessed, flowed back to God and out to universal man. I was now consciously God's own child, as witnessed by His Holy Spirit, and He my Father. Since that time I have never had one minute's trouble about my conversion! Even the devil has never questioned that I was born of God! This great transaction took place in the first hour of 1841.

"O sacred hour, O hallowed spot,
Where love divine first found me,
Wherever falls my distant lot
My heart shall linger round thee,
And when from earth I rise to soar
Up to my home in heaven,
Down will I cast my eyes once more
Where I was first forgiven."

CHAPTER VIII.

On the Farm.

Father's strength declining and Bro. Freeborn, who was four years older than myself, having left the farm to study for the ministry, I was left practically in charge of the farming interest at home when sixteen years old. Having perfect health and a strong body, it did not seem hard, though farm labor had largely to be substituted for much needed study in the schools. Up to that time we had no school building, but the few settlers combined and a log school house was soon erected. In this we had three months' drill each winter, and snatched what time we could for study outside the school. My only full brother, Henry, two years and a half younger than myself, was faithful in business, and made lighter the tasks which were laid upon me. Like myself, from early childhood he was the subject of strong religious impressions and in his eleventh year became an earnest Christian. There were no revival services at the time, but he was so wrought upon by the Holy Spirit, that he poured out his soul in his bedroom alone nearly a whole night without rising from his knees. Mother hearing his cries to God, visited him two or three times, but he was so absorbed in seeking the Lord, that he scarcely noticed her! Before the breaking of the morning, light came to his soul and he was born of God. The happiness of the child the next day seemed unspeakable.

He and I were cutting stocks in the field and it seemed he could not refrain from talking about what God had done for his soul. He insisted that I should be saved that day, till it was difficult to resist his pleadings; but my foolish heart did not yield till nearly three years afterwards. I never questioned my little brother's religion once, till I saw his spirit leave for glory ten years afterwards.

Farming in 1840 was in wonderful contrast with that of 1903. The ploughing had to be done with a wooden moldboard plow, with which only about one-half the number of acres could be broken that can now be ploughed with a single steel plow. When ground was thus broken, it would produce at least one-third less, and the after work to care for it was much more difficult. The planting of corn by dropping with the hand and covering with a hoe was too tedious to think about. Thus planted the prairie squirrels had no difficulty in finding it, and its destruction was only bounded by their incapacity to eat it all! Hence the drudgery of replanting, far beyond what now occurs. Caring for it with a single wooden moldboard plow was tedious and unsatisfactory. One man can now care for eight acres with greater ease than twenty then, and the number of bushels per acre in the former case exceed the latter. The contrast in raising of wheat then and now is perhaps not quite as great. The highest price we got for corn in those days, that I now remember, was ten cents per bushel, and I hauled dressed pork thirty miles and sold it at one dollar and a quarter per hundred! Wheat ranged from twenty to fifty cents per bushel. Yet we had plenty to eat and did not suffer from the cold. We paid twenty-five dollars for a wooden clock, twenty-five cents per yard for calico, one dollar for fifteen pounds of brown sugar. I paid five dollars per yard for my first suit of broadcloth!

Men were not half so hurried as they are now. I heard of but one deranged man in our section of country in all my youth, and the whole West seemed like a great brotherhood. Mothers usually raised large families of children, accomplished wonders in helping to provide the comforts of the home, were much more healthy and happy than now, and husbands and wives were rarely ever separated, except by death. I cannot call up a single case of divorce in all those early years. The hospitality of the West was in striking contrast with what it is now, and each man seemed always glad to see his neighbor. Honesty in dealing was generally expected and comparatively few intentionally wronged their neighbors. There is often a simplicity in pioneer life which is beautiful. We concede the absence of polish, but there was bigness of heart.

The cattle, hogs and horses of these Westerners were, as a rule, of a very imperfect character. A fat cow, weighing 900 pounds, was a monster. I remember one such, which was the talk of the whole country. There was also an extreme case of a cow whose milk actually made seven pounds of butter in a week, which was much more than double the ordinary yield. In the first years of Illinois life, porkers rarely ever dressed above 150 pounds. They usually had long crooked snouts, were of a gaunt build, with long legs, and very swift of foot. I undertook to make one of these the best specimen in the neighborhood, and by actual count he would devour twenty-two ears of Illinois corn at each feed, and at the end of months of feeding, he then being above two years old, weighed less than 200 pounds gross. The same treatment in 1900, with about one-half the quantity of food, would produce from 400 to 500 pounds. These creatures would often break away and roam in woodlands along the streams. In such cases they sustained themselves on nuts and grass, and

became wild and vicious. It was one of our chief sports to hunt and recover these wild animals.

Brother Henry and I had succeeded in forcing one of the largest of a group to the edge of the timber, having brought him nearly two miles. Home was only 40 rods away, but when Mr. Porker saw the situation he resolved on speedy return. We had feared a battle at this point, and Henry had dismounted to be more available in case of an emergency. I had pushed him from the brush into the prairie, but, seeing he could have no shelter in the open field, he dashed for the rear, and the boy was in his path with a short club as his only defense. I trembled for Henry, but he was master of the situation. As the hog came with opened mouth, shining teeth and a fearful dash, the boy stepped to the left of the path, and a skillful blow from that short club felled the terrible creature, and "Hank" was seated on him when I came up!

It was years before better blood was introduced into our stock, and, what appears strange, when it was offered a large majority of the settlers refused to avail themselves of it. I saw specimens of both Poland and China, before the two bloods were blended, and was enchanted with them, but was overruled by older heads. In the last argument on the subject with an older brother he had insisted that the difference was not in the blood, but in the care taken of these pampered animals. I was angered and scornfully said: "Yes, it is just as well to get a Shetland pony, and feed him well, and he will soon turn up an English draft horse!" I think my brother never repeated that argument.

But in time the sickle gave way to the cradle, the cradle to the reaper, and the reaper to the reaper and binder; till now the farmer with a few men goes out into his standing harvest in the

morning and hundreds of bushels of beautifully cleaned wheat in sacks are stored in his bin before sunset; while in a few days hundreds of acres of standing wheat are in elevators, or on their way to Europe! The old prairie rooter is replaced by the best blood in America, and Illinois has among the finest cattle and horses in the world. Its farming implements are hardly surpassed in any country, while school houses dot the whole territory, and its colleges are a marvel. Who can estimate the chances of a boy in 1903 as compared with those of a pioneer lad of sixty-five years ago.

CHAPTER IX.

Called to the Ministry.

After my conversion life became more real and its obligations more apparent. Time had been usually more precious to me than to other boys. I hugely enjoyed an earnest play, and had always a slight taste for hunting and fishing, but after a brief indulgence in either, the waste of time marred my enjoyment. From a child, I could never be satisfied with sitting hour after hour on the bank of a stream in search of fish without a bite! Nor could a half day be whiled away in hunting game without sensible loss, I think. I was born with a desire for money and very early the thought of being rich was very enchanting. When alone I would often feast my imagination on schemes of future greatness. One time I would be the owner of magnificent herds of cattle, then a dry goods merchant of immense resources. Emerging from childhood, I leaned toward being a physician, and the practice of medicine had for me much that was desirable. I think now, if God had not thrust me into the Christian ministry, I would have taken that profession, but the desire for money was, as I now recognize it, a strong and widely prevailing tendency, which even after my conversion did me much harm. Satan took advantage of this trend of my soul, and I do not doubt from early childhood kept these visions before me, putting into wealth false conceptions of pleasure and rest and happiness; which have never been found by any human being in either the pursuit or possession of money.

Being born for a gospel minister, this trend of my soul was probably its greatest hindrance. Hence in childhood calamities began, and every plot and plan for increase of substance was cut off. When ripening into manhood, blow after blow was struck at this ambition, and business calamities pursued me past middle years. I wanted money. God saw with money I would perish, and because he loved me turned my wisdom into foolishness. Though I never did a mean or intentionally dishonest act, I suffered from financial embarrassment as God only knows; but I want here to record that to Him I purpose endless thanksgiving that I could not have my own way! Eternity will show that my most painful disasters were among my greatest blessings, and that in the loss of all things I found God! I coveted a thorough education, but was thwarted at every turn and in seemingly marvelous ways were my plans broken up. My greatest trial was that others suffered with me and I was helpless to relieve them.

But in the immediate years following my conversion it became plain that my life should be given to the work of the ministry. At the same time, I suffered from timidity in the simplest activities of the church. I have no recollection of once neglecting a prayer or class meeting, and heartily loved the means of grace: but when called to God in prayer, or testifying publicly, the cross seemed many times unbearable. The next Sabbath after my conversion there was prayer and class meeting at my father's house. The leader addressed each person present in those days, and I knew I would be asked to speak. While trembling concerning it, a company of young people who were Universalists, entered the room, which added to my perturbation. Now, what should I do? Being seated near a table on which lay a small Bible, I turned and threw it open and my eyes fell upon the words: "The Lord is my light and

my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?" Ps. 27: 1. So wonderful was the impression made by these words that I had victory, and in more than sixty years I think this verse has never been read in my hearing that this incident has not at once come before me. O, if timid souls would only lean on the promises of God, how great would be their deliverance in every time of need. Year after year the fear of man was a great hindrance to my growth as a Christian, and God only knows what it cost me. Working hard upon a farm, I usually attended two prayer meetings each week, going three miles to one and four to the other, but often perspired like a man in a hay harvest while there, with fear that I should be called on to pray. I often watched my chance to hide behind some person, or a post, that I might escape these activities. I then had three brothers in the ministry and my father was a preacher; so more was expected of me than I felt able to perform.

In my 19th year I went to study with my brother Richard, who at the time was stationed in Peoria. The following evening he was to open a revival meeting, and before night came he referred to my shrinking from the activities of the church, and bluntly suggested the time had now come when all this foolishness must end. A preliminary prayer service was appointed before he preached, and he said I had betttr go into that, which I gladly did, for I was a stranger and had met but one of his members, a young brother Hepperly, who was afterwards a minister. I walked bravely to the front without fear of detection, but as I sat down this Bro. Hepperly turned and spoke to the leader, and they both looked at me! They were singing, but when they closed the leader said: "Will young brother Haney lead us in prayer!" The thought of disgracing my brother by refusing rushed in upon me, and I prayed,

and when we rose there stood my brother in the aisle an attentive hearer of what I had said. From the beginning I had shrunk more from public prayer than all other church activities and yet the church had always been pressing me forward at that point. Richard was a powerful preacher and the altar was soon filled with penitents. I could easily talk with sinners in the congregation and did so, I think, every night, but Satan had a fearful grip on me about praying. Several nights had passed with an altar full of seekers, but none converted, which was a very unusual thing with Methodists in those days. I was inside the altar, talking with a penitent I had brought there, when the pastor called on a brother to pray and "Brother Milton to follow!" I sunk in despair, but rallied and turned to an old brother near me, asking him to pray in my place. He gave me a sharp push with his hand and said in a disgusted tone, "Pray yourself." I turned back upon my knees and vowed to God that from that minute till I died, in the strength of grace, I would pray whenever it was my duty without a moment's hesitation, and when the brother said amen, I began to pray and something broke loose in me, and I have never feared to pray nor needed liberty in prayer from that day to this!

Blessed be God! That was not a mere resolve, it was the settlement of a question never before settled. It was an illustration of the difference between an endless series of resolutions and real consecration. Had I known how, I would have been wholly sanctified that night! I have no recollection of ever having in these sixty-nine years, since that night, to resolve that I would pray wherever it was my duty! To reach a relation where all other questions of obedience are settled like that was settled is entire consecration, a transaction which never needs to be repeated.

CHAPTER X.

Preparing for the Work.

I had gone to Peoria from an exceedingly active business life, and shut myself in with persistent study, and soon became sluggish and forceless. My brother Richard seeing the change, came by one day and seizing me violently undertook to floor me! He was nearly twice as large and much stronger than I, but found the difference between a rugged, wiry farmer boy and a big preacher. The battle was a drawn one and never renewed; but I got a lesson out of it which has blessed me all my days. I seemed at once like myself again and awoke to see that the want of physical exercise was leading to a bed of sickness. I there learned that persistent mental strain, without vigorous bodily exercise in some form, must be ruinous in the end, and as the result have a body of astonishing endurance in my seventy-ninth year. Hence the right and importance of vigorous plays between school hours, and the foolishness of conscientious parents in forbidding innocent plays to children of either sex. I took rude forms of physical culture through my early manhood, and since becoming older have delighted to run each day where I could do so without people being suspicious of insanity. Every thorough student should take scientific lessons in physical culture. Thousands of ministers have failed to be one-half what they might have been for God by failing to avail themselves of sufficient active bodily exercise.

Richard Haney was always grave in the pulpit, and could hardly be otherwise; but back in his nature there was spring and jollity enough for a half dozen preachers. His wife was a beautiful spirit and could laugh without getting weary. In those days Methodist preachers' homes were often overrun with visitors. While with him that winter George Ewalt, a local preacher, who nearly worshiped him, came to see his ideal minister. He had been converted through my brother's ministry and licensed to preach as well. George had only seen the preacher side of my brother, and himself had taken the gravest type of our Divine religion. He was sobriety rounded up and felt that laughter on any occasion was doubtful, to say the least. In the morning George was conducting family prayer in a most solemn and tremendous way. Richard had knelt facing a door leading to the cellar. Through the door the rats had eaten a hole. While George was praying two rats were fighting on the upper step of the cellar stairway, and the one thrust the other through the door right under Richard's nose. Seeing his condition the rat undertook to return, but his opponent stood in the hole and forbade him. This was too big a temptation for Richard and he seized the intruder by the tail. The rat squealed unmercifully and leaped through the door. There was a crack in the upper side of the hole and to keep himself from being bitten he forced the prisoner's tail into it, holding him fast. I discovered no break in Richard's responses, nor cessations of hearty amens while poor, innocent George was towering above the clouds in prayer, but his wife and I had a fearful time to keep from utter explosion. The end of George's prayer was reached at last, and rising, he saw the situation. I doubt whether in a lifetime I ever saw so marked a change in a human countenance! His idol saint could not get from his knees till his relation to the

rat was changed, and so the whole occurrence opened up to poor George's mind. How a man so holy as Richard Haney could thus profane the place of prayer by making light of sacred things for the moment was a fearful question. His anguish was increased by the peals of laughter let loose before he reached his feet. But one soul of the group was collected and giving attention to business, and he persisted till it was certain this rat would never again disturb us in prayer.

Peoria was then but a small town and the Germans had effected a settlement on the east side of the river east and south of the city. The Methodists in those days were wide awake in looking after foreigners as they arived. Dear old Father Bristol was a resident of the city, and a German by birth, and he was much drawn to help his countrymen. He understood both languages and could preach well in either. So he spent months in personal contact with these newcomers, laboring from house to house by day, and preaching in some private dwelling at night. Most of them were old country Lutherans and some of them Catholics, but none of them seemed ever to have the blessedness of an experimental salvation. Many of them were soundly converted in Father Bristol's meetings, and he, being a true Methodist, led his converts right on to Christian perfection. Many of them became wonderful Christians, and Father Bristol used to interest us with enchanting stories of their faith and victories. Two of these German women, who had learned a smattering of English, came over to our quarterly meeting. Their whole being seemed radiant with the joy of God. My soul had been stirred with inward needs and was feeling indefinitely for the supplies which would satisfy its longings. I had reached increasing victories of faith and got near enough to the Lord to increase my

hunger. I was troubled as to the responsibilities involved in my future ministry.

In the quarterly love feast, which was glorious, these German ladies gave a revelation of their Christian experience. They had each plainly found the Lord in the forgiveness of sins, and were thrilled with the joy of regeneration, but in a brief time after that had been perfected in love. Their description of the new birth was clear as light to me, because I had gone over the road and had what they possessed; but when they each proceeded beyond this to testify as to a second distinct work of cleansing and filling with Divine love, I was left behind! Their testimony left an indelible imprint upon my soul. While thinking of their experience in tears, the Holy Spirit whispered within: "That is just what you need." Those two testimonies to full salvation, attested by the Holy Spirit, I have never shaken off till this day! Those two saints, who must have been embarrassed with their very imperfect English, did not know that their broken words would bless me through endless years. O, why don't God's ministers and people enter into this wonderful rest and herald it to others? Why should millions of earnest souls be left to wrestle with their chains for want of clear, distinct preaching and definite testimony on Christian holiness?

The widening fields of Methodism furnished an ever increasing demand for laborers. Hence our young men were hastened to the field young in years and with very insufficient preparation. I was urged into Conference by my superiors in my twenty-second year. Father was concerned about my case, and opened two doors through which I could accumulate sufficient means for further schools. I reached it by a year of unprecedented labor, but a heavy claim came on him unexpectedly, which he was unable to meet. Ten years

before he had bought a valuable timber lot with the title in dispute, on condition that payment should be made when the title was made good. Strangely, just at this time the title was perfected and the land, worth double what it cost, would have been lost if the payment were not forthcoming, and I turned the last dollar into father's hands to help him out.

This left me stranded, but I managed to put in a few months in a seminary in Platteville, Wis., before I was thrust out to preach the gospel. The church in that city at the time was greatly wanting in spirituality, but I went occasionally to an English body called "Ranters" and got braced up. They had a few blessed ministers, one of them Bro. Lazenby, who afterwards came to the M. E. Church, where he lived and died a faithful minister. Their prayer services were remarkable, and at times they were wonderfully filled with the Holy Ghost. They were marked with simplicity and humility. When any brother in his zeal was praying too long, the leader would cry out with a Yorkshire brogue, "Pray short, brother, pray short; you are consuming all the time!" On this note of warning the brother always stopped without the least appearance of being wounded, and another would fill his place.

During the spring and summer of 1846 I led a young people's class meeting, which was a stepping stone from the farm to the ministry. The class seemed above the ordinary spiritual level, and God often blessed us. Bishop Hamline and his lady came to Platteville for rest before Conference, and tho' I was too timid to talk with him, I was greatly helped by his wonderful spirit. Often I was constrained to urge those near my years to seek God, and among others several times attempted to move a Miss Goodle to give her heart to Christ. She was intelligent and genial and free to talk, till I came to religion, when she would be off like a

bird. I concluded it would be difficult to ever lead her to Christ. After Bishop Hamline had left I came into my class one day to find Miss Goodle there. In those days the class leader was expected to personally address each person present. The presence of this wild girl was a heavy embarrassment, as I knew her strong aversion to religious conversation. I avoided her at first, but at length, with all the courage possible, I said: "Miss Goodle, we should be happy, if you are free so to do, to hear a word from you:" when to my utter astonishment, she sprang to her feet and gave a glowing account of her recent conversion! The whole class was moved with her recital. After service closed I expressed my surprise to her and asked that she tell me how it came about. She said: "You know I board at Mr. Gridley's, and Bishop Hamline and his lady were there?" "Yes," I responded. "Well, you may depend I kept out of their hands, but I saw something wonderful about those people; they several times evidently wanted to talk with me about religion, but I slipped away! But there was something in their spirit that I could not shake off, and their presence made me feel that I was an awful sinner! Mr. Haney, do you know, it was a whole week after they went away before I dared to go into the room where they stayed! But I found no rest till I gave my heart to God!" O, that the church were filled with ministers and members whose very presence would put sinners under conviction and bring them to Christ!

Rev. N. P. Heath was the Pastor of the M. E. Church at this time and took me with him down to a mining town called Snake Hollow to help a Brother Dinsdale. Pastor Heath could not remain long, but he and Bro. Dinsdale both united in the request that I should remain and help in the meeting. I was not licensed to preach, but an exhorter. The meeting had

gone well with Bro. Heath's help, but now Bro. Dinsdale was left to lead it. He was a beautiful spirit and intensely conscientious. The house being crowded, he preached, intending at the close to invite seekers. His sermon was excellent, but it was noticeable the preacher was wading through deep water, when he suddenly paused and said: "I have a confession to make now to my people." Proceeding, he stated the Lord had given him a subject that night upon which he should have preached, but had chosen another, and God had left him alone. Breaking into tears, he asked the people to forgive and pray for him, and abruptly himself knelt at the altar of prayer! The crowd were awe-stricken and silent as death, until the pressure became fearful. The sinners were in the congregation and the godly Pastor at the altar as a sinner! I sprang up and said sin was a dreadful thing, as illustrated in the fearful agony of this good man since this single act of disobedience, and urged all who wanted deliverance from it to hasten now to the altar, and it seemed the whole house would come.

The humility and meekness of this dear man of God had made a deep impression on the audience. How beautiful are humility with unmixed righteousness in a gospel minister.

Before Bishop Hamline left Platteville he and his lady spent an afternoon at the home of my sister. Other ministers were invited, among whom were Henry Summers, James Mitchell and Richard Haney. These three in an ordinary visit would have kept the company in a roar of laughter with amusing anecdotes, but the Bishop's presence changed this order. We all felt that we must act as though Jesus were one of the visitors. James and Richard were both strong men, and it may be were not without thought as to who should be the greatest. A controversy on some doctrine arose be-

tween them, which was very interesting, and finally an appeal was made to the Bishop as to who was right. He decided in Richard's favor, which was very pleasing to the young man. James Mitchell was sitting near him, and turning with a peculiar look of satisfaction, patting his opponent on the knee, Richard said: "Brother Jimmy, didn't I tell you?" Then the Bishop called us to prayer, saying as we knelt: "Bro. Haney, lead us in prayer!" We did not have so large a mixture of the merely social, but we were all nearer to God when supper was over. Henry Summers had known me from childhood, and, having beckoned me around the corner of the house, he said: "Milt, I have had to sit this whole blessed afternoon with my mouth primed up, ready to pray at the drop of a hat." Henry Summers was a blessed man of God, but was born full of fun, and could have laughed easily when he was dying!

The Rock River Conference that year (1846) met in Galena and Hamline was the presiding Bishop. Most of the ministers then present are not with us now. John St. Clair, Hooper Crews, Luke Hitchcock, Israel Phelps, Silas Bales, Bartin Cartwright and many others, including Richard, William and Freeborn Haney, sons of my father; some in youth, others in their prime, were about me as a wall, when I came into the ministry. Blessed be God for such ministers. They blazed the way for coming generations in the West, and centuries of good men will still be gathering fruit from the seed of their sowing!

The scenes which occurred during that session under the leadership of Bishop Hamline, beggar description. But two objects were kept before us: Strict business of the Conference and our great mission as ministers. The business was adjusted in less time than ever before, and the increase of gospel force I have never seen equaled in any Conference session.

If brethren got to sparring at each other, we were at once called to prayer, while the sparring party most to blame would have to lead us! This soon ended all that was unbrotherly and brought each minister face to face with God. I saw the whole Conference on their knees and faces, weeping and shouting and praying, again and again. Those scenes have never fled from my vision, and I think they have affected my whole ministery.

CHAPTER XI.

My First Circuit.

For the Conference year of 1846 to 1847 I was assigned to the Dixon Circuit as junior preacher, with Brother Brent, of the Baltimore Conference, as preacher in charge. Dr. Luke Hitchcock, the retiring Presiding Elder, had broken down in middle life and now resided at Lee Centre, twelve miles from Dixon. The Dixon brethren had requested the work divided and Dixon made a station. The Bishop objected to the division, but left it with the Presiding Elder, in case it should be demanded, to form the Lee Centre Circuit and leave Dixon by itself with Bro. Brent as its pastor, putting the junior preacher in charge at Lee Centre. Bro. Milton Bourne was seen weeping in the Conference room after the appointments were read, and I asked his name of a brother, who said: "That is Milton Bourne, and he is crying because he has to be your Presiding Elder!" He was a modest minister and shrank from undertaking to fill Dr. Hitchcock's place. I told him I was one of his boys and would pray for him.

I had returned home to adjust myself for the itinerancy, and left for Dixon on horseback with what I had of earthly possessions in my saddle bags. Though mother had set me apart to this work from my infancy, it pulled on her heart to see me go. Father said but little, but hoped I would be true to God. Mother was prostrated when I parted with her in tears. The journey was about 150 miles, and I wept most of the way. My utter unpreparedness for public life,

with my timidity, put mountains before me. When having to meet travelers I would dry up my tears and appear cheerful, but the cheer was largely on the outside. Reaching Dixon, I stopped over Sabbath at the house of a Brother Ayers, who had married Brother Hitchcock's sister. He was a local preacher and had a nice family. They made their young preacher as comfortable as possible. Bro. Brent was still in Baltimore and I all alone. I preached the first Sabbath to a well filled house. I had only been licensed to preach about six weeks. Having announced a hymn, there was no one to lead, and we had no song!. Calling to prayer, I noticed they all remained seated, except one woman, who knelt while I prayed. I had always been accustomed to seeing Methodists kneel when they prayed. This apparent stiffness put a double yoke upon me, but I came out alive after all! My text was John 3: 14, 15: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up." The audience could never after that have forgotten there was such a man as Moses, nor doubted that he made a brazen serpent! My next Sabbath was in the country and I was like a bird let out of its cage. I found a lot of hungry souls, who were glad to see their boy preacher. They sang like larks and seemed hearty in prayer. We had class meeting and some of the dear old saints spoke of their being blessed by the preaching! My soul was greatly encouraged and I began soon to go from house to house talking and praying with the people. This increased my own strength and faith, and closely connected my very heart with the people. At first it was a weighty cross, but soon became a great pleasure.

By the time my superior arrived from Baltimore I had the circuit ripe and ready to be cut off from Dixon, and Dixon was glad to be shut in alone with the schol-

arly and experienced Bro. Brent for their pastor. He was a man of Christly spirit and a faithful minister. He did well in the pastorate at Dixon and as a preacher was above the average of his day. Like many others, he failed in pastoral visiting, and hence reached fewer souls than he might have reached. My circuit was called Lee Centre, and at first I had four appointments: Lee Centre, Melugin's Grove, Badger School House and Trobridge School House. Being here two years, I took in a grove appointment four miles northeast of Melugin, the head of Inlet Grove and Franklin Grove, which afterwards became a town. At each of these points God gave us more or less of revival, and souls were saved.

I had my home a large part of the first year with Uriah Bridgeman. They were a worthy family, consisting of himself, wife and Henry, of six or seven summers. Sister B. was a daughter of old Mother Doan, who used to shout me over the bar when I got tangled in preaching! They had adopted what they called the "love government" with Henry. He and I had great times together, but I soon feared he was going to the bad, as most children do who have their own way. I having grown up in a home where parents ruled, was alarmed to see a child ruling its parents! They were heart friends of mine, and I carefully suggested a change, but it did not come. I talked and prayed, but Henry held the reins! Finally I preached on family government, as boy preachers are apt to do! I brought out the destruction of Eli's family and portrayed the curse of God which came on Eli and his sons, because he failed to govern them, and Bridgeman went home under conviction! On returning next day I saw the reins were being drawn tighter, and they were in changed hands. Henry chafed somewhat, and yielded slowly. One morning his father forbade him to do

something and Master Henry went forthwith and did it! The father was moved and said with unusual sternness:,"Now, Henry, if you do that again, I will get a switch and switch you well!" Henry saw there was something unusual and paused a little, but repeated the act. From my study the scene was visible. Bridgeman arose gravely, and disappeared in the front yard. Henry awaited his return, in a very thoughtful mood. The door opened and Henry saw by the looks of his father's eyes that a new dispensation had begun, and springing like a cat he drew a chair between him and his father, exclaiming with a voice of alarm: "My soul, be on thy guard!" I now had more than I could carry and disappeared at a back door, but it was not long till Henry's insubordination was gone, and increased gladness reigned all around. I have understood that he since developed into a beautiful manhood.

Robert Ingersoll's father was a Presbyterian minister, but at this time was preaching for the Congregationalists at Badger's School House, he and I preaching each alternate Sabbath morning. He was a man of great intellectual strength—much stronger than his son, though not equal to him as an orator. He esteemed the West as semi-heathen, and treated the people accordingly. The Badger's School House was on the ground where now the City of Amboy stands, in the valley of the Inlet stream. I opened there my first protracted meeting, holding services every night. I was mostly alone, having secured little ministerial help, but feared to use Mr. Ingersoll. As the meeting progressed he was generally present. It was my habit at the close of preaching immediately to call penitents to the altar. Just in that crisis Mr. Ingersoll would spring up with the request to put in "just a word," and generally continued till the interest had largely abated! This was a trial to my soul, but I did not dare to object

to it. Being so ofter repeated, it became a striking hindrance to the meeting.

Old Bro. Russel Linn was my chief counselor, as Bro. Hitchcock was five miles away. He counseled forbearance and endurance in silence, which I strictly followed. Dr. Hitchcock hearing how things went, feared the rash boy preacher would break loose and spoil the meeting. To. Bro. Linn he sent frequent warnings against my responding to Ingersoll, which were wise and gracious. But the Sabbath came in which it was the old man's turn to preach, and Dr. Hitchcock was present. After the preliminaries Mr. I. spitefully threw down two manuscripts on the stand, Hitchcock sitting behind him to the right, and I to the left. Pausing, he said he could not select his subject till some questions were settled. Referring to the meeting, he said: "All these days and nights this young minister (and turning to me with a look of contempt, added, "He is a very young minister") has sent from Dan to Bersheeba for help, and sometimes he got it and sometimes he did not, but has never publicly recognized me as a minister by asking me to share in its services." Pausing again, for a moment, he referred to the contrast between the two characters, and added, "I want this matter settled now." I arose and confessed my great deficiency in years and training in contrast to my venerable friend, and added: "I hereby tender a public invitation to Father Ingersoll hereafter to attend the meeting and participate in its services. He then preached among the greatest sermons I ever heard on repentance. It was about two hours in length, but of great merit. The school house had seats of boards without backs, but the audience heard him through attentively.

At the close he made a call for penitents to the anxious seat, but none came. He tripped over the seats

like a boy, running to various parts of the house to individuals, and returned with great beads of perspiration upon his face, but nobody moved! My youth and weakness, in contrast with his experience and strength, made his attacks very offensive to the people and many were too mad to repent.

Dr. Hitchcock yielded to preach in the afternoon and we were all out to hear. He preached a most convincing sermon on the excuses of sinners. Among other excuses he gave the common one relating to being converted in times of excitement. He knew the people well, and answered the excuse by stating they had had no revival excitement for seven previous years, and asked why in that calm of seven years they had not found God! He had hardly closed the sermon till Ingersoll was on his feet and said: "I have come out into this western country with a spiritual salt dish, to feed the sheep, and I protest against the people being taught they cannot be saved after the excitements of this Methodist meeting are past." But Luke Hitchcock, forgetting his exhortations of forbearance and endurance, sprang to his feet in response, and when he was through there seemed hardly a scrap of Ingersoll left, and he never troubled us again. His deacons had worked with us most heartily and were blessed men of God. So Bro. Linn and I went to see them Monday morning and insisted they should arbitrate the case. I proposed that Father I. should preach half the time, or less, or more, as they should decide, but they forbade his preaching at all.

People often wondered at my tenderness toward Robert Ingersoll, but I could not avoid having sympathy for him, with the knowledge I had of his father. How many boys of resplendent abilities have been ruined for time and eternity through professed Christian parents whose lives gave the lie to their profession.

Poor Bob and his beautiful brother, when in childhood and boyhood, were well nigh compelled to give their verdict against Christ as they saw him in the life of their father.

The meeting at Badger School rose above all barriers and went forward through the coming days with power. But we had hardly recovered when another danger struck me. Rev. H. Humphrey, who had been a gambler and sportsman of a rough character, and was converted late in early manhood, had gone into the ministry, and was known as a peculiar specimen of gospel minister. I had confidence in him as a Christian, and he was older and stronger than I. He was generally called "Heck." Well, Heck came by and stopped with me over night. Methodist preachers in those days were a wonderful brotherhood. I had Heck on my hands and my meeting had hardly recovered from the hindrances thrown in its way. I knew he liked to preach, but I feared his eccentricities would break it down. It seemed I could hardly avoid asking him, and so I did. He readily assented, but I went to church trembling. His text was the statement of Moses: "A prophet shall the Lord your God raise up of your brethren, like unto me. Him shall ye hear," etc. He seemed not to find much in the front part of the text, but brought a succession of thunderbolts out of the latter part. He poured out liquid fire on our devoted heads till the whole house was in a ferment. The people rose and Christians attempted to sing, but it was difficult. I saw a large man flourishing his fists and heard his bitter anathemas. His great fists were flourishing above the heads of the people and it looked like war! I hastened through the crowd and kindly asked him to desist. In his wrath he responded: "There have been clubs thrown here to-night! There have been clubs thrown here to-night and I won't stand it!"

It was very evident that at least one of Heck's clubs had struck him and he was in a bad fix! Heck had but one seeker that night, and he was an old Methodist backslider, who had been brought to Christ by my mother before I was born, and coming west, had lost his way and become exceedingly hardened. The hurling of Heck's clubs were so terrible that he saw hell right under his feet, and ran like a man from a burning building, falling prostrate before the altar! God restored him graciously and he became a worthy Christian. It seemed as though Heck had been sent on purpose to rescue that old rebel.

In the latter days of that meeting I was strongly drawn to a newly-married young man, who was evidently moved upon by the Holy Spirit. He was a gentleman and gave earnest attention to all that I said, but did not yield. I was very persistently giving the best reasons I could for instant action. He conceded the importance of what I said, but responded that he and his wife had talked this matter over, and both agreed that they must at some time become Christians, but their affairs were not yet settled, and they would defer action on this question. In less than three days, I think, a messenger came to my boarding place and inquired for me. When I appeared he said: "I have come to ask you to preach the funeral sermon of your friend Mr. ———. I was so moved that I said: "O, my Lord, is he dead?" "Yes," he said. "He was digging sand under a bank and several tons of frozen earth fell upon him and he was crushed to death in a moment!" "Oh!" I said, "if I had held to him longer he might have been saved." His last call had been given and rejected, and now the door had closed!

CHAPTER XII.

A Striking Miracle.

Father Lewis was an old local preacher, who in younger years had been an active worker. He was highly prized as a man of sterling integrity and trusted by his brethren. He was born and reared on the Susquehanna River, in Pennsylvania, and recognized as an old time Methodist. He now lived two miles north of Amboy, Ills., having moved with his family to this State. For many years his house was a preaching place in Pennsylvania. His daughter, Lurena, was wondrously converted when a child of seven years, and both parents testified to me that she had walked with God from that time on. When she was at the age of sixteen the junior preacher on the circuit had preached, and the class meeting followed. It was in cold weather and heat was furnished from a large fireplace. That day the fire had been made with hickory wood, which had been largely consumed, leaving a bed of coals with blue flames coming up as from hard coal. As the class proceeded Father Lewis had gone near the fireplace and was listening to the testimony given by his classmates. The minister led the class that day and on reaching Lurena he asked her to speak. She gave in her testimony and was so moved while speaking that she began to shout the praises of God, as was more common then than now. With that she stepped out from her place, with face and hands uplifted, making a backward movement toward the fire. Her father

stood between her and the fire, and the preacher was sure Father Lewis would protect her from all danger. But as she approached him he stepped out of her way and she went backward on to that pile of coals. Four persons stated to me they saw the blue flames come up both sides of her head! Father Lewis made no motion to rescue her, but the preacher sprang forward and violently drew her out. Her arms were outstretched, and as she was drawn from the fire one arm caught under an old fashioned andiron, which was red hot, and drew it clear out on the hearth! and there was not the smell of fire on her person nor garments!!! Not a hair on her head was hurt. The minister was tremendously moved, and when the child was rescued he turned to her father saying with excited tone of voice: "Why did you not take your child out of the fire?" And Father Lewis answered: "I thought if God had put her there He could preserve her, and if she was a hypocrite, let her burn!!!"

I have aimed at an exact recital of what occurred, as given to me by four reputable Christian people who were eye witnesses to it all. These were Father and Mother Lewis and the two Brother Hales, all of whom were then above fifty years old, and members of the church of which I was the pastor. I seriously regret that I did not procure their written statements to the above facts, which ought to have been done, but it is too late! There are a few persons still living who heard these statements, as I did; but the eye witnesses are not here, as the occurrence took place fully eighty years ago. "Aunt Reney," as she was called in after years, had the confidence of the whole people as a superior Christian, and was a great power for good when I knew her. When she prayed saints and sinners gave attention, and I found her one of my best helpers. Her godly life was a special inspiration to my early

ministry. I feel I should rescue this marvel occurrence of God's grace and power, from oblivion, with the hope that some of His doubting children might be led to see that the days of miracles are not past.

CHAPTER XIII.

Spread of Revival Fire.

The first revival meeting of my life being a success, gave added strength to my faith and it took hold on Him for continued victories. A large number of young people were converted there, who at once became active helpers in the salvation of others. This made victory easy. Each soul who professed religion on the Lee Centre Circuit had strength to both pray and speak in public, and we had no hangers on. While a great gathering of dead souls into the church is a curse, the bringing into it of half the number who are really made alive from the dead is an everlasting benediction. Ten souls really born of God is a greater victory than one thousand souls brought into the church without the new birth. In each case where we had a church I insisted on each member being utterly separated from a life of sin and thoroughly alive to God: and a large majority of each society were clearly in favor with God before the revival began. Where there was no church I took one or more of the most spiritual people we had with me as holy seed! Old Bro. Russel Linn was my standby, and when he was with me I have no recollection of a single failure.

We had a log church at Melugin's Grove appointment and a small society, which was reliable, but more than ordinary wickedness prevailed without. There seemed a necessity for a general breaking up of Satan's strongholds in that place. So. Bro. Linn and I began

with a two days meeting, first service Saturday morning. It seemed a heavy undertaking, but it was in the spring and Bro. Linn proposed that he and I go to the woods. The dry leaves made a carpet to kneel on, and we prayed. There was a struggle for victory, when at length I saw the old warrior put his hand in his pocket and throw something away with force. Immediately power from God came on him and he shouted aloud. Turning to me, he said: "O, Brother Haney, we will have glorious victory now!" He had been moderately using tobacco, which was largely esteemed as comparatively innocent in those days; but he had gotten too near to God to further carry the filthy habit. While in that struggle of prayer the Holy Spirit ordered that His temple be cleared out, and Bro. Linn obeyed, so a flood of glory came on him as the result.

I had no ministerial help and no old sermons to fall back upon. So I arose about four o'clock Sabbath morning concerned that minister nor sermon were available! I read and prayed and prayed and read, but no text could be found! Time for love feast had come and no subject had appeared. While the people were speaking I was turning my Bible, but no text was in sight, nor a hint as to what I could preach about. The opening hymn was sung, but no light. I prayed with all my might, but the whole Bible seemed like a sealed book. I announced six verses to be sung to give every possible moment of time, and while they were singing I was turning the leaves of my Bible, when suddenly my eyes fell on Matt. 12: 43, 45, "When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places, seeking rest, but findeth none. Then he saith, I will return from whence I came out; and when he is come he findeth it empty, swept and garnished. Then goeth he and taketh with himself seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell

there! And the last end of that man is worse than the first." A stupendous subject, and I had never thought of preaching on it, but clear light broke on what to begin with, and I stepped out by faith and the Holy Ghost set my words on fire. The house was crowded and the ungodly were there. My little flock prayed and Bro. Linn shut his eyes and shrugged those broad shoulders, and victory was in the air.

I had talked twenty to twenty-five minutes when I saw a large, pleasing man of about 45 years begin to tremble. He was near the middle of the house, and in a few moments pitched forward on his face screaming, "God have mercy on my soul!" Six of his comrades tumbled down around him, all men, and cried for mercy. The whole seven were converted there in a group, and the backbone of rebellion was broken! It was found that this old rebel was a Methodist backslider, and having gone far from God he was the ringleader of all wickedness in the community. He was the keystone to the arch of sin at Melugin's Grove, and when he yielded the arch gave way! Hence God shut me off apparently from His whole book to shut me in with this fearful subject, that this one man now filled and ruled with seven devils might be reached and his work of soul murder be ended. It is now plain, if I had always maintained that simplicity of heart before God, leaning less on what I had learned, and abandoned myself to Him as I was then compelled to do, much more could have been acomplisched by my life and ministry.

CHAPTER XIV.

In the Cleansing Fountain.

It has been stated in previous chapters that I had been awakened to the subject of Christian holiness, and since my nineteenth year had been a seeker of that grace. My entrance on the work of a minister brought such responsibilities that I seemed compelled to come nearer to God. The books assigned me to study by the church led toward that experience. The vows I would be expected to take required that I be at least an earnest seeker. My people all knew I was a seeker, and many of them were seekers with me. The fathers of Methodism prescribed the persistent use of all the means of grace. They specified much secret prayer, daily reading of the Scriptures, fasting, giving thorough attention to gospel preaching, special attention upon the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, etc.: as the highway leading to sanctification. They also said when you have done all this, come to God by simple faith as though you had done nothing, and receive it as the gift of God through Jesus Christ. I followed to the letter this prescription month after month, without wearying. I prayed five times in secret, when it was at all practicable, each day. I usually fasted twice each week. I visited nearly, if not every, family in the bounds of my circuit, including saints and sinners, and talked to them about God, and usually prayed in every place. I usually rose at or before four o'clock in the morning to pray and read the Scriptures on my knees,

and had wondrous fellowship with God. For ten months I think there was not a minute when I felt the sting of Divine condemnation, or doubted that I was His child. I was often exceedingly happy and carried the conscious witness that my past sins were all forgiven, and during this time I think one hundred souls were converted under my ministry: but all this did not sanctify me! As seen afterwards, there was a sense in which all this time I was seeking this grace by works! So I faithfully kept the first injunction of the fathers, but utterly failed to reach the second. Why this long delay to find what ought to have been reached in the first hour of seeking? 1. It was not for want of earnestness. There have been but few more earnest souls. 2. It was not for want of prayer. I prayed enough to sanctify a thousand souls. 3. It was not because of known sinful indulgences—there were none, as far as I knew, as I would have to state if I were dying! 4. It was not because I failed to be fully justified, or that I was a backslider in heart or life. I never had had a Christian experience before so rich and glorious as during this ten months; and surely I grew more in grace in that time than in all my life preceding it.

Why, then, was I not sanctified? 1. Because I sought it simply as a wonderful blessing, an immense gust of glory! I got these again and again, but each time found I was not sanctified. The Divine, inwrought work of God called sanctification is more than ten thousand gusts of blessing. There are millions of blessings, but only one new birth. The new birth is not simply a blessing which makes you happy; it is a work of God which brings you into a new state, in which you are to live billions of years. You are in that state in sorrow as well as joy, and can never be out of it without committing sin. Sanctification does not consist at all in emotional upheavals. It often produces them, but

exists without them. If this is not true, every time a soul is under trial, or in sorrow, he has lost the experience! 2. I failed to find this grace in three years of seeking, because I never met God's conditions for sanctification. He has not promised that any man who will pray five times each day, fast twice each week and wear his life out working for the church shall be sanctified. If He had, all who do these things would be sanctified. But millions have done and are doing all these things who have not been, and are not wholly sanctified. Then why insist that God's dear children must tread this Roman route, that by their works and sufferings and sacrifices they may make themselves holy, when holiness is the gift of God? Why did not my teachers tell me I could and ought to be sanctified, before I got half way through my first prayer, or had time to get hungry on fast day? Prayer is blessed, both before and after being sanctified, and fasting is right in its place: but when used as substitutes for entire consecration to God for heart purity, and faith in Jesus to make you pure, they will hinder your sanctification. Prayer and fasting, if used to help you to comply with God's conditions, will hasten your sanctification. When these conditions are met we are at once infallibly sanctified.

In the summer of 1847 I heard of three or four persons in Knox County, Ills., who had reached this experience, and that they were going to attend a camp meeting on the Dempsey ground. My brother Freeborn was then the "preacher in charge" on that circuit, and Roswell Morse was his helper. The thought of meeting souls who had recently found it, was an enchantment to me, so I determined to go. It was a hundred miles away and the sun was hot, but that little trip across the prairie was nothing to my hungry soul. I had several seasons of shouting on the way, when no

one heard but God. I was so filled with love for souls and desirous to help them that I was constrained to turn my weary horse out of the way to converse with children, who were seated on a fence some distance off, and went on feeling that some of them would be saved as the result. The camp went forward with power and blessing and souls were converted nearly every time we met. I became so absorbed in helping penitents, and so happy in God, that I forgot about my own needs. Being appointed to preach in the afternoon, the Lord so filled me with glory that I praised Him with a very loud voice while preaching, and there was a shout in the camp. I think the preaching must have been a small affair, but God was there in great power. Thirty souls, I would think, rushed inside the altar enclosure seeking pardon and most of them cried aloud for mercy. My happy soul tumbled down among them, and the impression has followed me for many years that they were everyone converted in a few minutes! It was wonderful.

Before the night service it was determined to march around the ground with singing instead of preaching, and wind up with an altar call. I think my brother Richard led that night, and at least thirty penitents, largely all new seekers, were crying to God. A storm was approaching and our chances in those days for shelter in camp were poor. I knew the meeting must close in the morning, and it distressed me that these seekers should be driven away without salvation. I hastened to two of those fully saved brothers and plead with them to join with me in prayer that God would send the storm round and not allow those souls to go without being saved. The whole appearance indicated a drenching rain. My brother seeing its near approach, gave orders that the penitents be taken to the tents, and he did not know that God was going to

handle the storm. Bro. Freeborn, Bro. Morse and myself laid hold of four young men and took them to Martin Cartwright's tent. I saw each of them beautifully converted in a little time and praised God aloud, when each came through. The last one being converted, I looked around to see if there was any other I could help, and Richard Haney's wife, Adaline, was crying for a holy heart at the east side of the tent. I hastened to kneel by her, as though I were a veteran in the experience, and assured her that God would sanctify her; I knew he would! She stepped into the fountain and was unspeakably filled with God. Her face I shall never forget. Her life to its close was a burning lamp. No one who knew her closely ever doubted the genuineness of her testimony.

As soon as I got through shouting I looked and my brother Freeborn was in tears and crying for a holy heart. I prayed and put my arms about his neck and felt I must push him right into the fountain. When the Holy Ghost came in and applied the blood and filled him with love he sank down as though the boy did not have a bone in his body. He seemed awestricken and incapable of giving expression to the glory which filled his bloodmarked soul! His colleague, Rev. R. Morse, was now in agony of struggle about six feet away. The death of the old man in him seemed like crucifixion, but it was not long till he was overwhelmed and swept by the great power of God. He wept and shouted and was more demonstrative than either of the two. His whole experience was exactly in harmony with my conceptions. So another flood of praise went up to God from my happy soul. Then all was quiet and I became quiet enough to hear the Holy Spirit whisper: "It is now time that you give attention to your own soul." I had come one hundred miles to that meeting to get the experience of holiness, and had been so lost to

myself in helping others that the last night had come and I was without the experience. I at once began to pray and prayed all night without ceasing. About daybreak I was so exhausted I was unable to struggle any more, and became quiet as a well conquered child As soon as I was out of His way He began by giving me a feaful view of the carnal nature which was in me. In contrast with His holiness it seemed to me as black as ink. Here was the white light of His holiness, there the deep, black, indwelling evil deposit, called the carnal mind! I was not condemned in the slightest, for I knew every sin I had ever committed was blotted out, that God was my Father and I His fully forgiven and His accepted child; but I loathed this vile nature as never before, and unspeakably desired its instant removal.

I had not thought of crying for pardon, for my whole soul plead to be made clean, but how should I get there? The Holy Spirit whispered: "Two things are necessary, only two—first, consecration; second, faith in Jesus." How glad I was to find the terms so easy, and my heart exclaimed: "O, my Lord, is that all?" My love for Him was so great I knew I could easily give to Him anything I had. I was utterly shut out from every human being, though Christians were all about me: and was alone, with God as a quiet listener.

The Holy Spirit then probed me with searching questions, asking would I do this and that, go here or there, and my whole soul said yes. He then asked: "Should I be pleased never again to make you happy once, and allow you to live to old age," (and it looked nearly one hundred years away); "Will you be all mine, and trust my blood to cleanse you from all sin, and testify to this wherever I ask you to?" To this my heart answered, "O, my Lord, how can I do this?" I

had been an exceedingly happy Christian, and to give up all religious joy, how could I do it? It seemed worse than death. But the question was repeated, and my whole heart answered yes! I then had a clear, definite inner sense that I was wholly given to God, and my consecration was a finished fact. Now I said only that step of faith and I will have the blessing. So I began to make a desperate effort to believe, as I had often done before; but my heart went in advance of my plans, and took Jesus as my complete Sanctifier then and there, and I arose to my feet. A brother said to me: "Brother Haney, where are you now?" I answered: "I am all the Lord's and I believe the blood of Jesus cleanses me from all sin!" This was near sunrise in the morning and I had lain on the ground from about 10 o'clock the previous evening, and the struggle had left its impression on my physical force.

My new experience was at first a sense of utter emptiness. My sense of joy was not half equal to any one of the three days preceding. I had the rest which results from settlement. There seemed to be nothing unsettled. I was all the Lord's and believed without mixture of doubt that I was cleansed from all sin. The closing exercises of a great camp meeting, with shouts of praise, the shedding of tears, cries of penitents and victory in the air, did not seem to move me. I was so exhausted that, like the disciples in Gethsemane, I fell asleep several times, and when awakened by my nodding, Satan hurled the statement into my soul that I was a pretty specimen of sanctification, going asleep in such a meeting as that! My heart responded: "Sleeping or waking, I am all the Lord's!" I traveled thirty miles that day and testified four times that I believed the blood cleansed me from all sin. It was not till late in the day that the sense of emptiness

began to merge into a realization of cleanness, but in no moment did my faith give way.

Stopping with a Brother Headstone, who knew nothing of my exercises, I led in family prayer that night. While praying the Holy Spirit witnessed to what had been done about sunrise that morning in the Dempsey camp ground, and flooded my soul with glory such as I had never experienced. I had believed for sanctification fourteen hours before, and received it, and retained it by faith during the day. Now my faith was turned into knowledge. I was as truly and as perfectly saved when I rose from the straw in the morning as I was when the witness was given, and in fifty-five years I have not experienced a doubt as to the genuineness of the experience.

CHAPTER XV.

Back to Work.

It might be asked if the condition of glorious triumph described near the close of the previous chapter continued, or was there any trial of my new faith which followed? It is persistently declared that people who get this holy experience are never tempted, but nothing could be more false than that declaration. The day following I had fifty miles to ride, and being alone, Satan seemed to accompany me the whole day! He conceded that I had the experience, for he knew I could not be made to doubt it, but insisted that I was a rash young man and it was highly probable I would lose it. It was a great thing to be sanctified, and in case I did lose it Christ would be dishonored and His cause would receive a fearful wound! Because of this danger I had better say nothing about it to my people. I might tell them I was getting blessed, but should not let them know I was sanctified till I found out whether I could keep it or not. Old subtle serpent; he knew very well if I suppressed that testimony I would soon have nothing to testify about. How many thousands have lost the experience at that very point. Especially is that true of ministers from Bro. John Fletcher, of Modley, down. I should not wonder if two thousand Methodist preachers have lost this holy experience within the past thirty years by trying to hide it.

The ground was all new to me at the time and I knew but little of Satan's devices, but on reaching my

circuit, the first person I met was Sister Barker, and I told her God had sanctified my soul! She with others had been seeking this grace under my ministry, but not having the experience, I was not able to lead them in. There was much joy among those hungry souls, when they heard their young pastor had really entered in. It was a very brief time till a large number of my best members were over into Caanan. Our prayer meetings became seasons of great power, and in the regular church services souls would get under conviction and conversions became a common occurrence in the class meetings and the Sabbath services.

My soul was so on fire with love to God and man that I was compelled to go out into new territory in search of lost souls. The Inlet stream connects the two Winnipeg swamps, in Northern Illinois. Not far above where the stream widens into the lower swamp there was a settlement wholly discarded by the churches, because it was recognized as a centre of vice. There were innocent people there, but there was a prominent man who owned a mill, and his house was supposed to be a rendezvous for horse thieves and murderers. There were two cases of murder there, one of an orphan girl, who had made her home at this man's house. They had a little school house and I preached to them for a time. Preaching at night it was difficult to return home, so I felt compelled to stay over night each time. This old man gave me much attention and insisted I must make his house my home. He had a daughter, whose virtues he often portrayed to me, and at last insisted that she would make me an excellent wife! He was an old backslider, but pretended to me that he was all right. In those days we lined the hymns where books were scarce. I led the singing in the opening service, and, preaching very loud, was hoarse at the close. I had made a fearful

appeal to the ungodly and the solemnity of eternity seemed present. I read what was then the second part of the first hymn in the old Methodist book, and asked if some friend would be so kind as to lead the singing. This old apostate started in on the first verse:

Look unto Him, ye nations,
Own your God, ye fallen race;
Look and be saved through faith alone;
Be justified by grace.

His voice was heavy and very loud, but before the first line was sung he broke down. Not daunted in the least, he started again without the semblance of a tune, and went aground. Seeing that the whole service would be ruined, I started the old tune Balerma. He followed me quickly, but when I was up he was down, and when I was down he was up. By the time I was through the verse he was two words behind, and seeing I was through, he gave a hacking cough and, thinking the words should all be brought in, repeated the last two words, "by grace!" It was a time before I got strength sufficient to start the second verse.

Mr. Simmers lived near the school house in a double log cabin, and one of his family urged me to come and live with them. He had been a gentleman, and a man among men, but was now a wreck with strong drink. They had a beuatiful family of grown and growing children. The house was made a little palace of neatness and refined taste, and much was done to make me comfortable. Mr. Simmers made special effort to treat me kindly, but I noticed that in a few moments he would go into the other cabin. I was anxious to rescue him, and several times changed rooms to find him, but each time he did as before. He explained his strange course to another and asked him to give me the explanation, saying: "I have high re-

gard for Mr. Haney as a preacher of the gospel, and feared I should offend him by profane words in his presence, hence I left the room each time when he came in," and asked that I should forgive him this apparent rudeness. Poor Simmers, I hoped to save him, but he leaped into eternity a few weeks afterwards from a fit of delirium tremens. Millions have followed him since then and the army is increasing. Who can compute the agonies here, and the damnation hereafter, resulting from the curse of intoxicating drinks!

The passion for soul saving led me to hold a meeting at the head of Palestine Grove, near where now the town of Sublet is situated. There was a small Baptist society there of long standing, but it was without a pastor, and all signs of spiritual life had disappeared. They opposed my coming to disturb their quiet. God gave me two men, Brothers McCune and Peterson, and their wives for a church at that point. I gave them no rest till they were all sanctified, so I had a whole church of sanctified people! Bro. McCune's daughter was soon converted, and she went right on into the fountain. My church were all of one heart and each of them true as steel, so the base was laid for a real revival. We had a meeting of two weeks or more, and forty sinners were beautifully converted. The contrast between the two bodies was very striking. In fifty years I have never known a Baptist church so utterly dead and have but rarely seen a Methodist church so utterly alive! The former became alarmed as their children were being converted, and they sent fifty miles to procure a minister of their faith for a single sermon. I had preached where Amboy now stands Sabbath morning and had to hasten to the seat of battle for the afternoon service. With brief preliminaries I struck out on St. Paul's question, Rom. 6: 1. "What shall we say then, shall we continue in sin that grace may

abound? God forbid!" Knowing nothing of the morning sermon, I went through like a prairie fire without the slightest trammel on my spirit or tongue! But afterwards I learned that the brother who had come fifty miles to preach to that people who had hardly drawn one spiritual breath in fifteen years, had taken Solomon's words: "Be not righteous overmuch," and put in a whole hour warning them against being too religious! Possibly two sermons in the same house and day were never preached that were more diametrically opposed to each other! Yet it is a comfort to record that the meeting held at that time is still going on, and the souls thus saved formed the base for a church which has been the headquarters of a circuit to this day. The dear ones who stood with me in that battle are in glory, but I shall see them soon.

CHAPTER XXI.

In Peru.

In 1848 and 1849 I was stationed on the Peru circuit. Peru is among the older cities of Northern Illinois, and is situated on the Illinois River, at the mouth of the canal. As is often true of river towns, there was much immorality there in early times. The saloon was among its main features at an early date, and the saloon has never bred righteousness. It is the begetter of the vilest crimes which have ever seen the sun. There was a strong irreligious trend in the people generally, and forms of skepticism prevailed more widely there than in other cities of the state. Evangelical protestantism has never had a firm hold in the city. We had a small, plain church building, with a weak society and a few devoted Christians. We built a parsonage, though I was still a single man, with a small den which I called my study. The house being rented to a family, I occupied the study and boarded with the family. Not long after I was settled a neatly attired young gentleman inquired if I could marry a couple there that evening. I had not long been ordained and this was my first opportunity to marry. I said: "We will meet in the parlor, as this room is so small and inconvenient." "No," he responded, they would prefer to meet here. The house was not completed and my front steps consisted of a high box, which made the entrance inconvenient for ladies. Then the room was very small, having bed, table, stove,

chairs and bookcase. So I insisted on going to the parlor, but he was incorrigible, and I had to submit. At 7 P. M. two couples appeared, and they had quite a time getting up my steps and to find standing room when they had entered. I addressed the young gentleman aforesaid, inquiring if they were ready, and he said yes. He was decidedly the better dressed of the two, and the bride stood near to him. Looking him straight in the eyes, I said: "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife; wilt thou, etc., etc?" and the other gentleman answered, "I will!" I had strength sufficient left to address the bride and asked them to join hands, when I pronounced them husband and wife; but as they blundered down those steps a young preacher was perspiring freely!

We had much hard work in this wicked city, with less results than had usually accompanied my ministry, but souls were saved and God has kept the record. There were three points on the circuit to which others were added before the year closed. It seemed to have been a neglected field, which gave me plenty to do. We had forty souls saved at Frog Grove, where we had a small meeting house. The first time I preached there I noticed a fine looking gentleman near the centre of the church who was my most attentive hearer. I had not gone far till I discovered he was at war with my preaching. After services closed he came forward and introduced himself to me, saying he believed I was a sincere young man, but he felt he must warn me against false doctrines. I had preached on some phase of holiness as the Methodists taught it, but he was a Presbyterian and had been taught otherwise. He evidently desired to argue the subject with me, but I declined, saying it was a very sacred subject to me, and I purposed never to get into controversy about it; but I said: "I have a book I will give you which clearly

covers this whole field; if you will read it." And he said he would. So I gave him "Dr. George Peck on Christian Perfection," which I now think was the ablest book ever written on the subject.

On returning four weeks from that day I poured out more full salvation talk, and at the close said: "If any of my brethren want this wonderful experience I would be glad to meet you here at the altar of prayer." My Presbyterian elder conferred not with flesh and blood, but came at once to my "mourners' bench!" God gave him this experience and he was so enchanted with it that he joined my church and was a burning lamp till he went back to God.

Grand old John St. Clair was my presiding elder, and was a father to me in ministry. He was a very intensified Methodist, and an old timer. When he came round to my quarterly meeting I told him of the work at Frog Grove, and especially about the capture of my Presbyterian brother. When the recital was finished I said to him: "Uncle John, Presbyterian warp and Methodist filling make good cloth, don't they?" He answered slowly and in a gutteral tone: "Yes, if you will get enough of the filling in!" Uncle John was not uncharitable, but he was a tremendous Methodist! He was old and broken, but wideawake, full of fun and sometimes sarcastic. He was preaching in Peru one Sabbath against universalism, and made the point that the Universalist faith tended to license sin. This was illustrated by the following incident. A great Universalist preacher as such was making a desperate effort to establish the faith of his followers, and a drunkard had come in and was holding to a post near the aisle,looking with eager eyes into the face of the minister. When the preacher had reached the climax of his argument the drunken man let go of the post, and, staggering into the aisle cried out:

"That's you, make it thick if you can; for it is my only hope!" Uncle John at the same time imitated the stagger and drawl of the drunkard so closely that you could think you saw and heard him! This was too much for an old Universalist doctor, who arose in great anger and started out. Uncle John cried out to the fleeing doctor: "Don't hurry, Doctor; wait, and I will become more interesting after a while!" Lodging with the old elder one night, I noticed he was fussing in the darkness as though everything was out of order. After waiting till my curiosity was about to explode, I cried out: "Uncle John, what in the world are you doing?" "O," he said, "I am trying to get this feather on its edge!" The pillow was very small, and I found in the morning that he had taken a ladies' saddle from the wall and put it under the head of his bed to increase the size of his pillow.

He gave in my hearing an account of his father's conversion, which must have taken place at least one hundred years ago. His father was then in early middle years, anl would not yield to Gol. Sickness took hold on his favorite child and the little one went hurriedly into the embrace of death. The rebellion of the father was fearful, as he wailed over the death of his child, and the world, with all its charms, had faded from his vision. He tossed on his bed with anguish and walked his room at night till his life became a horror to him. Friends became distateful to him and he wandered through the fields. One day, while sitting on a fence not far from a neighbor's gate, a shepherd wished to change the pasture of his flock. The sheep had grazed till the grass was poor this side of the gate. Beyond the gate there was fresh and beautiful clover. He had opened the gate and brought them near, but they refused to enter again and again. The shepherd at last rushed violently among them, and, seizing a

lamb, he carried it through the gate and set it down in the clover. The mother seeing her little darling had passed the gate into the better pasture, hastened after it, and the whole flock followed. Uncle John said his father seeing this, at once confessed his rebellion against God, and saw that Jesus, the good shepherd, had been compelled to take his lamb into the upper pasture to save him and his flock. He at once became a Christian, and every one of his father's house had followed, till now so many were in heaven, while the rest were on the way. This is the origin of the incident, which has so often been repeated by ministers on funeral and other occasions to comfort bereaved mothers and lead sorrowing ones to see the goodness of God. The old hero's soul was wonderfully wrought up and he gave this as his father's past, resulting in his own salvation and that of his father's house. He put in his last days in Evanston, that city of culture and refinement. A friend, hearing of his intention to move to Evanston, asked him concerning it, and he said he was going there to fill an empty chair as professor of religion! Dear old Uncle John, he fought a good fight and is with the King.

CHAPTER XXII.

Marriage.

It was July 10th, 1849, that I was married to Sarah C. Huntsinger at Princeton, Ills., by Rev. O. A. Walker, a member of the Rock River Conference. Her mother and step-father were visiting a friend at Peru and their daughter was with them. I was invited to dine with them, and for the first time saw Miss Huntsinger. She was the only child of her mother, with a handsome body and cultured mind. She was converted when 11 years old, under the ministry of my brother Richard, and had been a member of the M. E. Church from that time. Her mother was a woman of sterling principles, a lady of very neat person and attire, and bearing the marks of a genuine woman. "Katie," her daughter, was still more attractive, and for the first time my head and heart easily combined in the decision to make her mine, if that were possible! It was brought out later on that this feeling was mutual, and we have both thought our union was of God. We knew but little of what was involved in the marriage relation, and stepped out as did Abraham, not knowing where, but the testings of fifty-three years leave no doubt as to the wisdom of the choice then made.

The cholera had been raging in Peru, causing a frightful loss of life. Its first subjects went right forward into eternity in a few hours, so far as I now remember, without exception. The people were stricken with horror and many fled. I think there was but one doctor who remained, and he braved the storm and

never shrank from duty. So far as I knew there were but three men beside him who would handle cholera subjects—Powers, Sedgwick and myself. These two brothers waited on the sick and buried them when dead. As a disinfectant they almost incessantly smoked tobacco, and each had bound to his throat a large plug of asafetida! (Of recent years I have often thought if I were a cholera microbe I would give such men a wide berth!) They grappled with the monster right and left. They worked with seeming superhuman strength in care of men in the cramping stage and attempted by stimulants to resuscitate them when in the collapse and hurried them away to their burial; and neither of them were ever affected by the disease! They took one man to the cemetery and were about to let him down into his grave late in the evening, when one of them said that they had better not inter him till the morning, as it was possible that life was not extinct; and when they came in the morning he was alive in his coffin and was restored to health.

I am profoundly impressed that many people are buried alive who are supposed to die with cholera, and that provision should be made to avoid these hasty burials. The cramping stage is often terrific to behold. When that is past the whole man gives way and sinks into utter helplessness. He is often clear in his mental powers, but there is a fearful collapse of the physical. If lifted out of that he usually recovers, but in the more severe cases they are not resuscitated. But few then went through the cramping stage and recovered. I was taken with it later in the season, when it was supposed the pestilence had passed. The attack was one of seeming severity. Old Doctor Winslow, referred to above, was called quickly, and grew pale when he looked into my face. He hurried more than a half tumblerful of medicine down my throat, and said:

"Mr. Haney, it is of great importance that you should not become excited." I looked into his eyes and laughed, saying: "Doctor, I am fixed up for two worlds, and you need not have any concern about my being excited." He went downstairs and said to the family: "The case is a desperate one, and the only hope I have is because Mr. Haney is cool about it." I had a deep deep internal sense that my work was not done, and then I had not a doubt if I went into eternity before morning as to where I would be located. The old doctor was quite skeptical, but had been moved by my earnestness in the gospel and my care for souls. So he really seemed to love me. This attack occurred less than ten days after our marriage, and my young wife seemed on the borders of widowhood. Conference came while I was yet prostrated, and we were sent to Canton, Ills.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Work at Canton.

In the fall of 1849 we were sent to Canton, Ills., with Rev. John Morey for a Presiding Elder. Like many others of his day, he had been deprived of the culture of the schools, but was a man of strong person and an able preacher. He spoke with exceeding rapidity, and sometimes very loud. He was making a speech on the Conference floor in Chicago, when Uncle John Sinclair arose, saying: "Bishop, I arise to request that Bro. Morey lower his voice; he is speaking so loud we cannot hear him." He was a strong doctrinal preacher, and not infrequently convinced skeptics of the truth of the Christian Scriptures. His active and useful life was closed in California.

We had just set up housekeeping in Canton when intelligence came that my brother Freeborn had died with cholera. On his first Sabbath in Andover he had preached twice. He preached on Sabbath night and went to glory in holy triumph Monday night. He was four years and seven months older than myself, and very dear to me. It seemed mysterious that one so young, so useful, should thus be hurried away; but many have met him since who were brought to Christ by his ministry.

Our little, old frame church had served the people from the beginning, but had outlived its day. Canton was then largely without sidewalks, and the mud the people would wade through at times to reach that church was incredible. As was often the custom of

Methodists in early times, the church was located a little out of town, where somebody had donated a lot! But many were hungry for the gospel in those days and they came. For many years a rowdy class of young men had been disturbers of the peace. They had tried their hand on the Baptists, but Maple, a Baptist merchant, had violently pitched some of their number down the church steps, which to them was a painful experience. So they all had concluded to disturb the Methodists. I had not failed by acts of kindness to secure order in any other place, and said I could do it here. So I sought a personal acquaintance with the parties and for two months had brought the best resources of love to bear. They made frequent promises, but as often broke them. One Sabbath night, during a preliminary song and prayer service, I came in and found them performing variously. They were grouped together and I sat down among them, suggesting that I expected nice behavior at their hands, etc., etc. They assured me of first-class conduct and I thanked them kindly and went forward to the pulpit.

Preparatory to preaching I knelt down for private prayer, when I distinctly heard the renewal of their jollification. The time was nearing for our revival meeting, and I determined, as a preparation for service, I would close up at once. So before dismissing the audience, in a kindly way I said my relation to some of our young people reminded me of the story in the spelling book of an old man who found a young sauce box on an apple tree and with kind words and entreaties tried to get him to come down. These failing, he blustered round and pulled up some turf and grass roots and tossed them at him, which made him more defiant. These all failing, he now resorted to stones, and the sauce box was brought to time. So, having tried every kindly resort to secure order in this church,

I should now test the virtue of stones. I proposed being deliberate about it, but should begin in the morning and persevere day after day till the end was reached. So I gave six days to them, sending a constable for one at a time, till I had made the grand rounds. I requested the Justice not to place fines unnecessarily high now, but there was not a case of failure, and each one paid his fine. From that to the end of my ministry in Canton there never was the slightest trouble. More than that, nearly all of those boys were converted that winter!

It is a crime against God and society for Christian people to allow disorderly conduct in Divine service. Especially is it a sin against the disorderly parties themselves, and the longer it is allowed the more certain the final doom of such parties.

We had a gracious revival meeting not long after this which greatly increased our numbers and strength, and the following summer we burned the brick for a new and larger church, which served that society for forty years.

CHAPTER XIX.

Experience with a Secret Order.

In the first part of that Conference year two good men came to me urging me to join a secret order to which they belonged. One of these was a local preacher much older than myself, and I had much confidence in him. The other was an experienced class leader, and both joined in saying they had a large number of young men in their lodge, and with my zeal for soul saving, if I would join, I would get the whole lot saved! I knew but little on the subject and the bait these good men put on that hook enchanted me. I said: "You can take my name," and in due time I was accepted and the night of my initiation came. I saw nothing bad in the initiation, and some good things were said. I had been accustomed to special prayer and getting counsel from God on every important movement; but in this I took the counsel of the brethren. The Holy Spirit gave me no rebuke, and seeing I was depending on my own head, he gave me time to learn by experience.

Next lodge night came round and I, as a new convert, was on hand. I got on my little apron and sat down to take in the excellencies of my new brotherhood. I had not been seated long when the Holy Spirit suggested that I look round and see my brethren. I slowly and thoughtfully scanned the whole circle; and to my surprise, there were the most profane men in the city—drunkards and vile characters, mixed up with a few good men. Having made the survey and con-

sidered the heart relations I was brought into with these characters, the Holy Spirit, as by a pen of fire, wrote these words on my heart: "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord!" I tarried not to confer with flesh and blood, but obeyed the heavenly vision, and at the earliest opening let those dear souls know that I could not stay with them and go with God; took off my little apron and have never seen it since!

That little experience has led me through all these years to a close observation as to the whole subject of secret orders, or oath bound societies. I have known many good men who have gone with them, but not one spiritual man who has not sustained serious loss by remaining. I have known many ministers whose path was a shining light before they entered, but in no case have I failed to see that light grow dim in proportion as the interest in the lodge increased. I have known many ministers to fall disgracefully, and on inquiry, I think nineteen out of twenty were first in the lodge! I have known many of the Lord's saints who were in the lodge brought into the experience of holiness, but have not known one who retained it and remained in lodge fellowship. I have met thousands of boys and men who had a profound interest in the church, the reading of the Scriptures, the prayer and class meeting, and all the means of grace, but have not noticed one where such interest did not wane in proportion as his heart became interwoven with the lodge. I have seen the church prayer meeting nearly desolate in every part of the country, because many of its members had their hearts divided with the lodge. I have demonstrated, in thirty years of evangelism, that it is well nigh impossible to have a wide, deep, thorough revival of religion in any community, town or city which has been honeycombed with the influences of the lodge. In my

seventy-ninth year, and before I go back to God, I have felt I must leave the above testimony. A secret assembly is not necessarily wrong, as there are cases where such are necessary. All so-called secret orders are not equally dangerous. There are a few temperance organizations which have their signs and passwords. I have been in them, but had to come out of them, and question seriously whether the cause would not be further advanced if they had not existed. There are secret societies for mutual financial benefit, which make no pretensions to heathen mysteries, which are far less dangerous than orders with such pretensions and that substitute obedience to the rule of the order for the real worship of God.

I object to the lodge: 1. Because it is a great waste of time and money. 2. It exacts a heart affiliation with wicked men, destructive of spirituality and forbidden in the word of God. 3. It is a painful menace to the rights of men. It never has been otherwise, in either church or state, where judge and jury are lodge men, that the lodge man and the anti-lodge man stand on equal footing. 4. It is an open door to the shielding of wrongdoers. 5. It is a painful barrier in the way of men being saved by the gospel. (a) In a practical sense, with many ten thousands it itself becomes a Christless religion. How many say when asked to seek God: "Well, I don't know about this; I belong to a good society now, and if I live up to its rules I will get through all right!" What active worker for Christ has not met that answer right and left? (b) There is no such thing as a Christian lodge. The ruling spirit of such orders is always worldly. Its spirit is of the world. No man has to be a Christian to be a member. Its overwhelming majorities are unconverted, worldly men. This being the case, every awakened sinner in the lodge, to become a Christian,

has not only to stem the downward tides of his fallen nature, but the whole world force of the lodge. Hence but few people who are thoroughly in lodge fellowship are found at the altar of prayer. In the white light of the judgment day it may be seen that no one agency has hindered the salvation of so many souls as the lodge power of America. There is a mixture of truth with all systems of error, and some good interwoven with the evil. There are splendid things in the system of religion called Unitarianism which make it the most dangerous system of infidelity. If it were not for the sweetness thus mixed with the poison it could not exist.

Error unmixed cannot long survive, hence the policy of the enemy in all ages has been to intersperse good with evil, to give the evil a place. When a Congressman attempts to force a wrong measure into National law he is sure to connect it with some other measure that is right, and if it is grossly wrong he will identify it with something that is indispensible! Strychnine can be made enchanting to a child with a thorough mixture of sugar. If no truth had been mixed with the errors of Mahomet his system of error would have died in fifty years. It is no proof whatever that any system is right because there is some good in it. If it can be shown that wherever the lodge system is entrenched it is always exceedingly difficult to get people saved from sin; then, if salvation is right, that system is wrong. But that is known to be so by every true minister of God whose life is solely devoted to the salvation of men. I have not the slightest doubt that had I remained with the lodge it would have ruined my ministry, and think I would have lost my soul!

But a short time after getting settled with my young wife in Canton, dear Bishop Janes made us a

visit, and his presence and wonderful spirit were a blessing to my soul and ministry. He had but recently been elected to that office and felt its fearful responsibilities, so that his soul was walking with God. He possessed such depths of spiritual wisdom that contact with his spirit seemed to lift me to a higher plane. Not having fully recovered from the effects of cholera, I had serious fears of breaking down. My manner of preaching up to that time was against me. Having had so little drill in the art of public speaking, my zeal held the reins and I went whither it led me. In each case I began on a pretty high key and spoke rapidly, growing louder and faster till the last sentence! I seemed compelled to keep going or failure must ensue, and my steel frame was giving way. Having laid the case before the Bishop, he said: "I do not think there is special danger in your case, Bro. Haney. When you find you are getting too high, stop and pray a little!" I took this counsel, and it saved my life to the Christian ministry. A young preacher without zeal will be a failure. If, when all the fires of youth are burning, he is a drone, what will he be when those fires have been extinguished?

It was while in this station that my father was stricken with paralysis, which came upon him at my table. He lived for some years afterward, but that stroke practically closed his ministry. To gratify him and some of his friends, I had him preach a few times, but he saw at last that his preaching days were ended and wept like a child over the realization! To lay down that sword which he had wielded so long was the greatest cross he ever bore, but the old soldier has put on his crown.

A bright young man came to the parsonage one day when I was absent, inquiring for the pastor, saying he had only been converted a few months, and on

his way up Illinois he had been fearfully tempted by the devil. The battle was so severe that he feared to leave his name out of church till Sabbath and insisted that my wife should take his letter, which she did, and for many years he declared that she took him into the church! He had sought the Lord under great heart conflicts, night and day, but went down the streets of Quincy one morning before the people had risen, and while on the sidewalk God converted his soul. His joy was unspeakable, and he hastened to tell his mother. A large bulldog, seeing his haste, dashed down an outside stairway with his mouth open and made for him. He was small of stature and the dog could have killed him, but he was so filled with God he had not the slightest fear. The terrible creature came in front of him as though ready to spring for his throat, and turned instantly about and retreated upstairs! To this day he declares that God made it impossible that he should be hurt! He grew rapidly through the year, was baptized, taken into the church in full connection and was licensed to preach, sent forward into Conference, and became a great preacher. Fifty-three years are gone and he is in active service! Glory to the Father, Son and Holy Ghost! His name is John P. Brooks, now of Fort Scott, Kansas.

CHAPTER XX.

Abingdon.

In the fall of 1850 we were stationed at Abingdon, Ills. We had no parsonage, but built one before leaving that charge. Many in that locality were related to each other by marriage and blood relationship. Up to that time there was much love and harmony among the people, though that is not usually the case where people are so closely related. Those were days of beautiful simplicity and a wide range of genuine love. Church fellowship was a real inheritance and when the Lord's people came together to pray something occurred. A high order of social life existed, without mixture of questionable or sinful amusements. Christian people were happy in God and had no need of borrowing life from the other kingdom. We had no feuds to settle, nor church quarrels to adjust. The people generally believed the gospel, and the whole community usually went to church. Salaries of preachers in those times were not so tempting as now, but the preachers got more out of life and had greater success in their ministry. I received ninety-five dollars and some cents in the first and second years of my pastorate, and about one hundred in the third year. Having married, one's salary was raised to two hundred.

But the hospitality of those times was in contrast with the present, when people delighted in many little ways to help their preachers. They spent more time among the people and it was the delight of their brethren to have it so. There were two Methodist

churches in the city, the one a M. P. and the other an M. E., and they were rival bodies, with some sprinkle of jealousy between. The M. P. was the leading church for a time, but the old church was on the up hill grade. This created a necessity for the M. P. preachers at times to preach against the old church's polity. Bro. S. was the pastor of that church while we were there. The Lord had given us a gracious revival and Bro. S. held a long meeting without much fruit. So he announced a series of lectures on "Episcopal Methodism." He was a brother of years and able as a preacher. I had but recently graduated in the Conference course of study, which embraced the question of church polity, and had all the books in my library. Bro. S. made statements which he had obtained from others which I knew to be incorrect. I thought him honest, but had the documents to prove many of his statements without foundation. So I took notes on each of his four lectures.

On closing the last lecture he said he would be happy, if any wished to respond to what he had said, to have him do so now, and it seemed the whole crowd turned and looked at me! I arose and said I had heard with interest the whole series of the brother's lectures, and would review them in my church the next Thursday night. I did but little except to restate his points and bring documentary evidence to show them untrue. The character of the evidence was such that it could not be intelligently questioned. Poor Bro. S. had depended on loose statements which had been repeated for a generation, and he supposed they were true. He sat before me and scratched his head violently at times. On ceasing I gave opportunity for reply, and he said he would respond to Bro. Haney in his church at such a date. He then gave two lectures, to which I responded in another, and God gave special

evidence of his approval and poured His spirit on us, and the end was a great triumph for the truth.

Father Swarts was the founder of Abingdon, and a beautiful old man. In earlier years he had met with some severe trial in the M. E. Church and became a Protestant Methodist. His family were all in my church, and his son Benjamin, a young M. E. preacher like myself. I prized the old man's friendship, but feared a sad break between us. Ben came in again and again and insisted that I should not turn to the right or left to please his father. After the battle was ended I went with some trembling to see Father Swarts. He received me very cordially and after a moment's silence said: "Well, you have given my preacher a good thrashing, but he deserved it all, for he had no business to attack other churches." Before I left his house he said: "I have a hundred dollars I want to give to the cause of missions and I have more confidence in the missionary work of your church than mine; so I want you to take charge of it and report it to Conference." The old saint went to glory not long after, but willed before his death one hundred dollars to the M. E. Missionary Society, to be paid annually for a term of years, and so it was done. This occurrence gave the impression that I was apt in debate, and I was called for, but never responded. Debates were then common and popular, but God had not called me to be a debater. In the two years we were at Abingdon much occurred that cannot now be called up, but we trust many will have a happy eternity as the result. Our first child was born and buried there. He lived fifteen months and became to us exceedingly interesting. I felt from his birth that he was the Lord's property and recognized him as such. When it came to us that he was dying I found no rebellion to the will of God, and had no disposition to call him back;

but his presence and person had been a great comfort to our home. He was all we had, and heart pain was not wanting when he went away. As our brothers were letting his sacred little body down into its place of rest I stood near by, and God threw a light into that little grave above the brightness of the sun which to this day has utterly robbed the grave of its terrors!

Methodist camp meetings were glorious in those days, and we had two at Abingdon. There were people on the banks of Cedar Creek of the baser sort, who did what they could to disturb us under cover of the night, but some of them got converted and we were thus paid for all that it cost us. Old John Kase had a son and namesake, who was much like his father. The father was wicked and so was John, and when the latter was nearly twenty years old he made his father much trouble. In despair one day he sent me word if I would get John converted he would give me the best hog on his place! He had about the finest hogs in the country, too. I sent him back word that I would do all I could for John. Camp meeting was not far away, and I kept praying for John, as well as giving him a friendly talk occasionally.

For the first days of the camp there was an unusual struggle for victory, but it came. We requested that a band of brothers go south of the grounds, and a band of sisters north, to pray by themselves in the woods. That was a special resort in those times, when devils had to be driven by the prayer of faith. Each of these bands heard from heaven about the same time, and when full-fledged victory came they made for the camp, both wings reaching it simultaneously with tidings from eternity. There was a sweep of Divine power which was marvelous. Three strong young men who were sinners, indeed, fell to the ground as though shot through the heart. I think neither of them could have

risen to save his life. One of these was young John Kase! There were others also who were prostrated. Three men ran westward from the ground to get away from God, but on reaching a log two hundred yards away they tumbled down and cried for mercy. Hearing them later, we went out and prayed with them till their cries of agony were turned into praise. Another sinner fancied if he could get beyond a high fence to the north he could still hold on to his sins, but he fell from the fence and cried: "God have mercy on my soul," and brothers hearing him went out and brought him in shouting! The young men who were prostrate in camp came out gloriously, and young Kase hastened to confess to his father what a wicked boy he had been, and, begging his pardon, told him God had converted his soul. There was such a change in John's behavior at home that in a few days the old man sent me word to come up and get my hog! Of course, I did not go; but I have always thought it would have been nice if he had brought it down.

There is no getting away from the fact that in those days the Methodists had a simplicity of faith in God for Divine conviction of impenitent men far exceeding our present standard. There was less of the human and more of the Divine in salvation work than now. Failures were the exception then; they are the rule now, and faith with us has so often been wounded that it is faint and dying. Sin was then treated as an enormity, and heavy blows were continuously dealt it. Now it is treated largely as a misfortune, if treated at all. Repentance with fallen men is the great Bible prerequisite, and Methodist people had reached it by this door; Methodists now but rarely find the door! Infidelity was rampant everywhere in gospel lands when Methodism began. In seventy years from the beginning infidelity hardly dared to breathe; now it

stalks through gospel lands like a pestilence! We figure as to astounding numbers, and boast of wealth and learning, church edifices and culture, while skeptics find their way into our pulpits and unitarian subtleties are tugging at the very vitals of the church. There is a remedy for all this, but it is not found in the strength of numbers, nor wealth, nor costly churches, nor universities, nor keeping up with the times, but in a complete return to our doctrinal and experience centres, from our Bishops down, by genuine repentance, real heart confessions to God and man, till the pride of our hearts is utterly broken, the world is conquered and Christ enthroned within.

We had taken in the little town of Lewisville and had a glorious revival there. Our church building was not large enough for the revival meeting, but it went on with power. One night a shoemaker, who had lost a limb, by the distress of his soul was forced to come to the altar of God. He had only been there a brief time when his wife, who was a French Catholic, rushed through the crowd like a wild woman and, seizing her husband, undertook to drag him away. I was in search of sinners in the congregation when informed of what was taking place. Coming in sight of her, I found that failing to bring him by force, she resorted to pounding him with her fists and pulling his hair. Still the dear man held his ground and kept crying for mercy from God. I was a young man and a preacher, and naturally shrank from contact with so furious a woman. So I requested "Uncle" Peter Nelson, a stable and courageous old man, to go with another brother and deal with her. In a little while he returned, the sweat standing on his brow, saying: "Brother Haney, I can't do anything with that woman." On looking in her direction I observed that she was alternately pounding her husband and striving to lift him by the hair. Sud-

denly it occurred to me to try priestly methods. "Madam," I demanded, "release this man immediately and return to your seat or I will ask God to kill you!" The lion instantly became a lamb and the woman resumed her seat. Reflecting people will differ as to the morality of my course in this instance, but it was effectual and the husband was gloriously converted!

Many years afterward I was at the Gilson camp meeting when a nice looking lady of thirty or thirty-five years introduced herself to me as Mrs. ————, and said: "I knew you when I was a child, but, of course, you would not remember me, but you will remember preaching at Lewisville years ago." I assented. "Well," she added, "do you remember he shoemaker who was converted there in your meeting?" I said I did. "Well, I am his daughter." Her father and mother were both then living and the family grown. I asked if they were religious. "Yes; mother got beautifully saved, and we children are all converted. Father never gave up his religion for a moment, and through his prayers and godly life we have all been brought to Christ!" Glory be to God!

CHAPTER XXI.

Life at Lewistown.

We moved to Lewistown, Ill., in the fall of 1852, and found ourselves seated in the oldest parsonage in the Conference. The city itself was among the older towns in Central Illinois, and settled largely by people from the South. In earlier times Newton G. Berryman was Presiding Elder in this territory, who was a man of genial spirit and ability as a preacher. His attachment to the South was strong and he had more or less sympathy with slavery. In after years he went to the church South. His life and ministry strongly marked these good people. Our second child was born here, whom we received with gladness to fill the place of her brother, who had left us in the previous year.

We had warm friends in Lewistown, who were a great comfort to us. As in other places, we sallied out in search of souls and formed new preaching places, in each of which, I think, somebody was converted. My brother Freeborn had been their pastor in previous years, at which time I taught the city school for a brief period. Brother Richard had also been their Presiding Elder and was a favorite among the people.

A meeting of power was held in the church, during which a merchant was converted, who had a fearful struggle to find God. He was a quiet, cultivated man, in whom the people had much confidence. In those days few hymns or songs were sung in revival services, but these were often repeated. I had a favorite chorus which for years I sang over penitents when I thought

them near deliverance. Seeing the merchant was nearing victory I struck up:

"For he has taken my feet from the mire and the clay
And has set them on the rock of ages;"

when the merchant sprang to his feet, filled with unspeakable joy. Though a very precise, modest man, with no knowledge of any tune, he went through the crowd shaking hands and attempting to sing this chorus. He had learned the words and kept repeating them with a loud voice, without the semblance of melody, but his face looked like the face of an angel of God! How we do forget the conventionalities of society when the soul is filled with the gladness of the Lord.

When Rev. N. P. Heath was stationed in Lewistown he called me to help him in a meeting, where Divine conviction was as wide as the community and wonderful in its depth. Many remarked who came to or through the city on business, knowing nothing of the meeting, that as they approached the town they were awestricken, as though brought into the presence of God! All classes of men were affected by it. A doctor, who had been regarded as a very difficult case to reach, had resisted the truth for days, but one morning as he brought out his horse to ride into the country he attempted to mount, but failed, and standing by the horse leaned on his neck and, shaking with agony, wept like a child, and right then and there gave his heart to God. An old drunkard, who had again and again beaten his wife when drunk, came to church one night and was seated on the steps leading to the gallery. While I was preaching from Rev. 3: 20, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock," he became horror stricken with his lost condition and, staggering out of the house, he wandered through the city in the darkness, weeping and crying for help from God. Before

morning he determined to go to Bro. Tompkins, the class leader, and, reaching the door, he raised his hand to knock when it seemed to him that Christ so knocked at his heart that his arm fell by his side and he walked blocks away and returned before he sought Bro. Tompkins' door again; but before day the question was settled that he would be a Christian. That night Bro. Heath led him to the altar and he was saved in a few minutes, and from that time, so far as I know, to his death was a decent man and real Christian. We took in several outposts and at each of them the Lord gave us souls. In the summer we had a precious little camp meeting two miles north of the city. Another record has been kept, which will give unmistakably all that was done on this field, with the motives behind it, and whatever of fruit that came out of it in that day.

CHAPTER XXII.

Mt. Morris.

In 1853 we were sent to Mt. Morris, where at the time the Methodists had a flourishing seminary. The trip with our goods across the country was long and tedious, but I think neither of us thought of complaining. A parsonage building had been started, but was some time in its completion. The old church was quite insufficient, but the new seminary building was to have a fine audience room. Both were finished while we were there. Professor Mattison was the President of the seminary. He was a scholarly man and a very glorious minister, walking in the light of holiness. I felt from the time I met him that he would mightily help my ministry. Dear man, he was then so near the Holy City that its light shone on and around him. He was with us but a brief period. The last sermon he heard me preach was on holiness. He was hardly able to be there, but went home and finished his record with a reference to the sermon, expressing strong words of praise to God for his glorious gospel, and closed his diary in both Greek and English with the words, "Glory to the Father, Glory to the Son, and Glory to the Holy Ghost." He was ill and he felt from the beginning that his work was done. My soul gathered such strength from communing with this man of God. One day he said: "I will send for you when the time comes, and I want you to stand by my bed and sing while I am crossing:

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand
And cast a wishful eye
To Caanan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie."

The time came, and I was summoned to his bedside. He had each of his boys come into his room and gave them his dying charge. It was surprising to me the minuteness with which that charge took in their whole relations. He laid upon them each the care of their mother, and insisted on the utmost tenderness toward her. When the oldest son came in, his charge was wonderful, relating to his mother and the two younger boys. Speaking of the youngest, he said: "You are older and stronger than he, and you can oppress him." Then with a force and pathos not to be forgotten he repeated: "Don't oppress him!" Sister Mattison shared in the best things which were in his heart, and to each of us he had a word. And now his work was done! He added, "I want to repeat my faith," and forthwith recited the Apostles' Creed, after which he added: "Glory to the Father, Glory to the Son and Glory to the Holy Ghost!" and crossing his hands over his breast, he looked at me, saying: "Now, Brother Haney, sing!" Surely Moses' face could hardly have been more wonderful, and the room was filled with God! We sang, but when the hymn was through Professor Mattison was with the bloodwashed throng! Such a life; such a death! O, why have I not been a better man?

Two of those sons have since been ministers, and we trust the spirit of their father rests upon them.

In the first year my brother Richard was my Presiding Elder, and his family resided in the city. The districts in those days were much smaller than now, and up to that time Presiding Elders were chosen in

view of evangelism as well as superintendency. My brother was absent much of the time on the district and threw his soul into the work of getting people saved. His quarterly meetings often ran into each other, and thus for many weeks he would lead a continuous revival service. In this way young ministers were inspired with zeal for the soul saving work and a host of sinners were converted. Dr. Luke Hitchcock took his place the second year, and I found him a father to me, a faithful officer and an able minister.

In our first year at Mt. Morris we were called to lay away our little darling in her sixteenth month. I was prostrated with temporary illness for a day or two, and my wife's cares were pressing. The baby had cost the slightest trouble, and was rarely out of health, but seemed at this time to be unusually disquieted. I think she had rarely, if ever, been corrected, as a word of reproof was more to her than the rod to other children. She was crying and her mother brought her to me to quiet her. I said as carefully as I could: "Libby, Pa don't like to have you cry," and she instantly ceased, but she was in heaven in twenty hours! She was cutting teeth, as we found, and it made her restless, and in a few hours was thrown into spasms and hurried away to the bosom of Christ. We were again alone and the world seemed lighter than ever. For many days that little empty chair, those little shoes and toys, and the absence of our darling would bring the tears; but God upheld us and we have never repined nor wished her back. A half century has nearly gone and our two children have been with the King. It will be sweet to meet them soon, as we shall at heaven's gate.

Professor Pinkney, who had been formerly President of the seminary, took the place of Dr. Mattison on the decease of the latter. He was a man of superior

abilities as a teacher, and a very able minister. He was by no means as deeply spiritual as his predecessor, but gave his whole weight to aid me in my work. He had a good corps of teachers, who were Godly and a help to my ministry. Prof. Martin was especially Christlike, and of much value to the meetings. Because of my youth and evangelistic tendencies, I had been called to Mt. Morris in view of reaching the young people in the seminary. When the right time came we opened a revival meeting, which resulted in the conversion of more than one hundred souls and the sanctification of a number of God's children. These were largely students and many of them persons of much promise. I think at least seven ministers came out of that meeting, and some of them are still in the field.

The Misses Wilson and Comstock led the school in scholarship (at least among the girls), and were both highly prized. Miss Wilson was a fine mathematician. She was a girl of refined manners and dignified life, but was not a Christian. The matron of the school was an earnest worker and had interested herself specially in Miss Wilson's salvation. She did not yield at once, but about the middle of the meeting she gave her heart to God and became a marked follower of the Lamb. Miss Comstock was the daughter of Dr. Comstock, of Joliet, Ills., also a Methodist preacher. She had grown up under the most careful training and was scrupulously moral. She was really a Pharisee of the strictest sort, although she had never become a church member, nor had she been converted. She was entrenched in self righteousness. I had strongly desired the conversion of those two girls, especially in view of their influence upon others. I found Miss Comstock a perfect lady, but a very difficult case to reach. When Miss Wilson was converted I thought through her Miss Comstock would come down, but she stood stiffer than

ever before. She would look me right in the eye and say: "Mr. Haney, do you think I could ever identify myself with the church?" Her views of her own moral standing were such that she really felt it would degrade her to come to the level of God's people! But prayers unceasing went up for this poor, deluded soul.

One evening before sunset Prof. Martin came down somewhat excited in his manners, and said: "Miss Comstock is very anxious to see you!" I answered, "What does that mean?" and he said, "I think she has changed her views." On reaching her room I found her majesty prostrate on the carpet with agony of soul she had never tasted before! Miss Wilson and the preceptress were in tears praying for her salvation. The Holy Spirit had lifted the veil from her deceived heart and given her a view of her real self. The abhorrence with which she now looked upon herself I probably have never seen equaled. The Lord wanted to save her, but He proposed that she should first find out she was lost! That she should see herself in contrast with His real people, and apprehend the subtle devilish power which had held her. O, what self-loathing, what confessions of her deceived condition, what inward horror, as God showed her that she was a vile leper in His sight! But the point of utter despair, of self-extinction was reached, and it seemed to her like the darkness of the second death begun, when Jesus came and the battle was ended! Her conception of the exceeding sinfulness of sin was so clear and fearful that immediately after her conversion she was a candidate for complete inward holiness. Her conversion was so marked and wonderful that it could not be doubted, but it brought her such views of God's holiness that her glad soul hastened into the fountain of cleansing. Her experience of entire sanctification was equally clear and definite.

She was possessed of a wonderful power to bring others to the Christ, and rarely failed to rescue those she sought. There was a girl in the seminary who had resisted all entreaties, whose chums in the school and her sister had been converted; but she remained obdurate. Mary came one day to her boarding place, and this girl was seated on the opposite side of the room. She walked with a quick step to where she sat and knelt right down before her and never got up till the other was converted! Nor did this die with the excitements of the meeting, as will be seen from the following incident. In the third year of the war, I think it was, I came home at Conference time. One day a large number of ministers were extending friendly greetings, when a brother said to me: "Dr. Vincent was inquiring for you." I had known of the Doctor as a great man, but had not met him, and wondered why he should desire to see me. It then occurred to my mind, as I was just from the front of the Western army, that he was in pursuit of war news. So I said to the brother: "Where is he?" And he led me to the Doctor and gave me an introduction. Doctor Vincent seemed as glad to meet me as if I were an old friend, and said: "I understand, Brother Haney, that you profess the blessing of holiness." I said: "Yes, I do;" and he proceeded to give the steps which led him into that grace. He was stationed at Joliet, Ills., and the first Sabbath of his pastorate he had a general class meeting after preaching. Among others who spoke there was a girl, who gave in her testimony to the experience of sanctification, and Vincent said: "I did not like it and resolved that I would prevent its being repeated. She seemed to be a modest girl, and so before the services closed I gave a hint that it was not best to set ourselves up above our brethren." But the good Doctor was sur-

prised in the next meeting to hear her repeat her former testimony, as though nothing had occurred!

He then made statements more direct and extended against such testimony, and felt sure that would end it; but the dear man met with a still greater surprise in a third meeting to hear the renewal of her testimony, as though everybody believed it! She made no reference to what her pastor had said and gave no symptom of a resentful spirit. The Doctor made up his mind, then, to see her at her home and get this heresy out of her. So he made her a patient, but persistent visit, and insisted he was her pastor, and the Bible exacted obedience to ministers, etc., etc. She insisted that she was loyal to her pastors and did nothing with design to affront or disobey them, but was, on the other hand, aiming to do all she could to help them. And when they met again she witnessed, as before, that God had sanctified her soul! The Doctor added: "She conquered me, and I got the blessing!" I asked the name of this girl, and he said it was Miss Comstock. At this distance of time I may not have given the exact words of this interview, but the facts I have faithfully recorded, in view of meeting them in that day. This great man's soul, under the molding influence of the indwelling Holy Ghost, was as simple as a child's and beautiful, as he walked with God in the light of newborn love made perfect. Mary is in heaven, and Dr. Vincent one of our Bishops. I wonder if his great soul is still flooded with this glorious light!

CHAPTER XXIII.

Mt. Morris (Continued.)

Hunger for souls is something which does not die in the breast of a bloodwashed minister. After the first revival meeting had closed I had a longing for another of a kindred character, and found my heart drawn toward Adaline, a little town nine miles away. I was young, and thought it best to counsel my brethren concerning it. The business of the "Official Board" being finished one night, I frankly said to thls beautiful body of men: "I have had thoughts of going to Adaline and holding a meeting, and felt I would like to get your advice concerning it." And to my surprise, those good men turned my proposition into ridicule. They had no idea of my heart convictions concerning it, but I was grieved. The next day I met Bro. Petrie, who was the leading man of the church and both older and stronger than myself. Being alone, I said: "Bro. Petrie, I am not sure but I shall go to Adaline, notwithstanding the light way in which you fellows treated it last night." And Bro. Petrie rose to his full height, looking me sternly in the eye, and saying: "Bro. Haney, we called you to work in Mt. Morris and expect to pay you with our money, and we don't propose that you shall fool away your time at Adaline, or anywhere else!" When he spoke of the money, it moved me! Money does generally move people. So I straightened to my full length, and looking Bro. Petrie in the eye, said: "Bro. F. G. Petrie; my brother, I want you to

know that no man, or set of men, will ever put a padlock on my mouth as the minister of Jesus Christ with their money!" My response was strong and savored of rashness, but to this day I have not changed my mind.

Bro. Petrie was an excellent man—among the very best—but he had an abhorrence at my wasting my time at Adaline. Year after year efforts had been put forth at Adaline, which all seemed an utter failure. There was no church building nor society there, and I think there was not one professor of religion in the place, so the people were abandoned to their fate. My brethren failing me, I went to God and promised Him I would go to Adaline on a certain Friday and preach Friday night, Saturday night and Sabbath in the little school house, and if by Sabbath night no one had yielded, I would consider my mission at Adaline as ended. I took a few of my church to help me sing and pray, and opened the battle. That Sabbath night came and I preached as though I was in sight of heaven and hell, and to a crowded house. I can never forget it. Having finished my appeal, I pressed any who were willing to seek God, to come to the "mourners' bench," and nobody came. I sat down and wept, while my brethren were singing, and suddenly the impression came to my heart, "There might be a child who would hear you." I sprang to my feet with these words: "If there is a child here who wants religion, and will come to this 'mounrners bench,' I will agree to stay with you till sunrise if need be in order that you may be saved." And a little girl arose near the centre of the house and came and knelt at the altar. The Holy Spirit had broken her little heart and its door was open to receive the truth. I knelt before her with a deeper joy than Alexander had when he had conquered the world! I told her if she would give up all sin and give helself

to God to be His child forever, that Jesus would come right there and save her. And that if she would give up every sin she would then be able to trust Jesus so easy, and as soon as she trusted Him He would forgive her all she had ever done and fill her heart with His peace and love. And as we prayed she sprang to her feet and faced that wicked crowd and told them what God had done for her soul. This she did without anybody suggesting it to her, and to my surprise.

How she beat me preaching! I think there was not a dry eye in that house. Sinners broke down and came and came, till my little "mourners' bench" could not hold them. Forty-eight years are gone, and I think I have never known a whole community so nearly all saved as was the community at Adaline when those meetings closed. "A little child shall lead them."

But in the centre of that stronghold of iniquity there was a strong man armed, in the form of an old saloonkeeper. Through all the years he had held the reins and defied God and his people. As the people came to my "mourners' bench" they left his saloon and gambling den, and the man's business was ruined. I have no recollection of referring to him or his business, but he charged his calamities all to me. I heard of his threats, but one day felt drawn to go and speak to him about his soul. I met Bro. Filbrick, a young merchant who had been converted, and told him my design. He came closer to me and, laying both hands upon my shoulders, begged of me not to go, saying: "He is an old pugilist and has even threatened your life. I know he will abuse you if you speak to him."Meeting another of the converts, he gave me the same counsel and warning.

On reaching the house next to where he lived I talked and had prayer with the family, and as we rose from prayers the saloonkeeper's wife came in, and being

introduced to her, I said: "Madam, I was on my way to see your husband and talk to him about his soul," and the dear woman burst into a flood of tears and begged me not to go! Sometimes the devil impresses God's children, in the name of the Holy Spirit, to get them into difficulty, and any soul who will follow every impression given will surely go astray. Here seemed to be strong indications that my impression to see and speak with this old sinner might not be of God. My heart said to Jesus, Thou knowest I will obey thee at whatever cost, but these dear people think I am wrong in this impression. I will take more time, and if the impression be of Thee, make it clear in the form of conviction; if it is of Satan, drive it and him away. The next day I was walking in a snow path, and saw the saloon-keeper walking in another that had to intersect mine, and the Holy Spirit whispered, "Now is your time." Walking slower, I was at the junction of the paths when he came. Addressing him in a kind tone of voice, I said: "Good morning, my friend," and he answered me gruffly. I added the question, "What are you doing, my friend, about your soul?" and with a loud, bitter voice, he said: "I am minding my own business and want every man to mind his," with other words I will not repeat. I responded: "That is exactly in place. I have no other business in this world but to look after lost sinners like you; so I am just in the line of my avocation!" He walked faster and I walked faster, but before that old sinner got out of my hands God enabled me to put words on his heart which he did not shake off. In the midst of wrath, he pulled up his effects and disappeared—no one seeming to know where.

Seven or eight months from that time, one Saturday afternoon I stood on an altar bench at a camp meeting thirty or forty miles away, inviting sinners to

seek pardon and believers to seek holiness, and nine or eleven men, I think, came down the large centre aisle, entering the front door of altar enclosure and kneeling right and left among the seats provided; but there was a large, athletic man of about fifty years behind them, who came directly to where I stood and, looking up in my face, he said: "Do you know me, sir?" His whole frame was in a quiver, and two tears stood on his cheeks. I looked at him more closely and said: "Why, I believe I saw you at Adaline." He responded: "Oh, do you remember how you talked to me about Christ in the snow path, and how I cursed you?" I said I did. He then made the following statement in these words, as nearly as I can repeat them: "From that day till three days ago I never had one sound night's sleep; but three days ago God converted my soul in my barn! I heard of this meeting and heard you were here, and felt I must come and tell you about it, and see if you could forgive me for the way I treated you!" We had an informal hug and shout, and there did not seem to be anything left to forgive. What a wonderful gospel! What a wonderful Saviour! The words uttered in the snow path were as simple as the talk of a Sunday school boy; but they were fastened as a nail in a sure place, and tugged at the heart of that old sinner, giving him not one sound night's sleep in seven months, and bringing him to Christ at last in his barn! Glory to the ever blessed Trinity! Amen!

CHAPTER XXIV.

At Galesburg.

In the fall of 1855 we were sent to Galesburg, then quite a small city. From the beginning it was designed as an educational center. A colony of good men of the Congregational Church had come from the East with the expectation of making Galesburg a community of Congregationalism. In those days there was a wider distance between the churches than now, and the Lord winked at our ignorance! The battle between Calvinism and Arminianism had been hot for fifty years, and the Methodists had fought their way through New England step by step; but God pushed the "old thundering legion" on to the great West, as especially her field. So the Methodists were here and fancied they were wanted in every town and hamlet! The opposition to Methodists entering Galesburg was persistent and bitter, but Heck Humphrey (mentioned elsewhere as an eccentric brother) was in the country near by. By some means at last a lot was purchased for a church building, and Heck had burned a brick kiln in a quiet way, and when the time came there were wagons loaded with brick, which I never heard numbered, all passing toward Galesburg. The brick were all dumped on that mysteriously purchased lot in a single day, and it dawned on the lords of the city that the Methodists were in Galesburg to stay. There had been a large emigration of Swedes and Norwegians to Central Illinois, and a wide Methodist revival was begun among them and carried

forward by sainted Bro. Headstrom. Some of his converts were in and about Galesburg. So the new brick church was to be used by Swedes and American Methodists till a better way was opened. Old Father Haskel, a dear, stubbed old Englishman, with his aged wife, were my mainstays in the city. They kept a little grocery and their son, now grown, was widening out into business life. Galesburg heretofore had been a point on the Knoxville Circuit. It was now cut off and compelled to stand alone, and from that time on has been a station, being at present among the strongest and best in the Conference. The little flock I had were true and did what they could, and the foundations they laid are abiding. We sallied out to points in the country, and were met with open arms. God gave us a good revival and our band kept expanding. Many hundreds of saints have gone from the Methodist Church of Galesburg to glory since that day.

The Dempsey camp ground was in that district, and a camp held there annually. It is a spot of great interest to me, because there I entered the Caanan land. Bro. Woliscroft, an Englishman by birth, but late of Kentucky, was stationed at Knoxville that year and was a burning lamp. His was a ministry of song. He had and used a song book of his own selections, and it was marvelous the way he would move communities with singing. He was among the stronger preachers as well. The Dempsey camp was in his bounds and he was the leader that year. Crowds were at those early camps, and they were a tremendous power of evangelism. They never included but one Sabbath, and usually continued less than one week; but they were run at high pressure, and not infrequently continued all night. Sabbath night on this occasion was a gracious meeting. At least three thousand people were said to be present and many were saved. I saw a strong young man come hurriedly down

the central aisle, and, getting a clear view of his face, I involuntarily said: "My Lord, how the devil has scarred that poor soul!" Watching him in the crowd, I saw where he knelt and hastened to him. His was among the most marked specimens of real soul agony I ever witnessed. But two, I think, in all this ministry have surpassed the agony of this young man. I remained with him, feeling that I must not leave him. The struggle was so bitter as to be appalling. In about two hours and a half victory came.

The greatness of the new birth, to me, has rarely, if ever, been more apparent, than in his case. He sprang quickly to his feet, but said not a word. His feelings seemed beyond expression. He stood as though utterly amazed, but in a few moments that piercing eye was peering away through the crowd and he went up that aisle like an arrow. To the right and rear of the audience he found his man. As I was credibly informed, he had come there that night with a dirk in his pocket to stab that very man! They were both leaders of rough men and had been friends, but now were deadly enemies. Finding his enemy, he burst into tears, told what God had done for his soul, begged the other to forgive him, and put his arms about his neck and brought him in triumph down to the altar! He had conquered his enemy, but had no use for his knife! He was not content till he reached the very spot where God had just saved him, and hastened back to the audience, and brought two others of the same class, and had them kneel on the opposite side of the bench from the first one, so as to have them close together and as near that spot as possible. He was unspeakably happy in God and his joy increased in seeing these three down at Jesus' feet. He pounded them on their backs, assuring them of salvation right away, till after a time he became quiet and appeared to be reflecting, when he

broke out in a quiet way, saying: "My Lord, what a poor shoat I am to be in this place!" His three friends were beautifully saved, and I had witnessed a scene never to be forgotten. His name was Sydenbender, and I had known his father when a boy. I had an after interest in his case. In that year, I think, he was made a Methodist class leader and continued in that office till I lost sight of him twenty-five years later. Here was the heart of a murderer in Deity's sight, changed into love in the twinkling of an eye, and a very rough character made a polished shaft in the service of God! If such men can be thus saved, let none despair. If such results are accomplished by our glorious gospel, why not go forward at once to the world's salvation?

CHAPTER XXV.

The Battle in Peoria.

In the fall of 1856 we were sent by Bishop Janes to Peoria to form, if possible, a second Methodist Church in that city. The Bishop expected, as he said to me, a number from first church would form the nucleus for the second. We had no church lot and no special finger pointings to locality in the city. A small group were soon gathered, mostly from the old church, among whom were Brother and Sister Robinson and their family. These were a great blessing to me, and a first-class beginning so far as it went. Dr. Hunter, the pastor of the first church, had just come into the Conference, and was fearful about losing members of his flock. Methodism in Peoria had not succeeded in proportion to the population, as in other cities. The First Church was comparatively weak in a strong city, and it was natural the Doctor should be nervous concerning any drain on his forces. We put up a temporary building with much difficulty and had a place for worship. This increased the trend from the old to the new, and in that proportion intensified the spirit and action of their pastor, who increased the barriers in our way. At last I appealed to Bishop Janes, who sustained me in the grounds I had taken, and by having his letter read the elements were purified and calmness succeeded the storm. In the years which have followed I have noticed there is a strong tendency to painful relations between the parties wherever a new church has to lay its base with

a swarm from the old hive! In our fallen condition we are not even yet as nicely adjusted as the bees.,

We had a gracious meeting and God gave us sufficient increase by conversions to make the church largely self-sustaining till the present day. I was painfully embarrassed financially, which made it a year of more than ordinary trial, but great grace was given from God and we yet live! Our fourth child was born here, and for the first time we had two children in our home together. It is better to have one child in a home than none, but incomparably better to have six or eight than one. The avoidance of children in American homes is a fruitful source of the divorce curse, the ground of unspeakable heartaches, and must bring the curse of God in time and wailing in eternity. The intentional avoidance of children as a rule spoils the purity of the married relation, decreases real love between husband and wife, robs the home of its God-ordained glory, and is an open gateway to vileness. The example of so-called fashionable people in this respect, set before mankind, is a curse to the race, and the destruction of incipient life is filling the land with murder! The murder of unborn infants is the highway to the shedding of blood! The speedy return to the teachings of the New Testament as to woman and her mission, on the part of strong minded American ladies, would change the destiny of the American Republic, and save millions in the future from wreckage and despair! Pulpit and press are waking to this widespread and devastating evil, and every good man and woman should, in some way, put the weight of their life against it.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Farmington.

We came out from Peoria in 1857 to the Farmington Circuit. Bro. J. W. Stewart was my colleague the first year, and Bro. Percival Spurlock the second. We had only four appointments—Farmington, Trivoli, Elmwood and Trivoli Center. We alternated on Sabbath days after meeting at the cross roads. Bro. Stewart was a beginner and often embarrassed in his pulpit efforts. I waited one day at the cross roads to get his report. I cheerily inquired: "Well, John, how did you come out?" He answered: "O, bully! I was enabled to speak for twenty-five minutes before I sat down!" The main point with John was to be able to keep going a sufficient length of time, but this timid beginning had a better ending. John got through all right and became an able and useful preacher. He is still living and is a member of the North Nebraska Conference. I had been somewhat depressed in spirit as to the work of evangelism. Had the church made provision for evangelists as it ought to have done, I should have been in that field years before I was. This Farmington appointment pleased me greatly, as I saw it opened a field for the salvation of many souls.

I had not been long settled till I opened a meeting at Elmwood, which was signally blessed of the Lord. It was a meeting of more than ordinary power from first to last. An old apostate who in earlier times had been

a class leader under my brother Richard, when he was on the Canton Circuit, by the name of Watkins, lived near Elmwood at this time. When spiritualism came West it took him in, beginning as it did professing to believe in Christ and the Bible and itself furnishing a high state of grace! He and a few other good men were seduced by its subtle, lying agency. But one of them all, so far as I know, ever came back. He returned when I was in Farmington, an utter wreck, with a ruined body and a lost soul! He had been a beautiful Christian, but spiritualism made him a foul debauchee. He was a great sufferer till death came to his rescue, but I was satisfied God did restore and save his soul. He used to be so startled at his former self when from his restored light he saw his fearful past, that he would cry out with agony. He insisted that I did not and could not realize the satanic delusions interwoven with spiritualism, and begged me to give more of my life and ministry to its exposure.

But Fountain Wadkins went on till he was renowned for his vileness. He had utterly rejected the Scriptures, rejected Jesus Christ and was an enemy of all righteousness.

Especially did his very soul make war on anything which looked like soul saving work. As the revival was deepening and widening, "Old Fount," as he was called, became insensed about it, and I heard that he was going to stop the whole work. One Sabbath night, when there was a great crowd, sure enough there he was with two of his confederates on the front seat. His aim was to prevent sinners from coming to the altar, but if he failed in that he would stop them all from praying! There was a rush of seekers to the altar, notwithstanding his presence, and now came the test of his power to stop all praying. Seeing his design, I spoke to several of my most devoted members, and

whispered to Brother McKiser, who was among the blackest men I have ever seen—a splendid specimen of that race and a wonderful man in prayer—suggesing to him and them that we ask God to knock "Old Fount" down! When the singing ended I called to prayer and asked Bro. McKiser to lead us. I have doubted whether I have ever heard a prayer which equaled that. "Old Fount" and his two confederates made a desperate effort, until he was bent nearly double, leaning backward, with clenched fists and body apparently rigid; but the more fearful his demoniacal effort, the higher the black saint rose in prayer, till I was certain "Fount" would be sprawling on the floor! It was a scene witnessed only once in a lifetime. Suddenly "Old Fount" looked this way and that, as though struck with terror, then sprang to his feet and went down the aisle on a run, and never returned again! The next day he said to a friend of mine: "That Haney is a captain. If he had not called on old McKiser to pray I would have beaten him." He knew well if he did not get out of that house he would come down like a dead man!

Years afterwards Dr. Gruber, a sterling Dutch preacher, was holding a meeting in "Fount's" neighborhood, and the old apostate planned in like manner to break up his meeting. Gruber had heard he was coming and prepared accordingly. They were right before him on the front seat, and Gruber preached to them and at them, bringing out his vileness, consigning "Fount," as an apostate, to eternal damnation! One of "Fount's" confederates broke down utterly and fell at the altar of prayer, but "Fount" rose and ran as before.

The meeting at Elmwood went on till much above 100 were converted and a number of God's people were graciously sanctified. Among the converted was a young man who had wickedly rebelled against his mother's prayers. He lived in Ohio and had rejected all

entreaty. His mother was a woman of great faith, and as the boy grew worse, her praying increased. A few days preceding this time she had held audience with God till she felt her boy must be saved now. When he came in she was in tears and,, throwing her arms about his neck plead as only such a mother could plead. It was irresistible. The son treated her respectfully, but made up his mind he never would go through such an ordeal again. So to be able still to hold on to his sins he resolved to go West. He had reached Elmwood and concluded to stay over and rest—I think he stopped with a friend—and seeing the multitude going towards the church, he went with them. It was the might of power, which drove "Fount" Watkins from the building. God arrested him there and brought him to the altar. He knelt near the middle of the altar railing, and I have said through the years I never witntssed agonies of soul so nearly equaling the agonies of hell as in his case. I have regarded it as the most fearful specimen of heart pain I ever witnessed, continuing for two hours or more. But the God who said "the way of the transgressor is hard, and the soul that sinneth it shall die," had also said to that mother, "The promise is unto you and your children," now fulfilled His covenant promise and sent her boy back to his mother a saved and happy man. O, let us believe God!

On closing the meeting at Elmwood I left on horseback the next morning for Farmington, where we were at once to open a similar battle. In front of me I saw a gentleman riding slowly, and as I passed him I found he was weeping. A strong young man of about thirty years, weeping like a child! I could not leave without further knowledge concerning him, and halting, I said: "My friend, I see you are in sorrow. Will you allow me to ask the cause?" He responded:

"You closed that meeting last night and left me unsaved." I said: "My friend, I gave you every opportunity I could, each day and night for weeks, to come to Christ; why did you not come to Him?" He answered: "Each time you asked sinners who wanted to be saved to rise I tried to get up, but there was always something that fastened me to my seat!" This was a simple, but painful, illustration of enslavement by sin. It may be loosely said that he was a foolish man; but we have been there! How many millions there are who all their lifetime see the right, but have not sufficient courage to meet its conditions, nor strength to break error's chains.

Our little old church at Farmington had been the birthplace of many souls, but was a crude place of worship in its old days. The meeting here was crowded at times, I think, beyond any other house I ever worshipped in. Those on the seats seemed only a part of our congregation. There were nights when it would require an ordinary man from two to three minutes to reach the door from the pulpit. How seekers surrounded the altar in such numbers is a marvel, but they got there. There was no abatement of interest nor any hindrance interposed. There was a company of rude young boys from the country who were annoying for a time, and finding they could stand in the door and prevent people from retiring, they several nights delayed us after dismission. The house was badly ventilated and at times we had to keep the door wide open. In front there was a little, old platform made of oak boards, whose edges were turned up by the sun. These rowdies planted themselves on that platform and supported those who barred the door. I dismissed late and requested the people to retire as rapidly as possible, but no one retired. After delay a brother reached me, saying the rowdies had filled the door and

no one could pass them. I sent two sterling men back to open a passage and kept kindly suggesting our discomfort and pleading that the way be opened. At last one of my men returned, saying: "The rowdies have full possession of the door and utterly refused to clear the way. "The people standing, I could hardly be seen when among them. So as quickly as possible I was at the front. My voice had lost cadence in pleading, and on reaching the blockade I said in the imperative mood: "Boys, get out of this door!" It was a nervous surprise that I was there, and there was a sudden move, but it was immediately counteracted, and the blockade more firm than before. I seemed clad with a supernatural power and dashed against the barricade, when the whole thing gave way and the boys in a group went off the platform. But a six feet green boy of 19 years attempted to regain his place and acted as though he would strike me, when I gave him a push, expecting to eject him from the platform, but instead of going off decently, his feet stood still and his head went with increased motion, till it struck that oak floor, and six feet of humanity learned obedience through suffering! From that time forward we never had trouble with those parties.

I sat at Peter Cartwright's feet when a boy, and I suppose this striking procedure of mine must have been the sprouting of seed then sown. But something of a violent character seemed necessary. The meeting was glorious to the end. Many were converted and some sanctified. There was a girl whose name was Mary, and whose family were all ungodly. For many days she had been seeking pardon at Elmwood, and now came eight miles to the Farmington meeting night after night. I saw her to be superlatively in earnest and a fearless seeker. She stood steadily on her knees with unconcerned face, and prayed audibly, as she was

oblivious to the fear of man. Such usually are saved quickly. I was moved with the thought that she had come so often and so far, had no help at home, and yet persisted in coming. So I said to Bro. Stewart: "I must give my whole time to that girl till she is saved." I requested that she stop praying and talk with me a little, and began thus: "Mary, Isaiah says: 'O Lord, I will praise Thee, though Thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away and Thou comfortest me.' By this I understand that when we are in sin we are the subjects of Divine disapproval. Mary, have you felt clearly that God disapproved you and that His law condemned you?" "O, yes." "Well, Mary, Isaiah says: 'Thine anger is turned away,' and Paul says, 'There is now therefore no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus.' Do you feel that God's displeasure is turned away and your condemnation is all gone?" "O, yes," she answered, "I feel that my condemnation is all taken away; but I want the evidence." "Well, Mary, Isaiah says, 'Thou comfortest me,' and Paul says, "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.' Are you now conscious that God comforts your soul and fills it with His peace?" "O, yes," she responded, "my soul is all full of peace, but I want the evidence!" Again I said, "John declares, 'By this ye shall know ye have passed from death unto life, because ye love the brethren.' Is your heart filled with a love for God's people you never had before?" "O, yes," she replied, "I love God's people, but I want the evidence!" "Mary, do you know that these words I have been quoting are the words of God, and just what he said you should have when you were a converted girl?" Throwing up her hands, she answered, "Why, that is so, praise the Lord!" The seekers at Elmwood came out with a bound, and she had determined she must be saved just

as they were, and the Lord was pleased to save her in His own way. His saving work was clearly wrought in her and He had also given to her the witness of that work; but it did not come in the way expected, so she overlooked both the work and its witness, because she was looking for something else! From that hour she was a superior Christian and a shining light to others.

Years afterwards I saw her at her own home when she was a wife and the mother of three children, and referred to the battle she had to get saved. "Yes," said she; "but Brother Haney, I was never for one moment doubtful that I was born of God from that night." It is of incalculable importance that every child of God shall know that he is born of God by the witness of the Holy Spirit; but that witness comes in a great variety of ways. I think fully four hundred souls were converted in that first year at Elmwood, Farmington and the two Trivolis. The ground had been most thoroughly prepared for a great work by my predecessor, Doctor Magee. He planted and we watered, but "God gave the increase." The old Doctor has gone to his reward, but I am still in the field.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Farmington (Continued.)

The second year on the Farmington Circuit was a year of much blessing, but not so wide as a year of ingathering as the one preceding. In the first there were four large and gracious revivals; the latter two were at Trivoli and Trivoli Center. At each of these points we had a marked and blessed membership. Such churches as these two were at that time are the salt of the earth. Old Father Emery, at Trivoli, was for a great while a local elder in the church and for many years a consistent professor of entire sanctification. The church building there was largely the result of his benevolence. In years agone he had preached with my father at the camp and quarterly meetings of Methodism. Old Sister Emery was one of John's "elect ladies," and her presence a benediction. "Sam" Emery, their son, was a wild boy, but became a widely known and useful Christian. At the homes of both father and son, God's ministers found a welcome never to be forgotten. "Sam" and his wife were in their prime, beautiful in song, both sanctified in our meeting, always ready to work for God and their home, to myself and wife unspeakably desirable. Sister Van Petten, Father Emery's daughter, was a power for God and always at her post. What an inheritance such people are to the ministers of God! These all died in

the faith. Father Emery gave his spirit up and went joyfully home, while I was preaching a few rods away in the church he built with his own hands. Dear Sam and his beautiful wife have been in glory long, and I think not a child they had yet lives to read this recital; but I would make their names immortal among men if I could. Dear Sister Van Petten came into this century and was the last of all her father's house, but is gone!

At Trivoli Center we had a select society, and some of them among the best I have ever known. The Hitchcock brothers were American noblemen. Lorenzo Hitchcock was a prince in Zion. Jacob Bird, an uneducated farmer, was a treasure in the house of God. We widened out into neighborhoods and had meetings of gracious power in some of the school houses. One "basket meeting" in the woods just before leaving for Conference became immensely interesting. The design was to only hold day services, but the interest so deepened that we held night services as well. There was present real old time conviction. On Sabbath afternoon, while calling seekers, I noticed a lady near where I stood, who was evidently much impressed. I said to her it was very important to act while the Holy Spirit is striving with us, and in the use of all the will power she had she denied feeling the need of salvation. "You know that the Holy Spirit is striving with you," I continued, "and you feel that you will perish unless you repent." She was trembling visibly, but persisted in her stand. "How you are looking God in the face and lying to the Holy Ghost. What will become of your soul?" I cried. And then, trembling, she cried for mercy and was gloriously saved.

This work was so gracious and its demands so imperative that I was compelled to continue it into the first days of the Conference. All who were seeking

had professed to find light except one young lady, who was a niece of Father Orton, and she insisted on remaining at the altar. On dismissing the audience, I assured Father Orton that I would stay with him as long as necessary. The people gradually departed until none were left with the seekers but Father Orton, his wife and myself. The old gentleman was very anxious about the girl, because her immediate relatives were universalists, and she was soon to return to her home. So we remained until nearly 2 o'clock in the morning. The ground had been lighted with tallow candles and our last candle was not four inches in length. I whispered to Father Orton that we would be compelled to go soon, or be left in deep darkness, and he cried to God louder than ever! The Holy Spirit suggested to me that the child was hoping in some way that I would help save her! I took the initiative and said to her our last candle was nearly out and I would be compelled to leave her. That if she did not let go of every sin and everybody and take Christ as her only possible Saviour, she must perish! And bade her good bye! I went off a few rods and sat down on a log. The last hope of the child was gone and what would she do? This brought her to utter despair of help in any human arm, and it seems to me the sweetest shout I ever had heard came up in that woods! Father Orton shouted, Mother Orton shouted and I shouted, and four souls unspeakably happy forgot that we needed the light of a candle any more!

There were many good workers at Farmington, but there were there men of marked moral force. These were Father Orton, Bro. French and Peter Conner. Father Orton was converted and sanctified, I think, under the ministry of Charles G. Finney, and had labored in Mr. Finney's meetings. He carried in

all his Christian activities that stalwart Finney type of Christ's religion. Bro. French was a little Englishman, almost utterly ignorant of letters, but a man of wondrous power in prayer.

These two in earlier times were regular crusaders together. They went into school houses and needy places, and very many were thus reached and saved. The first time I met French was at a little camp. As soon as service ceased at the altar he would be missing, and ere long a big noise would be heard in the woods. Having to preach, I fled to the brushes and had not long remained in prayer till French began a few rods away. He had no thought that I heard him, but my praying was over for the time. He began by telling the Lord that he was tried with his own noise, but the Lord knew he could do nothing without it, as he was. If it was His will that he could be more quiet, he plead, "do make me so for Jesus' sake." Telling the Lord he was so ignorant that he could do nothing without help, and while praying for quiet he became more noisy than before. His talk to God was so childish and beautiful that my prejudices fled, and never returned. When he and Father Orton were together in secret prayer the neighborhood usually found out something was going on.

Peter Conner was a jeweler, and sort of local preacher. He was also a thorough holiness man, and in every way a man of God. His power in prayer was his special gift. He possessed a very deep bass voice, which in some way gave a marked weight to his prayers. When Conner prayed both heaven and earth seemed to give audience. All these men are in glory now. What aids to a gospel minister! What a power in the midst of any church! Who can really compute their value to the cause of Christ?

O Lord, as these sons of thunder are gone, and so

many are going, fill Thy church with men of like spirit and power, and suffer not Thine enemy to triumph! But few churches in my knowledge have had so large a proportion of mighty men and women of God as were found on the Farmington Circuit.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

In Lewistown Again.

In 1860 we were sent to Lewistown again, and found ourselves midst the excitements of the coming war. I had been known since 1847 as a pronounced abolitionist, and known as such by the brethren at Lewistown. They were of Southern blood and prejudices, but had especially asked for us that year. Mr. Buchanan was the President of the United States, and the whole Nation was reaching a state of fermentation. Bro. McCandlish was pastor of the Presbyterian Church, and a blessed minister. The President had issued a proclamation for a fast day to consider our National and personal sins, asking all the churches to come together and humble themselves before God. Bro. McCandlish came over to counsel and request that I should preach the sermon, which I did. I read the 58th chapter of Isaiah and took the President's proclamation as my text. So the theme was, "Our Personal and National Sins." Bro. McCandlish had suggested that I needed the "wisdom of Daniel and the faithfulness of Jeremiah." In the sermon I aimed strongly at the latter, but gave less attention to the former. On coming to the National sin of slavery, the war opened. Directly my most influential man arose and left the house, having a dreadful cough as he went down the aisle. Dear Sister ———— followed, and on reaching the door proposed to some wild young men if they would ride me on a rail to-night she would

furnish the lights!" The sermon was finished in good order, and we retired to our peaceful home. Shortly the printer's devil thrust a poster in at the parsonage door, calling an indignation meeting that night in the Court House, "to take into account the way in which the pulpit had been desecrated." I answered the call and was present in due time, but some hours for reflection had intervened, and these dear souls waked to see where they were drifting. There was also a remarkable number of Republicans in attendance. Mr. Lincoln had been elected, the South was in open rebellion and war was in the air. The leaders of the indignation movement wisely proposed to discuss some other theme and made no reference to the pulpit outrage of the morning! The more thoughtful of the Democratic brethren were disgusted with the procedure, and five of their number issued a call to meet at the Court House to take into account the propriety of sending a company from Lewistown to help put down the rebellion.

This generation can hardly realize the condition of things then prevailing. May it never be repeated! Men who were loyal to the Government were wrought up to a tremendous tension. Those who were in heart sympathy with slavery could hardly restrain their wrath, nor keep from pouring it out against defending the Government. We met and the Court House was filled with excited men, many of them armed. Mr. Shope, a lawyer, made a speech full of rebellion, invoking fearful and vile charges against Lincoln as a despot, and his soldiers as hirelings, till suddenly from at least fifty voices came the command: "Sit down, sir! Sit down, sir!" and the gallant lawyer was seated and quiet as a lamb. I have never doubted that had he continued another minute a fearful scene would have been before us. Leonard Ross, a born Democrat and

one of nature's noblemen, arose and moved that all who favored the Government and the raising of a company to help put down the rebellion should come to the north side of the building, and those opposed go to the south side! The stampede northward which followed was overwhelming! That sent Leonard Ross to the war as Captain of a hundred men, made him Colonel of the 16th Regt. Ill. Vols., and afterwards a Brigadier General. The old General yet lives, and is a beautiful specimen of manhood in old age.

The war cloud was heavy, but God broke through it here and there, and saved souls. We had a camp east of the city, where many were brought into the light. The religious people nearly all took sides with the Government, and that greatly increased the prejudices of the opposite party, bringing a condition of rowdyism in that locality which would have been less culpable fifty years before. But the Lord managed it and brought us victory; and afterwards the very leaders of antagonism to the camp were converted and became good men. So we did rejoice and do rejoice. The meeting in town that winter was circumscribed, but souls were saved, some of whom are now in heaven and others yet living. I was so moved after the battle of Bull Run that I enlisted in a cavalry company as a private, but was elected First Lieutenant. Our company was offered to Governor Yates, but we were one too late and not accepted. Some preachers who loved me took me out at camp meeting and greatly pressed me not to enlist again unless I went as chaplain, and I promised them unless I felt plainly that God called that way I would not, but the war was on my soul both day and night. Such was my interest in the life of the Government that my life seemed a small offering to preserve it.

CHAPTER XXIX.

My Country Calls.

At the close of the first year in Lewistown we were sent down to Bushnell. We opened well in that station and were only well in motion when Rev. W. A. Presson came from Camp Douglass with an earnest request that I help him enlist a company for his brother. He had been in the Mexican war, and now was Captain of a company in Chicago. His brother, Rev. Harrison Presson, was a minister also, but wished now to go to war. I spoke at different points five days, and we rounded up at Bushnell with above one hundred men. I told them in every speech I was not going myself, and that I hoped they would see the way clear to select Presson as their Captain. They held their election on Saturday, and with nearly a unanimous vote chose me for their Captain! A majority of these boys were of Methodist families, and my class leaders and stewards were around me, begging me to go and care for their sons. My heroic young wife gave no sign of opposition, but rather encouraged it. I prayed, and felt that God was in it; so I was in for the war. We drilled in Camp Douglass for a time, but were then hurried forward.

During our stay in this camp my company had their barracks to themselves. So I had a blessed revival among them and quite a number of them were beautifully converted.

Company K of my regiment shared in the revival, and other companies had their representatives among the converts. When the regiment was organized the field officers were elected by the commissioned officers of the line. There were several preachers in the regiment and one of them had great influence at headquarters. David Stewart was chosen as Colonel and Oscar Maumberg as Lieutenant Colonel. The latter was a Swede and claimed much training in arms from the old country. So he was our main dependence for military knowledge. After their election they and the influential minister had planned for a jollification, leaving me totally ignorant as to its character. But the time came and all the commissioned officers were invited. Colonel Maumberg was back of it and really presided. I had talked with the Lord about it and settled to do only what I believed would please him. So we were together and a variety of the best liquors of Chicago were there. It had been planned that this preacher should propose the toasts and I should respond to one. So he stepped forward to the head of the table and motioned me to the other end. I walked up like a lamb to the slaughter! A glass for each of us was beside a cluster of bottles. He poured out some wine in his glass, and motioned me to do likewise. I did not fill mine. Then the pleading began. The Lieutenant Colonel ultimately suggested Madeira wine as only the sour juice of the grape, but I did not drink Madeira wine. Then the preacher proposed I fill my glass with water, but I was not thirsty now. The barracks were open and men were all about us looking on. If I drank water they would not know but it was whiskey, and I was there as God's man. The veins of the old Swede's neck swelled like a rope, and his face flushed as though forty curses were within, but he did not let them out! My course really spoiled the whole affair and seemed

very rude on my part. Had they informed me as to what was coming I could not have been justified in doing as I did, but as they kept me in ignorance to get me in a trap the case was changed.

The next day I took some company papers for Colonel Maumberg's signature, and found him in an excellent humor. After signing my papers he said in broken English: "Well, Captain, I have been tinking about dat affair yesterday. I tot you were very stiff at de time, but I like to see a man stand by his principles, by——!" The night after the battle of Pittsburg Landing I passed the Colonel's tent in the dark, and Colonel Stewart made a strong statement in my favor, when Maumberg said with a strong voice: "Colonel Stewart, didn't I tell you after dot affair at Chicago dot you could tie to Captain Haney." The dear brother who expected to win laurels by truckling to these wicked men was out of the regiment in ruins before six months, and to the end of his life suffered the consequences; while by dogged adherence to what I saw as right I held a power over them to the end of the war. That one battle secured me against a thousand temptations which would have probably overcome me, had I yielded there.

We were ordered to the front and left Camp Douglass Dec. 9th, but were in camp at St. Louis till Jan. 13th. We had high promises of a superior revolving musket, but at St. Louis were treated to a discarded Dresden musket, totally unfit for any battle line. There was great wrath among the boys, and one company stacked the worthless things. I think on an average they would miss fire five times out of six, and in any real battle must have made cowards of the men.

We got marching orders Jan. 11th, and left for Paducah, Ky., the 13th. The river was full of floating ice, but going further south and with the current it was

hoped we would get through. With a thousand men on board it was impossible to make them comfortable. Much sickness resulted from exposure. My company was largely without cover on the upper deck, and human selfishness is not wholly absent in war. One man would occupy a place of comparative comfort that might be enjoyed by two or three. Men mad with the discomforts imposed upon them would be reckless of each other's weal. So I was compelled to lay aside a Captain's dignity and, like a mother, put my boys to bed each night. In so doing they got more comfort from their blankets and were largely placed on equal footing. This saved my company from much sickness, though a few were disabled. About nine miles above Cape Girardeau we ran aground and froze up in the river near the Missouri side. There was a rebel force on the hills not far away, and with one small piece of artillery they might have captured us all, but in some way the Lord put a deep sleep on them and they did not awake to their chances till we were out and gone. Food became scarce and help had soon to come. So the Colonel ordered Captains Presson, Sleich and myself across to Cape Girardeau under cover of the night. Colonel Leonard Bass was there with a force and supplies. We had a rebel guide and at any time were liable to stumble on a rebel force. Before we left we took our guide aside and told him if he betrayed us at the first gun that was fired he would be a dead man! He walked before us and there was no chance for him to get away, for we were near him every minute. But we came through in the breaking of the morning all right, and rejoiced when we saw the garrison more than St. Paul and his company did when they saw the three taverns. We soon had supplies and were delivered from our ice prison and on our way to Paducah.

Paducah had been occupied by the Union forces, but afterwards was retaken by the rebels. There was an old Union man who had possessions in Paducah, consisting of business buildings, and when the little Union force was driven out there was great rejoicing. The "Secesh" women hated him, and taunted him when their armed friends came in, and they compelled him to illuminate his buildings in honor of a Confederate victory! This nearly killed him, but a man will do many things that are unpleasant if there are bayonets behind him. After the illumination they expelled him from the city. When a Union force came back and retook the city he came along! This was his time to relieve his feelings, so as he saw those of both sexes who had previously tormented him he would cry out: "Iluminate now —— ——— you!" We held Paducah during the battles of Donaldson and Fort Henry, and saw the Confederate prisoners who were taken in those battles. The town was frequently threatened while we were there, but we got timely information and the enemy knew we were ready. A body of cavalry was expected by night and my company had charge of a bridge centre picket line, but there was no need of shedding blood. Here our chaplain resigned under pressure. He was a good man and a strong preacher, but had depended on his pulpit rather than personal contact with his people; and such chaplains had, more or less, to fail, as there is but little opportunity for pulpit effort in a moving army. I was pressed by the regiment to take his place, which I did with much hesitation.

CHAPTER XXX.

The Duties of a Chaplain.

It can hardly be realized how great a blessing it was to me as a chaplain to have first been an officer in the line. There is a natural antipathy to non-combatants among real soldiers, hence chaplains, doctors and quartermasters are judged to be cowardly. A chaplain is a field officer, which makes him a member at "headquarters," and where Colonel, Lieutenant Colonel and Major are ungodly men and want to do ungodly deeds, a godly chaplain is always in their way. Hence with such men there are strong temptations, by trickery and otherwise, to undermine and get him out of their way. No man wants to use intoxicants, swear profanely, gamble or indulge in licentious conversation in the presence of a godly minister. Great wrongs were perpetrated against good men in the chaplaincy. In my five months of experience as a Captain I had opportunity to see all this, and learned somewhat how to meet it. While in the command of my company they became exceedingly attached to me, and through them I got the confidence of the regiment. During that time I saw the wrongs perpetrated against the men by their officers, and disapproved of them. This gave me a power with all in the line, so an attempt to put me down was a serious affair to any officer, for he knew in so doing he would bring the wrath of the men. So I fearlessly did many things in the chaplaincy I never could have done had I not gained those advantages.

Hence to the end I was free to follow my own conscience, and none dared to meddle with me.

At that time there was but little in the army regulations as to the duties of the chaplain, hence the office could be easily abused. Early in the war there were men who occupied that relation who were not ministers at all, and these, of course, made bad work. There was a class of preachers who were not a success at home who secured the position, and failed here. As has been mentioned, pastors who depended on pulpit oratory and were never pastoral visitors were usually a failure in the army. A chaplain who would remain at headquarters and only be seen by the men in connection with a perfunctory "Divine service," amounted to but little. An army in motion, as was Sherman's, rarely gives a chance for a set sermon. Hence the chaplain who depends wholly upon his preaching seems to be an idler, and easily gets the displeasure of the men. The following points should be found in a Chaplain of volunteers: 1. He needs a high order of common sense. 2. He needs to keep filled with Divine love. Divine love ruling in a human breast always produces a real interest in the weal of others. If that is absent, he had better be at home. 3. He needs a high order of moral courage. It is a place of much trial and only a courageous man can go through it. 4. He needs a first-class adaptation to personal contact with men. A Chaplain that is all head and no heart is a miserable makeshift. He must be able to put himself alongside of men of a great variety of temperaments, and in a variety of circumstances. 5. He needs to be incessantly watchful for opportunities to help where help is needed.

There is a great deal of suffering in an army, especially when in the field. Wonderful provisions are made for the comfort of soldiers of posts and in per-

manent camps; but it is impossible that these comforts shall accompany an army in constant motion, as was Sherman's. Men get sick or are wounded, and the best treatment that can be given, in many cases, would be looked on with horror in the home life. Then men in care of sick and wounded become reckless and hardened, and the suffering which results may be fearful. The presence of a wise Chaplain filled with the sympathies of Jesus in such cases is as an oasis in the desert. A dish of soup at the right time in some cases will save a soul! Boys who have been reared delicately in homes of opulence and love, when brought into the rugged iron pathway of war, can be lifted from the clutches of death by a little care, well seasoned with love. By neglect of Quartermaster or Commissaries or Commanders men may suffer unspeakably, and a Chaplain who has a heart in him can speedily secure a redress of these wrongs. Besides all this, the spiritual interests of a thousand men are on his soul, and so many in death, on field and in camp, who can be made to see Christ before they go! It will give me ages of comfort, the memories of what God did for me and through me in those years of war!

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Battle of Pittsburg Landing.

We left Paducah for Pittsburg Landing on the steamer Hannibal on the morning of the 8th of March, 1862. Reaching Savannah March 11, we were ordered on an expedition to destroy the Memphis & Charleston R. R., which failed because of high water, and our fleet returned to Pittsburg Landing March 15, knowing little of what was before us. General Grant had been superceded by General Smith (afterward called Paducah Smith), and General Smith located the Army of the Tennessee at Pittsburg Landing, with his headquarters at Savannah, nine miles away. The location of the troops involved sad blunders, which afterwards were made plain by a sadder experience. We were so disconnected as to give any wily foe fearful advantages over us. The officers, including the two great generals, Grant and Sherman, were in need of experience. Had this battle occurred two years later we would not have sustained one-half of the loss. 1. We would have had two lines of breastworks, which could have been thrown up in two days. This would have put us under protection while the enemy would have been in the open field, making their repulse an easy task, with meagre loss on our side.

2. If it had occurred later in the war we could not have been surprised. As it was, we were, and utterly unprepared to meet such a foe. The army of Sidney Johnston was within six miles of Shiloh Church on Saturday and a large proportion of it much nearer.

Generals Johnston, Beauregard, Bragg, Hardee, Polk and Breckinridge held a counsel within two miles of General Sherman's tent, with lines of battle to their right and left and a heavy reserve force close behind them, almost at the same hour our great commanders were giving assurance that no battle would occur at Pittsburg Landing.

3. The location of our troops was the open gateway to defeat. Captain Crooker, of the 55th Ills. Regt., has spent much time and money since the war on the field at Shiloh, and in securing the records of both armies. His statement in the "Story of the Fifty-fifth Illinois Regiment" is as follows: Page 77. "The exact condition of the Union front when attacked on Sunday morning involves the entire question of due diligence to meet it, and an explicit statement of facts is herein inserted, because of its great value historically. Moreover, these facts nowhere appear in the reports, and the leading participants in the battle, who have since become its chief historians, either mislead or fail to answer inquiry in that direction. Without claiming credit for, or describing the minute personal work necessary for the ascertainment of the details, such details are given with the assurance that they are correct. Upon the extreme right was McDowell's brigade. Next, to the left, but a quarter of a mile distant, and across a heavy ravine, was Buckland's brigade, with its left resting at Shiloh Church. Hildebrand's brigade then came, with its right at the church, but its left regiment, the Fifty-third Ohio, detached across a ravine, two hundred yards away. The troops so far mentioned belong to Sherman's division, and his headquarters were close in the rear. To the left and front about one-half mile away, were located the seven raw regiments of Prentiss' embryo division, all having recently received their arms—one having gotten its am-

munition the night before and one having none at all when the battle commenced. The interval to the right of Prentiss was, in point of fact, enlarged at the opening of the engagement by the advance of Prentiss about one-quarter of a mile to meet the Confederate assault, and the space almost immediately assumed still more dangerous proportions through the cowardly conduct of the commanding officers of the Fifty-third Ohio, who ordered a retreat. In the left rear, and forming the extreme flank in that quarter, were encamped Stuart's three regiments, at a distance of more than three-quarters of a mile from Prentiss. By Stuart's movement to the left and the departure of the Seventy-first Ohio from his right, the interval last described was increased to one full mile. * * * The flanks of the army as a whole could not have been better protected than they were by the waters and marshes of creeks. The flanks of its different sections could not have been more exposed than they were by the nature of the ground and lack of continuity. Every unoccupied space became an immediate point of danger, through which the rebel hosts poured, and flanked each separate body of Federal troops."

Our reserve force is not described in the above, as it was not brought forward in order and made available, and each body in front was driven back upon it.

When in camp an army is usually inspected each Sabbath morning, and each soldier is required to appear as neat as possible, with attire in as perfect a condition as circumstances permit. On Saturday night I had preached for a Michigan regiment in General Prentiss' division on the very ground where many of them met death on Sunday morning. It was a mile away, and, returning to camp in the night, my boots sank into a white clay in crossing the creek. Having had breakfast, these boots had to be prepared for inspection. One

of them was nicely cleaned and shined, when the long roll was sounded and a wild rush for arms and a place in the line instantly followed. One boot was black and the other white. Having almost unbounded confidence in an army and its commanders, I said audibly to myself: "You will not catch me out to war looking this way," and I blacked the white boot. I could not definitely testify, however, that it was polished equal to the other. Then I had sufficient time to get my trunk into a wagon to prevent its being captured.

The regiment had moved a quarter of a mile east, and was formed in line of battle. Looking southward across the little creek I saw two heavy lines of Confederate infantry moving down the ridge in an easterly direction, evidently intending to flank our left. One of my former company happened to be behind who was generally called "Wash," and I said: "'Wash,' try your hand on that rebel officer over there," and he deliberately laid his musket across a log, took aim and fired. The Confederate horse sprang in the air, but I think his rider was not hurt. That was the first human being I ever saw shot at.

The ridge south of us was much higher than where we were, and on reaching my regiment it seemed to me we were badly placed. Really, if I had been hunting deer and located where the enemy was I should have desired the deer to come and stand where we were standing! So I ventured to say: "Colonel, they are coming at you in two heavy lines of infantry over there in that woods." "Oh, no, Chaplain, I guess it is only de skirmishers," responded the old Swede. I answered with much emphasis: "You will see skirmishers pretty soon!" Being moved much as to our unfortunate location, I said: "Colonel, it seems to me we are badly located; would it not be better to fall a little behind the ridge to give your men some protection? "He mum-

bled something, being evidently displeased with my meddling! The skirmishers of both artmies had then met in the ravine, and a severe contest had opened. Our Brigade Surgon, Dr. Roller, came just then, and with much earnestness requested me to take charge of the ambulances during the battle, which I did. Just after I left to get my ambulances in place the Confederates, having planted a battery in full view, opened upon our poor boys, and the Colonel, in order to have them all killed at once, ordered the regiment to form square.

The Seventy-first Ohio was to our right and the Fifty-fourth Ohio to our left, and there was nothing between us and the river. I think it was three-quarters of a mile from the right of the Seventy-first Ohio to the left of General Prentiss' division, so we were isolated from the army and had to sustain its left flank unaided by any other force. The Seventy-first went to the rear at once and was with us no more. Sixteen men, with their Adjutant, remained of that regiment and fought bravely all day. Some of the other two regiments were panic-stricken and soon folowed the Seventy-first. It had been estimated that about eight hundred men of the Fifty-fifth Ills. and Fifty-fourth Ohio constituted the fighting force of our brigade that day! Against them were pitted more than three times their number of infantry and a battery of artillery. Behind us the way was open for Johnston to reach the landing if these eight hundred men had not stood in his way, and I shall go to the judgment believing that their valor saved the day.

New soldiers are especially affected by artillery, and old soldiers by musketry. The Confederates opened on this body of new soldiers with fuse shells. It was the scream and crash of these which gave wings to the 71st Ohio and select portions of the other two regi-

ments. The two regiments left must have been annihilated had they remained where they began. The 55th Ills. were well nigh panic stricken, and went wildly for some rods, but when they reached the very ridge to which I had asked Colonel Maumberg to take them they halted, and with the 54th Ohio held that ground till their ammunition gave out, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon! But nearly one-half of that fighting force were then either dead or bleeding!

I found difficulty in locating my ambulances, and when located I was not sure I could get them out. Wounded men are borne on litters to the ambulances in such cases and then carried by the latter to the hospital. A regimental surgeon is expected to do nothing of a permanent character, but to stop blood or temporarily bind up wounds and send them right on. He, as well as the ambulances, needs to be located as near to the rear of the battle line as a place can be found that is sufficiently sheltered from danger. I found sufficient shelter near by, but the country was so rough I feared there would be no outlet to the Landing, so I hastened over an old and untraveled road down the stream till I found where I could mount the hills and get out. Having no horse, I was nearly overcome with the heat, and there all alone stood a horse with a saddle and a bridle, loose in the woods. I never learned whose he was, or how he came there. The presumption was his master was shot. So I mounted and hastened back to my post.

I had three litters, with six boys to handle them, and on reaching the ambulances it was plain that our line of battle was changed, and it struck me there might be wounded men between the two armies who might be rescued by our agency. Our men had moved to the right as well as rear, which made it possible that sufferers could be reached to the left and front of where

they were then fighting. I addressed my boys and told them there was danger in the undertaking, but I would lead if they would follow, and they said they would. Much timber was strewn on the ground, but we followed a path, and across it lay a dead man whose head was fearfully crushed by a shell. Just at that moment a shell broke in the tops of the trees and its fragments of iron came crashing through with awful force, breaking the timber fearfully. It was all my nerves could carry, and I knew the boys behind me must be in like condition. I did not dare to look behind lest it would lead them to break and run, but said with a firm voice: "Forward, men," as I stepped over the dead body, but I instinctively felt that some of my force was gone. In a few moments I discovered two of my litters had fled! Then stopping, I asked the two boys if they would follow me up the hill. They said they would, but I noticed the further I ascended the wider we were apart. Reaching the summit, a musket ball whizzed by my shoulder, a second just missed my head, a third and a fourth gave me a close call, all aimed at my vitals, and I was in the face of a rebel regiment! So I requested my feet to about face and take me down the hill without delay. My litter boys were perhaps four rods to the rear, but seeing their leader had voted retreat they nearly flew! The hill was steep and long, but they held to the litter till their speed increased, when the litter went kiting, and I thought it landed forty feet farther down the hill. I have never seen it since.

Reaching a point in front of the ambulances, I saw the wounded who came down the hill had to pass a point where for rods they were under fire, but by going down the bed of the creek this would be avoided. So the best I could do for them was to stand there and direct them. I took shelter behind a tree, which was

not quite as large as my body, and I tried to make myself smaller, but the gentlemen I had met at the summit had a clear intention to move me from that tree. If it is yet standing I suppose forty bullets could be found in it to-day. A large number of the wounded went direct to the landing across the hills, which was less than one mile, while it was three miles by the road.

When my ambulances were filled, mounting my captured charger, I led them to the landing. But before leaving I thought we would have to go some distance under fire after reaching the high ground, and hinted this to the drivers, whom I ordered to follow me whatever might come. Not long after we reached the hills I found bullets were plenty, and shells were breaking after they had passed our line of battle. I had some fears as to my ambulances, but I saw them all in procession. On ariving at the landing I found one was missing. The rear driver, when he came to the place of exposure, cut his mules loose from the ambulance, mounted one of them and made a direct line across the hills for the landing! Providentially, all who were in the ambulance were able to walk, and some less hurt helped others, going down a ravine till they reached our gunboats and were saved.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Battle of Pittsburg Landing (Concluded.)

I had omitted to say in the previous chapter that on returning to my post after opening a way out to the landing I met men who were wild with fear, all facing to the rear. We had one Captain in the 55th Ills. who claimed some war experience and much drill. Most of all the line officers, he was longing for a battle, and exceedingly brave. I had really looked to him with great confidence, but met him among the stragglers. It struck me with horror when I saw him, and I said: "O, Captain, are you wounded?" He responded as a man in deepest distress as he flourished both hands in the air above his head: "Oh, Oh, Oh! the regiment is broken all to pieces! Oh, Oh, Oh!" And he rushed forward like a man running from death. There are men who cannot face bullets, and they themselves don't know it till they are tested.

Having reached the landing a little after two o'clock, I found the hills covered with stragglers and the woods strewn with men, wildly coming that way. I knew at the front the sifted braves were holding the line against fearful odds. I saw across the Tennessee the head of Buell's army protruding from the woods, and shouted for joy. If the enemy could be held at bay for two hours we would have twenty thousand fresh troops on the field and the day would be saved. I was faint from the tremendous strain of the day, but met Grant's Medical Director with a lot of canteens filled with brandy strung round his neck. I said: "Doctor,

give me some brandy!" And I took a small quantity on an empty stomach, and living wholly without stimulants as I did, it gave me immediate temporary strength. The stampeded men, I then judged, would not fall short of ten thousand. This may have been a high estimate, but I knew the line in front was growing thinner every minute, and if a thousand or two of these could be rallied we could hold the line till Buell's army crossed the river, when we would be safe. I never made such speeches before or since. In one group where perhaps a thousand were listening a wounded soldier, whose arm was dangling by his side as he sat on a rock above me, burst into tears while I was speaking and cried out, "O, boys, how can you stand it?"

Twenty-two huundred men were rallied and gotten into the last line which was formed on Sunday at Pittsburg Landing. This last line was not one-fifth as long as the first in the morning, but was well organized and near the landing. We had much artillery, and it was now concentrated, and our army was now so located that the gunboats could assist. I wept for joy when our artillery opened and thanked God as I have rarely thanked him, and the day was won. The Confederate army was practically beaten before sunset Sunday night, and only fought on the defensive from that time till driven back to Corinth. General Buell's troops were over in the morning and aided in the fight Monday. It was years before I could respect General Buell, because of his dallying at Pittsburg Landing.

The horrors of war are not fully seen in the battle, but in the harvest of agonies which result. Our wounded on that Sabbath, by the hundred, were dumped out on the ground without any cover. There was some relief from the boats, which received many and soon carried them to hospitals beyond, but I was shut in with the sufferers on the hill above the landing. As

soon as the 2200 troops were officered and started for the line my soul was moved as to the uncared for sufferers. It was plain they would lie on the ground without cover all night unless somebody acted at once. I saw the camp of some regiment not far away, and hastened to procure their tents. The regiment was not there, but the camp was guarded, and they would not let me have a tent at any price. I still wore my Captain's suit, and it was valuable that day. I got a sword and went among the stragglers and to each man I met who was armed I said: "Fall in here, sir," till I had a troop of my own, and marched on that camp. When there before I interceded; now I commanded! The guard met me, but I was now at the head of an armed force! In my new command there was a little Dutch Sergeant, and as I came near to a tent I sad: "Sergeant, take down that tent, sir." And citizens would have been astonished to see how quickly it was ready to go to my hospital! Those tents were all up among the wounded on that ridge and filled with suffering men before the guard could fully realize they had nothing left to guard! Their camp kettles came with us also, twelve of them, and while my men were building fires I was down at the landing on horseback with two sacks and filled them with hams and potatoes, and we had hams, potatoes and potato soup, giving ham after ham. When men bleed they must have food or die. I think wounded men did die at Pittsburg Landing who would have died had food been furnished in time. When all this was done for the sufferers on that ridge there were then scores, if not hundreds, who lay all night on the ground without a cover. There were sixty in one group, I remember, and during the night we had to carry out their dead. Dear Doctor E. O. F. Roller, though weak in body, went through that terrible night, doing his utmost to save life and alleviate pain. I

would like to stand up before him in heaven and tell angels and the redeemed about him!

About two o'clock in the night I was impressed that wounded men were down near the river, and stepped out on a rock and cried aloud to ascertain. My call was responded to by a voice I had heard before. I asked Dr. Roller to lie down for an hour and I would take the lantern and go down and help what I could and report to him later, but he insisted on going, too. Seven of my own regiment were in the driftwood of the Tennessee. It was very dark and raining. They were all wounded, and some of them badly. Young Ennis, from near Elmwood, Ills., who was converted in a meeting I held in his neighborhood before the war, was struck on the ankle with a piece of shell, which had nearly spent its force. His ankle was swolen and looked bad, but the dear boy was so happy in God all night that he had kept the whole company in good cheer. One of them said: "Chaplain, we would have all died if it had not been for Ennis!" Dear boy, he went to glory in a few days, and his dust will be gathered, when Jesus comes, from the banks of the Tennesee!

I did not hear from my regiment, but found by sunrise next morning where it was located. I had strong fears that the men were left without food, and supposed they would be ordered early into battle line again. I seemed impelled to do something for them, and hastened with an empty sack to the supply boat as before, and filled the sack with hams. Just as I came in sight with them they were ordered o march. I rode in advance of them, and dropped a ham here and there, asking them to divide, and dismounted and cut the last ham in slices and gave it to them as they marched. Some of them had not had breakfast Sabbath morning, and all of them had fought all day Sunday and lay on

their arms all night without food! They were now going out for a second day's battle, with no prospect of food for twelve hours to come.

Many of the wonnded were taken to the boats on Monday and more help had rallied, so I was relieved of my tasks somewhat, though our cooking had to go on all the same. I had noticed that men who bled suffered with thirst, and, procuring a lot of canteens, I filled them with spring water and rode over the field behind the army. A Chicago battery had been captured on Sunday, and on Monday it was recaptured with a desperate fight. The horses were shot in their harness and plunged in every shape in death, and the Confederate dead and wounded were strewn about. O, I was so glad to be able to satisfy the thirst of those wounded men. One of our boys had been shot and captured on Sabbath, and the Confederates left him in one of our tents behind them as they advanced and we retreated on Sunday. Now, as they retreated and we advanced a battle was fought over his head and the enemy was driven beyond him. Our artillerymen were harrassed by sharpshooters, and the Captain fancied the missiles came from behind that tent where this boy was lying, so he orderd the tent destroyed. The Confederates had run over him twice, two battles were fought over him, and now our artillery let loose upon him! In the recital of his experiences of these two days he came to the destruction of the tent over his head by our own men, and said: "Chaplain, when I saw that tent going to pieces over my head you may depend if I ever prayed I prayed then!" God covered him and he lived to tell the story.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

On to Corinth.

The two armies of Grant and Buell were under the command of General Halleck, and had been brought by his order to Pittsburg Landing, in view of the capture of Corinth. General Halleck was a very deliberate individual, like his friend Buell, especially when danger was on hand. The woods of Pittsburg Landing had been strewn with the dead bodies of both horses and men, and no army should have been kept on those grounds ten days after the battle, only in case of extreme necessity. The Confederates buried their dead very superficially and seemed reckless as to the consequences, especially when they expected to leave the field in our hands. The destruction of animals, horses and mules, in a battle furnishes a painful spectacle, and their burial to a sufficient depth for safety is a difficult task. For nearly a whole month men who fought at Shiloh were detained on the field of death till hardly one healthy man remained.

In that month's unnecessary delay the base was laid for suffering in after years which God only knows. Our chances there, and in the whole thirty days' march to Corinth, only seventen miles away, were bad to secure even necessaries for the sick, though for a time after the battle of Shiloh, Illinois and other troops were gladdened with delicacies brought by Governor Yates and others. The majority in control of the Illinois Legislature at the time refused to send supplies to the suffering army, and Governor Yates imperilled all he

had to bring a boat load of home comforts to our suffering boys. It was an hour never to be forgotten, as I stood on the hill at Pittsburg Landing and saw the flag of "Dick Yates'" boat heave in sight, and I knew relief was at hand for many of our sufferers. Not long afterwards I went on board the vessel and found her laden with comforts. My old Captain's suit was bloody from handling the wounded and I was a very rough looking preacher, but I fearlessly mingled with that elegant company, and they gladly gave me a sumptuous dinner! Dear Dick Yates! I could see his name inscribed in letters of gold, and would have his manly soul remembered till the world is on fire.

In these months of suffering I had the opportunity of my life to bring courage and strength and hope to sick and dying men. God kept me strong to endure, and my heart revelled in its chances to help the body and the soul of numbers, concerning whom there is a record on high. Blessed be God.

General Halleck had one hundred thousand men and ought to have gone into Corinth and captured the rebel army in three days, but he put in a month piling up breastworks day after day and mile after mile, and let the whole rebel army slip out of Corinth with their arms and largely with their supplies at last. We lost more by sickness and delays than we would have lost in the two or three sharp battles which would have sufficed to capture the city. General Pope was down on the left wing and would insist on opening battle with the enemy here and there, when a ball from Halleck's headquarters would silence his guns. Pope would have captured a large proportion of the enemy if Halleck had allowed him to go through. It was apparent to many that they were retreating, and the soldiers, many of them, were wild to get at them. I went myself and begged of subordinate officers to move the generals to

move Halleck, but Halleck was looking here and there till the bird had flown. It would seem from a Union standpoint that the war was probably prolonged two years beyond where it would have gone by this failure.

At last we were in the open country of Tennessee and headed for Memphis. The country was enchanting to us, and while other vegetables were scarce, it abounded in onions. Our men devoured those onions, tops and all! We now had plenty of money equal to gold, and seeing a company gathering at an onion patch where a middle aged woman was standing, I resolved to make the boys pay for the onions. Riding up with somewhat of assumed dignity as the boys were gathering, I addressed the lady as courteously as I could, and asked her what she would take for those onions. Her eyes fairly flashed when she responded with a haughty voice: "I raised these onions for myself, sir, and I don't propose to sell them." I suggested that these men had plenty of money and it was equal to gold, and they would give her fabulous prices for her onions in small quantities if she would sell them. She then gave me a fiery glance of her eye, saying in a loud, defiant tone: "I reckon I understand my own business, sir, and am not in need of any help!" I touched my hat and responded: "Very well, madam," and turned old Prince and rode away! Not a boy had moved a hand or shown the least disrespect, but I knew well the onions were doomed. In about thirty minutes I came by the patch and the lady was gone and the boys had retired; but the onions had also disappeared. I doubt whether there was left even one green onion top in the enclosure. Southern women were like our own in those days—fearfully spunky. I was surprised in a few days to find the men coming up like magic, and would not wonder if the onions of that country saved the lives of a thousand men.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The March to Memphis.

The march across from Corinth to Memphis would have been exceedingly enjoyable had it not been for the heat. Field officers are always mounted, and are sometimes utterly incapable of doing justice to infantry when marching in the heat. As we were nearing La Grange the day was very hot and men began to faint in the road till it was alarming. When the army wagons came by these climbed into them, and their number increased till it became a burden. I think complaint was made to General Sherman, and, coming up, he ordered them out in strong terms. A man of Co. K, of my regiment, had marched till he fainted and was now totally unable to walk, and was so outraged he deserted and was not heard from again. He was a first-class soldier and a sterling man. It seems impossible in this world for all to get justice. There were men who ought to have been thus ordered, but who could distinguish? One boy of wealthy parents in New York died that day and we buried him late in the night in a field, marking his grave with his name, company and regiment. He was a beautiful boy and it was a painful service, but Jesus has His eye on his dust and it will come up in the morning!

Camping at La Grange for a time, we found it a delightful region, though we still had sufferers who needed much attention. Now in the interior and at a

distance from our base of supplise, it was difficult to secure any special comforts for the sick, so I proposed that we go out of the lines in search of provisions. I had an excellent revolver, but left it in camp, and we started unarmed. When we came to our picket line the boys warned us of danger, but the Captain said he would give us three men as a guard. One of the boys proposed to lend me his revolver, which was very small and in a stiff leather case. I was mounted and led the way, and being in advance, I saw a man leave the mansion to which we were going on horseback. He avoided me, but headed for a woodland east of us. The old planter declared they had nothing with which to help our sick, but said the gentleman living east of him probably had. The house was east and south, and I led the ambulance around the lane, but the doctor went across, striking the lane running south at a cooper shop. Dr. Smith was a great talker, and when he met the cooper he set his talking machine running. The ambulance stopped as it came up, but I rode on. When within about fifty yards of the timber a man on horseback came suddenly into the road out of the brush facing me, and I saw a carbine by his side. I knew my borowed revolver was not reliable, and turned my horse up to a rose bush, as though to brouse him, at the same time dismounting with a pretense of fixing my saddle. Keeping the horse between me and the gentleman and my eye upon him steadily, I unbuttoned the leather case which held my gun, so in case of emergency I could do the best in my power, but wished for my own revolver. I feared to turn my back to the rebel, lest he should shoot, and all the time hoped to attract the attention of our guard, but the doctor's supply of gas had not yet been exhausted. I also saw the man with the carbine look behind him into the woods, as though there might be a troop secreted there.

He also repeated twice: "Why don't you come on?" At last I turned quickly and with a harsh, strong voice called to the doctor, telling him it was very hot. The moment I turned the man leveled his carbine, fired and retreated. I rushed to the road, working for dear life to get my field piece out of its strong leather sheath, but the hot sun had so shrunk the leather that I had only gotten it released when there came a bullet over my head from one of the guards, and as I expected two others to follow it, being between the guard and the rebel, I sprang back out of range as the rebel ran, but the doctor was frightened and forbade the other two to shoot. I was so full of war that for weeks I regretted I did not send six balls after him with my popgun. The doctor's gas was now exhausted, and leaping into the ambulance he ordered a rapid retreat, and the mules did their best to get away from danger, leaving me alone in the presence of a hidden foe. Having some regard for my own welfare, I mounted and brought up the rear. It was afterwards learned that he was an experienced rebel scout, and it was marvelous he did not hit me.

When the army came into La Grange the boys took two hundred thousand dollars of Confederate money from the bank. Our coming robbed the notes of any value whatever, but they could be used in exchange for commodities with the "Secesh." We were weary lying around, and I said to five boys: "Let us go out into the country and see if we can get a good dinner." We reached a nice looking mansion and the lady of the house met us at the door. Her husband was in the Confederate army, as most of the men were. I said: "Lady, could you furnish us some dinner today?" She said she had nothing but some corn bread and buttermilk. When we had eaten to the full I took fifty cents of Government scrip, which was then equal

to gold, and gave it to her, expecting those larks, would follow my example, which they did, but one of them was a little slow and waited till the rest had paid. He then said: "Madam, can you give me change for a five dollar note on the La Grange Bank?" She began to to hand him our currency in exchange. It seemed too bad, and I said excitedly, "Now, my dear woman, that boy is cheating you. The currency we have given you is as good as gold, and that La Grange bill is not worth the paper it is printed on." But she responded: "I guess I know about our own money." I added: "You will find what I have said is true." But she gave him four dollars and a half of good money and that dinner for nothing. When we got by ourselves I handled him without gloves, but he insisted that she was too smart; that she needed her eye teeth cut, and so he cut them.

We reached Memphis July 21st and remained there in camp, excepting a few sallies made upon the enemy, till Nov. 26, 1862. This stay for rest and drill greatly increased the health of the soldiers. My wife and our two little boys made us a visit and remained in camp till our departure for Vicksburg. It was enchanting to get this taste of home life again. More of the common comforts of life were enjoyed here by the men than, perhaps, at any other point during the war. Both citizens and soldiers of the South were largely cut off from coffee and other luxuries, which made them glad to exchange sweet potatoes and other vegetables for them. Then such things were gotten by other means as well. We suddenly received marching orders one Saturday, and Monday morning we left for the Tallahassee River. Price and Van Dorn were there with two Confederate armies, and Grant had planned to land a body of troops on the Mississippi side below Tallahassee, who should march eastward to cut off rebel retreat, while Sherman, coming from the north, would attack

and drive them into the mouth of the lion. The plan was complete for the capture of both armies of the enemy, and his force fully adequate to execute it. The strictest orders now prevailed at Memphis that nobody pass our lines, but a Southern Methodist preacher went on horseback from our brigade headquarters on Sunday about noon with orders to picket commanders to let him pass. We left Memphis Monday morning for Tallahassee, but that gentleman had left for Tallahassee the day before, and nearly two days before our arrival he had arrived! We expected the capture of the bird in a trap, but the bird had flown.

The marching was very rapid for the last seven miles and the road slippery. In Co. A, of my regiment, there was a short-legged little fellow, who walked like a goose. He seemed never to have known the meaning of fear, and by will force he had always kept up till he was badly weakened with sickness. Then each day he was compelled to fall behind and was abused by the rear guard, who considered him a nuisance, and purposely left him behind that he might be captured; but in the morning he was always found in his place and would bravely keep it till his strength would fail. He carried nearly twice the burden of other soldiers and insisted on so doing. When about seven miles from our expected field of battle I looked to the left and found we were passing this weary little mortal, and, thinking of the abuse he would receive and knowing his soldierly qualities, I turned out quickly and orderd him to throw down his arms and knapsack and mount my horse and I would take his place in the ranks. I dreaded his load, but feared the horse would throw him if he carried it. Marching seven miles at quickstep, I was in a foam of sweat, and the enemy having fled, we were halted and stood in a strong wind for many minutes. While standing a pain struck me under the right shoulder blade,

which was the first touch of rheumatism I had ever felt. Forty years have gone, and it has been my companion to this day. That little, short-legged mortal never knew how much he cost me.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Before Vicksburg.

The Mississippi River being cleared to Vicksburg, everything now centered in taking that stronghold. Sherman's force was to reach the mouth of the Yazoo, above the city, and await the arrival of Grant's force across the country, but the latter was compelled to return to Memphis. After Sherman affected a landing on the Yazoo River it leaked out some way that he was to wait till General McClernand arrived, who was the ranking officer and would asume command. This angered Sherman's officers and was displeasing to Sherman as well. A council of war was held and the decision arrived at that "we would be in Vicksburg or in hell" before General McC. arrived. Many, I fear, reached the latter place, but we did not get into Vicksburg.

Before leaving for Chickasaw Bayou, where the battle was to be fought, Captain Schleich, of Co. F, took breakfast with my mess, and after eating said: "Boys, I am going to be killed in this battle and I want you to bury me in the sand bank!" I attempted to change his trend of thought, but without success. The night before leaving Memphis he was quite unwell and his tent did not protect him from rain. I had taken a room with a comfortable bed, and asked him to lodge with me, which he did. In the night he made a nervous spring, which aroused me, but I refrained from suggesting that I was disturbed. He was fearful that he had disturbed me, and recited the strange dream which

he had that so moved him. He said: "I seemed standing facing a rebel about fifty yards away, and he shot me through the heart," and when thus shot he made the spring which he feared disturbed me. All the way from Memphis to the Yazoo he was unlike himself and spent much of his time in his state room. This dream had so fastened itself on him that he could not shake it off. After the battle had opened on the Bayou I had charge of some wounded, and the temporary oversight of two bodies awaiting burial some distance from my regiment, when I felt I must go to the regiment, and obeyed the impression. I was overwhelmed with an inner sense of impending calamity. On reaching the boys Captain Schleich was falling in my old company to go on to the picket line. The day was fearfully dark and the woods were draped with Spanish moss, giving the enemy every advantage over us. I was much moved and urged the Captain to take utmost care. As they marched off I had to follow them, and as they filed by me to the left I spoke to the Captain again and also to the men, urging the utmost care, and then started for my post of duty, 100 yards away, but before reaching it I was compelled by this unspeakable heart concern to turn right about and go to the regiment. As I reached it I met three men bringing the dead body of my Captain in their arms! He had done just as he dreamed. On reaching the picket line he stood facing a rebel, who was hidden from him, and as he was stretching out his hand to warn some of the boys of danger he was shot through the heart! After those grounds were taken a soldier showed me the place where the Captain stood and the tree which sheltered the rebel, and I stepped the distance and made it just fifty yards! I have always hoped that this warning was given the Captain to give him time to shelter his soul by the cross.

We found it utterly impossible to reach Vicksburg from this point, and after a fearful struggle and great loss of life we retired under cover of the night, glad to get away from utter death. From the consequences of this defeat General Sherman was largely saved by the capture of Arkansas Post. Our fleet reached the Post by way of the Arkansas River, effecting a landing below the Post, the infantry and artillery being thus enabled to reach the entire circuit of the enemy's works while the gunboats reached them from the river. We aimed at the utmost quiet till the enemy was surrounded. The river ran northward, making a short bend and then southward, and each wing of their breastworks rested on the river. We were nearly one-half way round before dark, and my regiment was on the east side. It had been hot in the march of the day, and some men wildly threw away their blankets. When night came it was cold. I had fixed my bed at regulation distance from the line, when the thought struck me that some of the men might suffer for want of covering. Going forward, I found it so, and as they could not move I proposed to move my blankets up to the line and share with them. A detachment was just then ordered forward to open fire at that point so as to make the impression of a night attack and thus divert their attention from what we were really seeking to do. Of course, this meant a fire opened on us in return. My blankets were hurriedly thrown down and my horse hitched just so he could step on the bed. When the fire opened we all fell flat on the ground, and I never lay flatter than just then.

Arkansas Post was an old Government fort and there stood out a very old United States gun, which the rebels loaded with grape shot and let them loose on us. There were three successive shots, which came directly over my bed. Either of them would have cut me in two

if I had been standing. The gun was so large and so near by that those grape shot came with awful force. irst the flash of the gun, then the whiz of the grape and then the crack of old Princes heels in response to the grape, over my bed. He was said to be the fattest horse in the army and was full of life. The grape came so near him, following the flash of the cannon, that he responded each time. But while this was going on our larks had closed up the gap and seven thousand brave Confederates were at our disposal. They made a bitter fight, but the odds were against them. The next day we were idle for a time and the gunboats were playing fearfully on the fort. I was anxious to see, and galloped down, and had hardly gotten there till the old Government gun above referred to was again pouring out wrath. A little Dutch Sergeant was ordered to silence that gun, and I got in such a position that I was nearly behind his little boat and witnessed her destruction. My eye followed each solid shot till it reached the gun. The first struck her rigging, the second seemed only a foot too high, and the third struck her square in the middle. She stood with side to the Dutchman and was very long. She had just emptied herself of a load of grape or canister, when the third missile struck her and she never spoke again. I shouted when I saw her tumble. There were casemate guns strongly protected in that fort, except their muzzles, and they faced toward the river. That little Dutch Sergeant put a solid shot right into the mouth of one of those guns and broke it ino fragments, and also destroyed the other. The fight was heavy around to our right when I returned, and the silencing of that gun gave us a rest again.

While standing there idle I felt a strong inclination to go around to the right, and I somehow feared the wounded were being neglected. On reaching the rear of the hottest fire I found no ambulances, and many

wounded men were staggering about in the woods. On inquiry it was plain the commander of the ambulances was frightened by the bullets in those woods, and hastening to General McClernand's headquarters I complained to the Medical Director, who gave me authority to bring them up. About the time the wounded were sent away those brave Texans hoisted the white flag, and such a shout I have never heard before or since as went up from the Union army. After seeing the capture I hastened to the boats to see what was done with the wounded. A large Southern Mississippi steamer lay near, which they said was filled with the wounded. On reaching her cabin I found two rows of men lying side by side, the whole length of the cabin, and apparently wholly neglected. There were doctors on board, and I asked what this could mean. They said the doctor in charge was drunk and they could do nothing without orders. "Orders," said I, and found myself nearly wild with the spectacle before me. There was not a dish in the cabin that could be used to wet their wounds. Flannel clothing, when wet with blood and dried in the sun, becomes nearly as hard as a board, and inflamation was coming up in every wound. Finding a large wash dish below, I went the whole round and wet every wound with cold water. In this round I marked many who would die, and made a second round, leaving a tract to be read to the dying man by his comrade near him who was stronger, giving words of cheer as I went.

I had not quite finished the second round when a little Dutch Captain came in, who found several of his company in that condition, and he broke loose on me like a thunder storm. Supposing me to be in charge and responsible for that fearful neglect, he cursed me bitterly I waited patiently till the Captain had relieved his mind, when I explained the case. Then he insisted

on apologizing, but I said "Captain, if your mind in any way has been relieved it is all right with me." I then made a search for the drunken doctor with the intention of cooling him in the river, but I did not find him. I did not intend to drown him, but to keep him in the river till he was sober. I am sure to-day he would not have been drunk for a whole week if I had found him.

I hastened to my Brigadier General to induce him at once to go to Sherman with this outrage. He higgled about it, and after I had pressed it till my heart was sick he said he would. As I turned away I felt he would not. So I turned toward Sherman's headquarters myself and found him standing by his tent. Saluting him, I laid the thing before him. Sherman was a very nervous man, and when excited strongly he would turn clear round on one foot. He was evidently angry and much excited, as he said "D——n it, Chaplain, I am not responsible for the neglect of the doctors.' To this I responded "General Sherman, I am aware, sir, your are not responsible for their neglect, but you command all the doctors in this realm, and if this matter is not righted I will publish it if it costs my head!" It seemed but a few minutes till the doctors were in commotion, and I think in less than three hours all those dear boys were on nice cots with clean, white pillows, their wounds dressed and they nicely cared for.

The next time I met General Sherman was in front of Vicksburg when the regiment wanted to send me home for sanitary goods for our sick, and the papers had to have General Sherman's signature I went to his tent for that purpose, and he met me very cordially. I said: "General Sherman, if it please you, I would like to get your signature to this paper," and turning to his Adjutant, he said: "Adjutant, sign that paper," and remarked to me that to the end of the war he would

be glad to do anything he could to accommodate me. Sherman was a great man, and, of course,knew my course was erratic and not in accord with military usage, but his great soul knew it was right.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Young's Point and Vicksburg.

After the capture of Arkansas Post we came to Young's Point, in front of Vicksburg. The design was to make the impression that we were going to finish Butler's canal, and hence some digging was done, but a higher end was in view. There was much sickness and many deaths occurred at this point till it seemed the flower of American youth were going to be left in that levee. It was a time of great darkness as to National destiny, and those at home will never know how dark it seemed to those who were at the front. The papers from home were filled with incidents of merry making and frolic, showing that the masses had no conception of our peril or the depths of the clouds which hung over us. If I had been cut off from prayer I think our environment would have killed me. To me the absence of humility and genuine repentance, accompanied with such strides of worldliness and forgetfulness of God as were apparent in the North while death was gathering such harvests, were finger pointings of doom.

Our churches at home were increasing rapidly in worldliness and indulging in festivities beyond precedent, while we were dying by the thousand, and a black cloud was hanging over us by day and by night! I resolved to unbosom my soul to a few devoted ministers and beg of them to call the churches to fasting instead of feasting, and prayer instead of frolics. So I selected No. 1, of Illinois, whom I knew to have been a man of

deep piety, and widely known, laying our condition before him and the danger of utter wreck of our Government if God did not interpose soon. I was relieved in pouring my soul out to him, and waited for his answer with great desire. After days of delay it came, and I tore loose the envelope and sat down on a log to feast my hungry soul. The following is the substance of the answer "Rev. M. L. Haney: Dear Brother: Your letter received; glad to hear from you. I am in the hedge business and seed is very scarce here. I hear you are going up Red River, and I wish you would procure me some osage orange seed. Yours truly, B. L. ————." My heart sank within me. If ship loads of seed had been at my disposal I could not have sent him a handful! I was driven to God, and sought a place for prayer by the root of an old elm or gum tree. God heard me and let heaven loose on my soul and gave me to see through to victory. I was so blessed and the power of God so rested upon me that I staggered like a drunken man on returning to my tent.

Captain J. M. Augustine was tenting with me at the time. He was a superior young man, but painfully given to doubts as to the Bible and the Christian religion, so that I recognized him as an infidel. He had well nigh ruined a brother who was at home with his skeptical sentiments. I had hardly gotten seated when he opened up with some skeptical suggestion, and I was so filled with the Holy Ghost that I answered him, first describing his condition and then my own, leaving him floundering in his little canoe while I was riding into port on board the old ship of Zion! The Captain drew a long breath, saying: "Well, if I say anything more, I guess I will have to get a new subject!" From that time till his death I never heard one more skeptical hint from his lips. When on furlough, he begged of his brother, whom he had led into doubt, to forget all he

had ever said on the subject, and stick to his mother's Bible.

The Mississippi River had been thoroughly blockaded at Vicksburg and a fearful array of artillery overlooked the river from its hills for nearly five miles. If supplies for an army could run this blockade then an army could reach and cross the river below the city, and Vicksburg could be put into a siege. One morning a wooden gunboat ran the gauntlet and came out unhurt, and Grant called for volunteers to man the transports, which were to run the blockade, and soon had to place a guard on each vessel to prevent it from being overrnu. The old steamboat officers would not run the risk, and each boat had to be officered with soldiers. Hence for days these beginners were maneuvering those great vessels on the river at Milliken's Bend. Governor Yates came down for the occasion, and invited me to go on his staff, so I could be on Grant's boat of observation. So I was greatly favored. Grant's boat was anchored at a point in the river where he could see the whole movement. At a sign three large steamers laden with army stores left for the blockade. On the point of land west of the river and nearest the city there was a cluster of houses, which the rebels were to set on fire in case boats should undertake to pass in the night. So by the blaze of the burning buildings Grant's boats were clearly visible. The roar of artillery was grand and fearful, but those braves made the entire circuit without injury. General Grant rarely showed much emotion or acted nervously, but that night he walked the boat backwards and forwards, indicating a deep solicitude for the men who had volunteered to face death as these had done. That was among the most striking scenes I ever witnessed, but the daring of those men gave us Vicksburg.

Three large Mississippi steamboats laden with army supplies were now below the city and under our

control. So Grant was ready to move, and leaving Millikens Bend in April, the Union forces were on their way to Grand Gulf, on the Louisiana side of the river. It was of the highest importance, on reaching Grand Gulf, that the crossing be effected with the least possible opposition. So the army of Sherman was sent up the Yazoo River to attack Gain's Bluff. So, unepectedly to the enemy, two heavy lines of infantry, with artillery, were landed in front of Gains' Bluff, with a gunboat or two to back them, as though we were going up that bluff at any cost. This drew from Vicksburg and below a heavy army to reinforce Gaines' Bluff and diverted the attention of the Confederate commander from Grand Gulf till Grant's army was on the Vicksburg side of the river, and Sherman retired from Gaines' Bluff like a gentleman, without any serious loss to his army, and hastened to join Grant in the battle of Champion Hills.

Having reached our new base of supplies, we crossed the Mississippi and, coming to Raymond, were halted to rest and see the prisoners. I knew that prisoners meant wounded men, and asked a citizen where our wounded were. Pointing southward, he said: "That brick church is full of them." Having but a brief time, I hastened and found it as he said, and, speaking to each boy, I went the rounds, but came to a beautiful young man of about twenty years, whose eyes were covered with a wet cloth. I asked as to his wound, and the nurse replied: "His eyes are shot out, sir!" And lifting the bandage, he showed me his wound. A musket ball had struck him in the right temple, cutting off the optic nerve, and came out at the left eye! I could hardly speak. He was a bright, beautiful boy, with a strong body, likely to live for many years in utter darkness. At last I said: "My boy, I suppose the sun is forever blotted out." To which he replied with a victorious voice: "Yes, sir, but I have

light within!" It seemed no words on my part could reach a case like this—of apparent desolation—but I doubt whether I have ever found a calmer, more restful or triumphant soul. Twenty years after this I was preaching in Iowa about Christ as a wonderful Saviour and brought this illustration in proof that He could satisfy us in any emergency. After dismissal an old soldier introduced himself to me, saying: "I was among the wounded in that little brick church at Raymond, and you talked with me. I asked if he knew tha blind boy, and he said: "I guess I did know him. Mr. Haney, that was the happiest man I ever saw. I was with him three months afterwards, and I have never seen so happy a human being." O, it pays to have full salvation!

The enemy met us at Champion Hills, east of Black River, and after a fearful battle was repulsed, but allowed to cross Black River and get into Vicksburg, which brought on the siege. The battle was fought by our army on the right and centre, and an utter rout of the enemy followed. The mass of the rebels routed passed in front of General Frank Blair's command, reached and crossed the bridge and set it on fire without being molested. Frank Blair's troops would have captured that army with the slightest loss if he had let them. I galloped up and down that line and was fully assured the enemy was routed and panic stricken, and twice urged my Colonel to see Blair and get him to move, and at last we were ordered forward, when a six-pound gun opened on us, but hit nobody, and we were halted till the enemy was out of our hands. It seemed to me fearful that a battle costing so much blood, which had put the enemy within our reach, with the smallest possible sacrifice, should be lost by sheer cowardice or neglect. It pressed my very soul so that I offered to take that gun if the Colonel would give me fifty men!

When we did go forward and reached the road over which they retreated we found caissons and other implements of war wildly strewn about, proving that their capture would have been an easy task. The result of our failure was the siege of Vicksburg with its fearful sacrifices of human lives and treasure.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The Siege of Vicksburg.

Coming into Vicksburg from Black River brought great consternation to the natives, and there was a rush for the hills of the Yazoo. The slaveholders forced their slaves to go with them, though many, when they got into the hills, stole away and ran for protection to the Union army. There were clusters of slave cabins, and as they returned, bringing what little they could, they entered these cabins. The soldiers all expected a siege, and there was a scrambling for cooking utensils for camp. A black man was carrying a frying pan and a mounted soldier ordered him to give it to him. The slave answered: "Lord, Massa, I borrowed it, and promised to take it back, sir." He cursed him, but the man ran with the pan and threw it into the door of the cabin where it belonged. The soldier followed quickly and ordered the woman to give it up. She pleaded it was all she had and she could not spare it and closed the door. He deliberately got off his horse, put his musket through a crack in the cabin and fired it at her. She fell like a beef and he walked in and got the frying pan and went away! Her left limb was broken above the knee, and the musket being so close the bone was badly shattered. Dr. Roller amputated the limb and cared for her till he was overtaxed with the sick and wounded and begged me to take charge of her. I brought soup and other nourishment and dressed her wound for thirty days. During that time I made use of every means I thought of to inspire courage and bring cheer to her

soul, but in no case could I produce a smile. Her heart had died! She was a slave from infancy, had a child when fifteen years old, and her life had been a horror to her. When we came she, with all others slaves, recognized us as her city of refuge, and at the risk of her life ran into our arms for safety, to be shot down like a beast!

One morning I went in and saw there was gangrene in her wound, and promptly told her she must die. Her face lighted up as I told her, and for the first time in thirty days she smiled! It comforts me now to remember the care I took of that desolate soul. O, what wailing there will be at the judgment seat of Christ!

In the first asault we made upon the works many were killed and wounded, and it was a day of great sadness. The next morning I visited the hospital and found among many others a beautiful boy, who looked young, and had such a sweet face I was at once impressed with him. He was lying on his back reading a well worn little New Testament. He was shot with a musket ball, which had passed through his body in the region of the stomach. I was sure he would die and did not expect to see him again. I found he was rejoicing in God, had no fear of death and was ready for the chariot. The next morning I came in and turned my eyes to that cot, expecting to see it empty, but he was still there, and, as before, reading his Testament. His mind was clear and he could yet talk, so I determined to know something of his past, and asked him, if able, to tell me how he found the Lord. He said he was a little waif in the city of New York and was playing in the dirt of the street one Sunday, when a nice looking young girl came to where he was and said she was making up a class of boys and wanted him for one of them. He objected because he had no clothes to go to Sunday

School and was ragged. She said her class was to be made up of such. He then objected that he was too dirty and had no parents, but she was making up a class of just such boys, and he went with her and soon had good clothes, learned his letters and to read, and she had brought him to Christ. He said, after describing how he found Christ and what a life of happiness had come out of it "O, I would be so glad to know where she is now, that I might let her know how God has kept me, and now as I am dying for my country, how happy I am here, and it is all through her agency! After a quiet season of prayer I left him with my heart all aglow, expecting to see him the next time in eternity's morning. The third time I came and was surprised to see him still there. I spoke to him, but he did not answer. His Testament was snugly pressed against his left breast, and his eyes were wide open and looking upward. I asked the nurse how long he had been unconscious. He said since early in the morning. I then addressed him again, but he seemed not to notice me, and his eyes had not moved. I then carefully lifted his Testament from his breast and slowly passed it in range of his vision. The moment he caught sight of the Testament his eyes followed it and then turned toward me. He motioned that he wanted to die with that against his breast. I replaced it, saying: "My boy, you love this holy book?" And he whisperd: "Yes; O, yes!" and his happy spirit slipped away! O, what millions could be saved if all Christians loved souls as did that little New York girl!

The second assault on the works at Vicksburg was made in columns by divisions, and not in battle line, as before. In the long line of rebel breastworks there was a fort here and there, perhaps a mile apart. Our attack was now made upon each of these forts, and each division had to have a scaling party to precede it

and prepare the way by removing any barriers which might be found when they got there. These were not coerced, but so many from each regiment were allowed to volunteer. It was known to be a very hazardous undertaking and meant death to a large proportion of those who volunteered. The 55th Ills. was drawn into line and the statement made that so many men were wanted, and the first who stepped out would be taken. More than the number stepped out, and my brother's son was among the first. There were about sixty to each division. We had two ridges to pass before reaching the part which exposed the men to the fire of the enemy. The scaling party was to go right through to the fort and the column was to follow and support them. The fire was heavy when they reached the second ridge, but the scaling party passed and hastened forward to the fort; but the head of the column, on reaching the ridge, lay down! This left the sixty boys alone with nothing but the breastworks between them and the enemy, and brought on a hand to hand fight. At first the rebels undertook to put their muskets over the works with nothing but their hands visible, and our boys would shoot their hands. Then they threw hand grenades, which were little fuse shells. They cut the fuse so they would explode immediately, and tossed them over among the boys. Their only chance was to catch them like a ball and throw them back before the explosion, and have them kill rebels instead of them! This they did in many cases. My regiment was half way back in the column and the 8th Missouri at the head. The latter sent word back that if the 55th Illinois could come forward and support them they would go over the works. So the 55th was brought forward in line of battle and provision was made when they came to the first ridge the artillery would open fire over their heads to prevent their receiving the fire of the whole

rebel line before them. I started with them, but both officers and men insisted I must not go, so I got at the root of a tree, where I could see them through. They came to the ridge and the artillery was a few seconds late and the whole rebel volley was poured into them. They reeled and fell to the ground, and to me it looked as though they were nearly all slaughtered. That was the supreme moment of my whole life. It seemed unbearable! Then came instantly the fire of our artillery, which made every rebel hide his head, and my braves sprang to their feet and dashed beyond the ridge, very few of them being hurt at all! They were veterans and knew how to dodge even musket balls, and I thought they were killed!

When they reached the front even then the 8th Missouri would not undertake the fearful task of scaling the works. One of our men was shot through the brain on the heights before the regiment started, and was writhing and liable to fall down a hill. One of the wounded boys at the ridge was brought out with a broken leg and I followed him with a new doctor, till I saw the Irishman above described and stopped to adjust his body, and then hastened on to help with that broken leg, supposing the doctor had stopped a few rods away, but he descended an immense hill over several big logs, with that boy's leg dangling, and when I reached them had wrapped a rag about the wound, which was all he did. The poor fellow had to be carried right back up the same hill over those logs because of the doctor's cowardice. He was carried in unspeakable agony nearly a quarter of a mile beyond where there were any bullets or exposure, except by any glancing bullets which might possibly have come that way, that a rag might be wrapped about his wound and he be sent back again. I was wild with the outrage and said to the doctor: "If you ever treat one of my boys like

this again I will kick you whenever I see you!" Confession is good for the soul!

All this time that scaling party was in a hand to hand conflict with a host of Confederate soldiers and no support behind them. They could not get away without utter slaughter, so they fought with death till the darkness of the night furnished a way of escape to those who yet survived. My brother's son fought desperately till nearly sunset, when a hand grenade exploded when it reached him and he was instantly killed. He was a namesake of his uncle Dick, loved me as I have rarely been loved, and his death was to me as the burial of a child.

During this siege there came much sickness to the new recruits. The 127th Ills. was the finest looking body of young men I saw come into the service, but they had been painfully exposed, and their chaplain had left them. They were kept in an unhealthy ravine till nearly all of them were diseased. They got to dying till ever man who became sick expected to die. Their surgeon was a good man, but some way they got set against him. I was so moved at this condition that I had to take them on my soul in addition to my own regiment, and the hospital. They seemed to have lost all heart and death was in sight of them all. The attempt to rally them was among the most difficult undertakings of my life. I made fun, told witty stories, laughed, sang, ridiculed, prayed and shouted! The final record may show that above one hundred lives were thus rescued, but it nearly cost my own!

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Sickness and Rest.

When Vicksburg fell I had strength enough to hold myself up by clinging to the limb of a tree till I witnessed the surrender, and then passed through the most serious sickness of my life. My regiment had gone with Sherman to East Mississippi in pursuit of Johnston, and returned to Black River, where they went into camp during the hot weather. I was weak when disease left me, but was anxious to rejoin the 55th. So I began by riding a little each day, preparatory to the longer ride. The day before leaving I rode down into a valley, where I watered my horse, and to the right of me saw a slave woman washing clothes. I felt a suggestion within to turn aside and talk with her about her soul. Looking all about me, I saw no human being but her, and it seemed questionable whether I ought to go, Satan can impress God's people in the name of the Holy Spirit, and anybody who will follow every impression which is made will be pretty sure of ruin. So I spoke to Jesus and considered that He knew what was best, agreeing to go to the spring and return in an obedient attitude. I asked if this impression was of the devil that He drive it away, but if of Him, to let it settle into conviction and I would obey.

On returning I became clearly convinced that I should go and, turning aside, came to where she was. She was, I suppose, short of fifty years old. I accosted her and she responded, but looked a little confused, as

I was a stranger. To relieve her of all fear, I asked: "Colored woman, do you enjoy religion" And, staring at me, she said: "Sir?" Thinking her so ignorant that she did not understand what I said, I changed the question, asking, "Do you belong to any church?" She answered quickly, with force, "No, sir; I don't belong to no church on dis here lower erf, but I do belong to de church of de First Born in heaven!" Her answer moved me deeply, and the question came to me: How could this poor, ignorant creature find out this deep spiritual truth of the New Testament? So I asked: "Aunty, what church have you where you live?" "There was no church, sir." Thinking the dear soul surely did not understand me, I asked: "Were they Baptists or Methodists where you lived?" "There was neither, sir." And I was well nigh confounded. "Well, Aunty, won't you tell me something about where you have lived?" "Yes, sir; I was born off yonder, on old Massa ————'s plantation, in Southern Mississippi, and he was a good man, sir, and the Methodists had class meetins in de quarters, but when I was eleven years old old Massa broke up, sir, and we's all sole by de Sheriff, sir. I was sole to old Massa ————, over in Central Mississippi, and he was very wicked and allowed no 'ligion to come on his plantation!" The names of both her masters were given, but they have gone from me.

The whole story is this: Her first master was a good man and gave his slaves opportunities to be religious, but they were all sold when she was either nine or eleven years old. She had never known a letter of the alphabet, nor read a syllable of God's word, and since she was eleven years old, at the farthest, she had not seen the face of a minister, heard the gospel preached nor been in a gathering for prayer. Her last master had prohibited all religious people and religious service on his immense plantation. "Well," I said, as

I was bewildered with her knowledge of God, "how did you find out you were a member of the church of the First Born?" "O, sir," she responded, "seven years ago I was in de cotton field, and dere was a great load of sin on my soul, and I prayed and prayed! One day I went down into a deep holler and got down by the side of an old log, and prayed and prayed! De load on my soul was so great that I thought I would die. But, sir, dere came a great light and wid dat light dere come a voice, and dat voice told me I was a member of the church of the First Born! Since dat time, sir, wheneber dere's great trouble and I feel I can't go through, dat voice come back and tell me, 'You are a member of de church of de First Born!'" I found by after inquiries and talk that she had stumbled into the experience of heart holiness, and was revelling in the joy of perfect love. There are millions of intelligent Christians who claim they have not sufficient light to get wholly sanctified; but this slave woman had! She had no learning, no Sunday School, no Bible, no preacher, no church, but she found God! John 6: 17.

I felt I would never be in that valley again, and God opened my mouth to pour out His truth on His lone child, who had now been such a blessing to my soul. Having bade her goodby, I rode off in unspeakable gladness, and a hundred yards away I faced about to take a last look at my bloodwashed sister, and, sitting on my horse, I said audibly and God heard it: "You blessed saint, black as you are, I love you, and I will see you in the morning!"

The next day I had a joyful meeting with my boys of the regiment in Camp Sherman on Black River. Here we had rest from the burdens of war for a time, and God was with us. During our stay the boys arranged a large seating for Divine service, and we had glorious times. For some days we had a protracted

meeting, where forty sinners were converted and a number of Christians were beautifully sanctified. One Sabbath I was led to preach on the experimental evidences of Christianity. A great crowd was there, and God in the midst. I aimed to show that a rational faith could be exercised in Jesus Christ as a Saviour and in the Bible as the inspired word of God by those who were utterly ignorant of letters and knew nothing of the evidences upon which that revelation is based. Taking up an ignorant, unsaved sinner, I showed how wondrously the teachings of God's Spirit within him were in accord with what the same Spirit had said in His Book. From this beginning I took him through conviction, repentance, faith, pardon, regeneration and entire sanctification, showing at every point that what God had written in the Book he now wrote within the soul, etc., etc. Profound silence reigned during the preaching, except an occasional sound from one voice, which I did not locate.

Dismissing at once, in view of evangelistic services at night, I still stood on the platform when a Captain of middle years, with an excited appearance and great drops of sweat standing on his face, said: "I have never heard the like of this before," with other statements concerning the sermon. He was what is often called an established infidel, and a lawyer by profession. He added: "I was sitting on the back seat and there was an old, stupid nigger sitting on the ground behind me, and when you had made each point in that sermon he peeked his head between the soldiers, and, grinning all over, he said: 'Dat's so, bless de Lord!" Now that stupid old slave could no more have made those points than he could have made a world, but when you made them he saw he had all you described within his own soul, and you may count on me being a Christian from this day!" Glory be to God!

Not twenty years ago I was preaching a sermon to an audience of strangers and gave this recital, stating I had forgotten the name and regiment of the Captain, and an old soldier with a happy face came to me before leaving and said: 'That Captain was in my regiment, and had destroyed the faith of many of the boys with his infidelity, but on his way to our camp, as he came from your meeting that day, he fell down before God at the root of a tree, or by a log, and was soundly converted. He came into camp praising the Lord and went right to preaching to the boys he had ruined till he brought them and many others to Christ, and died and went to heaven in thirty days." It was not the greatness of the sermon which saved the Captain, but the testimony of the dear old slave. His infidelity fled like a cobweb before a hurricane when he saw that "stupid old slave" had the glory of that truth within him! It is Christ in us that is to convert the world. At least three preachers came out of that soldiers' revival. Had I been an infidel myself, and seen the triumphs of the cross which I saw in the army, it seems to me it would have made me a Christian.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Chattanooga.

We came by transports from Vicksburg to Memphis, and then across the country to Chattanooga, taking dinner under the guns of the enemy at Lookout Mountain. We camped above the city, near the mouth of the little Chicakmauga, which comes down from the north. General Bragg had the Union troops shut in, and his two flanks were on the Tennessee River. Hooker had effected a crossing below the city, on Bragg's left flank, and Sherman was to cross on his right under cover of the night. Our brigade was selected to perform that hazardous task. Before entering the pontoon boats we had in our regiment a season of prayer, in which was given gracious assurance of protection in what seemed to be among the most dangerous undertakings of the war. The boats were lying in the Chickamauga, and when this right night had come we went quietly on board and as quietly drifted into the river. On reaching the river we were to drift down three miles, clinging closely to our side, till a signal was given, when all were to cross and effect a landing at any cost. The Confederate pickets were stationed all along on the south bank and their fires were burning.

A surgeon who had just come from the North to serve in the army happened to be in the same boat with me. As we neared the river I noticed him shivering like a man with the ague as he said in a whisper: "When

we come out into the river we will be torn to pieces," and he sank down in the boat till his face was on the bottom! His fears attracted the whole crew in such a measure as to turn us all away from thoughts of danger. Our boats would jostle against each other and against the willows, making a noise which was evidently heard by the rebel pickets, as I saw, by the light of their fire, some of them rise and look toward us. At one post the picket squinted with his hand above his eyes, as though determined to see us, and I heard him say with an oath: "There is a boat, —— ——!" But we went right on. When the signal came, those in front turned squarely across he river and went up its bank. God had put the picket post there asleep and the poor fellows were in our hands before they waked.

A rebel Lieutenant, with a group of men, hearing the noise of this rush among the dry corn stalks, came hurriedly through the darkness right into our hands, and, throwing up his hands, said he was in the wrong place, but the boys told him he was all right, to come around to the rear and he would be cared for. All this without the firing of a gun! Behind where we landed, on high ground, we had artillery, which was to open fire over our heads as we were landing, giving a chance for us to get up the bank, and in case we were met at the brink by the enemy we were to go up at the point of the bayonet. Not a musket was loaded, as in the confusion of ascending the bank if we had fired our own men would have been in great danger. The landing had been effected before our boat reached the shore, and our new doctor hearing it, arose and yawned as though awakening from sleep, declaring he had had quite a nap. The men who rowed our brigade down and across hurriedly recrossed and took in the other brigade of our division, then Gen. John E. Smith's division. So in a brief time two divisions were ready for

battle, had the enemy come at us. By daylight we had lines of breastworks, and in a few hours the army of Sherman was tramping over on a pontoon bridge made of the boats we had been using. The enemy had no heart to come down from the mountains to attack us and we had things our own way. To this day I have not doubted that God interposed on our behalf, putting a deep sleep on the rebel watchmen, and thus opening the way to the right flank of Bragg's army. When ready, Sherman moved up the river on the south side to reach the enemy's works, having some severe skirmishing. In one of these I met Gen. M. L. Smith, our brigade commander, who said: "Chaplain, I would not go into that brush; it is filled with bullets." So I halted. The General stepped back five rods or more and turned toward the enemy. In less than five minutes he was seriously wounded. From that wound he really never recovered. He was a splendid soldier, a first-class officer and a thorough gentleman.

We had taken the first mountain and were ordered down to the base of the second. Each regiment came down by itself. When nearly half way down the rebel artillery opened on us and the old Colonel became confused and ordered the men to lie down, and shell after shell struck among us, and their explosion filled the heavens with dust and smoke. It was very plain, if we were lower down, the artillery could not reach us, but the men were kept at the best point for slaughter till it looked as if not many would be left. It was an agony to endure it, and I cried out: "Colonel, why don't you take the men to the bottom of the hill?" We were then ordered down. I supposed numbers would be left on the hillside, but when our casualties were summed up one Irishman's finger was scratched, the face of another was slightly scorched with powder, and a third was slightly injured! A regiment which fol-

lowed was passing a tree when a shell struck it and exploded, making a gap in the column (four men abreast) which looked to be 12 to 15 feet. They all sprang up, and I think none were hurt.

An effort was made to storm the next mountain, whose sides were very steep. The men climbed nearly to the summit, but were forced to retreat, leaving the wounded and dead on the mountain. The enemy seeing we would take their works the next day, retreated in the night, leaving our dead largely stripped of their clothing. The next day there was a general rout of the whole Confederate army, and the battle of Missionary Ridge was ended.

Sherman then went to the relief of Burnside at Knoxville, but the enemy left before we reached the city. We followed them down to Jellico Plains through a beautiful country of hills and valleys, crossing Jellico River, which comes out of the mountains. Our men plunged right in and waded across, though it was nearly waist deep. I saw a group of Confederate prisoners, most of whom had voluntarily surrendered because of being sick. They looked so pale and feeble that it was trying for them to wade the stream. I said to one of them: "Put that sick man up behind me and I will take him over." When over those other pale faces haunted me, and I returned for another, and then another, till the one who had helped the others was alone. So I said: "You wait and I will come for you, too." The dear man had heard everything that was evil about the "Yanks," and was really confounded at my treatment of them. He piled up adjectives in my favor, and when he had exhausted his vocabulary he said as he got off the horse: "Sir, I have a beautiful sister at my home, and if you will come down after the war is over you shall have her, by all that is good and great!"

We were cut off from our supplies and compelled to

live on the country for a time. The Colonel was notional and appointed forage parties who failed to supply the wants of the men. Having halted for the night, I went from headquarters to see the men and met the line ocers in a body, which was very unusual. Asking what it meant, their spokesman said: "Many of the men have marched all day without a mouthful to eat, and we are going up to settle with that —— old Swede!" I begged of them to let me handle the Colonel, and if I failed they could then come at him. Coming to the Colonel I said: "A large number of men have marched all day without a mouthful to eat." "Is dot so, Chaplain?" "Yes, it is lamentably true, and the foraging party don't seem to succeed." "Well, Chaplain, I will do whatever you tink best." I told him if he would let me chose my men I would see that the boys had something by noon the next day, and he was pleased with the proposition. I reported to the officers and their wrath cooled down. I chose Joe Presson as my Sergeant and a company of spirited men, and we struck the column with supplies before noon.

Riding up to a nice looking home, the husband, wife and two girls met us at the gate, but Joe marched right into the house without ceremony. They were Union people, as they claimed, and had three sons in the Union army. Many rank secessionists, when we came, were good, loyal folks, so I was questioning them pretty closely when one of the girls ran into the house and brought a pile of letters from her three brothers and their photographs in our uniform: "There," said she, "if you don't believe we are Union folks and that my brothers are in the army, read those letters!" And the tears gushed out of her eyes. Just then Joe came out, saying: "Chaplain, there is a pile of meat here." I answered: "These are real Union people and have suffered much, Joe, and we will not take anything here."

There were also some turkeys on the fence, and as Joe looked at those turkeys and thought of the meat he gave me a look which stays with me till this day! Joe has now been a Methodist preacher for thirty years, and recently Chaplain of the Nebraska Legislature.

As we came down into a valley I heard a boy say to his mother: "There are more coming; get ready." I found he had been going down to the road and back all day as the army was passing and bringing soldiers up, that his mother could give them a warm meal and send them happy on their way. I informed her of my errand and she asked what I wanted. I said: "Some meat, if you have it to spare." "Well, how many pieces would you want?" I said two or three, and the bacon was in Joe's hands at once. I said to him: "You go across the valley there and get what you can, but be sure and do no wrong." I went in to talk and pray with the family. There was an old lady on her bed who was exceedingly feeble, looking as though eternity was at the door. I said to the woman of the house: "It may seem singular to you, being at the head of a foraging party, but I am a Methodist preacher and I came in to talk to you about the Lord." The old lady sprang up in the bed and shouted aloud the praise of God. She had not seen a minister for about three years nor heard the voice of prayer outside their home. They were Southern Methodists, but had been cut off from the church because they were loyal to the Government. Having prayers with them, we all had a Pentecost together, which was glorious. The memories of holy fellowship in those days of war, with such Southern saints, thrill me to-day with the gladness of the Lord!

CHAPTER XL.

Diverse Experiences.

When at Larkins Landing there was a strong desire on the part of general officers for the re-enlistment of the veterans, but my regiment refused unless they could choose their own officers. This right was given them, and all the officers signed an agreement not to serve unless thus elected. This was very unmilitary, but the fighting qualities of these men was such that this price was paid to secure them. Captain James Augustine was in every way qualified to command a regiment or brigade, and should have been elected as their Colonel. This I advocated strongly when approached on the subject of my own candidacy, and I supposed till a very late hour he would be their choice. I was fully satisfied with my position as a Chaplain, for which I was surely better fitted than for command. I spoke many words against the change, and I think I never utterd a word in its favor, but when the vote was cast I was elected by an ovrewhelming majority as the Colonel of the veteran 55th. I thought it unwise, but yielded to this strong demand. I think I should have resigned in an hour had not Captain Augustine been elected as Lieutenant Colonel. So in case of my failure I could fall back on him.

Those who "veteranized" were promised a furlough, and we were all subsequently sent home. The treatment we received on the way, in Chicago and at our homes, was flattering beyond expectation, and, of

course, it was a great feast to us all. My wife and little folks had remained with me at Larkins Landing till that time and accompanied the regiment to Chicago. Her heroic spirit never faltered during the war. When I was reported killed again and again she insisted I was alive and I would come through unscathed. When others doubted seriously as to the final success of our armies she unfalteringly maintained that the National flag would never go down! There is a mighty inspiration in one such heroic soul! She came to me at Larkins Landing when not one woman in a hundred could have gotten through. Orders had been issued against women coming to the front, and when she reached Louisville the commander of the post refused to give her a pass. She answered it was too bad; she ought to have provided for this before leaving home. To this he replied with a distinctively military air: "You could not get through without a pass from me!" She answered: "Would not an order from General Grant suffice without your signature?" And with her lady friend she went to a hotel. Mr. Andres was going to the front with sutler goods for our regiment and wished his wife to accompany him, and they both gave up on hearing this verdict of the commander, and she expected to return, but my Spartan wife said no, and had a telegram sent to General Grant that the wife of Chaplain Haney, with a lady friend, wished to come to the front, and immediately came an order from the General, signed by his own hand, to pass them. The next morning she, with her friend, was at the depot in due time, where at the car entrance she was met by his lordship, the commander of the post. He objected to their taking the cars. She replied they were expecting to go, and after sufficient satisfaction for his impudence she showed him her order. This occurred before my wife was sanctified.

We rejoined Sherman's command after our furlough, at Big Shanty, north of Mount Kennesaw. Sherman had maneuvred and fought his way through from Chattanooga to Kennesaw Mountain. There were some hiden works of the enemy around the base of the mountain which Sherman wanted discovered. The railroad track had not been taken up, so the General suggested to a soldier engineer that he would like a reconnoissance of that unseen locality. The soldier mounted an engine alone, ran around the point under fire, got the desired information and returned unhurt! When he alighted from the engine he walked up alongside of it and patted it like a man would a pet horse, and calling it by name said: "Good old girl," and walked off to his tent as though no extraordinary thing had occurred. There are countless thousands who would not have taken the risk he did for a millions dollars!

It was soon understood that we were to assault the enemy in this stronghold. Sherman was doubtful about it, but called a council of war, and some his generals, Logan especially, strongly favored it, and Sherman was overruled. It afterwards proved he was right and they wrong. Our troops were to go around to the west side, but were lying to the north on their arms for quite a time. One of the boys, who was a brave soldier, came to tell me that he had a strong conviction if he went into this battle he would be killed, and asked me what to do. He had been clearly converted, but had let go of his hold on Christ. After reflection, I said: "You go down into that ravine and pray till you get tremendously blessed, and come to me again, and if you then want to be excused I will see your Captain and get you off." I knew we were to be there yet for a time. He obeyed orders and disappeared for an hour, perhaps, but when he reappeared his face was aglow with glory,

and coming to me, he said: "Chaplain, you need not speak to the Captain now. I am all right," and went into the battle and came out without a scratch.

A deep cloud hung over my soul as to this battle, and I was pressed with the thought of disaster. My heart friend, Captain Augustine, was commanding the regiment, and it was plain to me that he expected to die that day. A few minutes before orders to charge had come he turned his back on the regiment and faced me with a steady, long, last look, with feelings between us too big for utterance. To me it was as though he said "I will see you no more!" God had, as I believed, used me in pulling him away from the vortex of infidelity, and I trust his soul had so apprehended Christ that I shall see him again. Our dead were left in the hands of the enemy, and that night Lieut. Henry Augustine, the Captain's brother, and myself undertook to secure his body. Their picket line was this side of where the body lay, and we were halted before we reached it. We both stepped behind a large tree for protection from bullets, and I promptly told the picket the object of my coming, and plead the case thus: "His mother is old and feeble and has lost one son in battle, and we fear the death of the Captain will take her life; so we want to send the body home, which will be a great relief to her." To this he responded, "Where is General Sherman?" I said: "I supose he is at his headquarters." "Well," he answered, "General Sherman can get this body and all those bodies." So in the morning we went to see the General and laid the case before him. He was much moved, but said: "Chaplain, it is a great humiliation to me to ask any favors of those rebels!" I quickly responded: "General Sherman, we will not ask you to do it, sir."

Young Putnam was a boy of twenty summers and was converted in Camp Douglass. He had been true

and faithful to his vows and a good soldier. In helping to remove the Captain's body nearer the base of the hill his thigh was broken and the largest artery cut. Taking his canteen strap, he bound it tightly around the limb and restrained he bleeding, but could not stop it. Having rolled himself down to a stream of spring water at the bottom of the hill, he quenched his thirst, and, seeing he must die, he sang the hymn with the chorus:

"I'm going home, I'm going home to die no more,
To die no more, to die no more, I'm going home to die no more."

His notes of victory rang out amid the thunder of shot and shell while dying under the guns of the enemy. Dear, modest, beautiful, Christian boy! I helped bury his remains with others who had lain for days in that hot sun, till I only knew him by the canteen strap about his limb! Luther said "O, God! how dreadful is this world!

After this battle Sherman flanked the enemy and forced retreat, which ought to have been done without the battle; and Johnston's army fell back to Atlanta. President Davis came to Atlanta to hold a council of war, and General Johnston told him plainly he could not hold the city against the force of Sherman's army. Jefferson Davis insisted it should be done and General Hood said it could. So Johnston was superceded by General Hood, and we heard all about it in a few days. Our men rejoiced in the change, though they knew it meant more fighting. Johnston was a skillful general and saved his army by retreating. Hood was full of fight, but greatly lacked in caution. Under Johnston's command he was pre-eminently useful, but when he came to command himself he ruined his army. On the 22d of July, 1864, he ordered whiskey barrels to be opened, that the boys might fill their canteens, for this

was their last battle, and they would drive the Yanks out of the country. It was the last battle for many of them, but the Yanks went the other way. Hood massed his forces and threw them against our left wing, got into our rear and attacked us from both sides. There was a division of our Seventeenth Army Corps who changed sides of the ditch six times in the fight and repulsed the enemy each time. We were near the center and had naught to do but to look and hear. The musketry was simply terrific. General McPherson was to our rear nearby, and to succor the men on the left he rode over, not knowing the enemy was inside his lines, and rode right into a rebel troop, and they killed him. He was a great man and splendid officer.

Hood being repulsed on our left, threw his troops around on our center. It was a woodland and we could not see far. As the order came for battle against three lines of rebel soldiers, six men deep, it looked as though a fearful conflict was before us. Seeing somebody's musket lying there, I thought it ought to be used, and went into our left company with Lieut. Eichelberger in command. For the first time in the war we were behind breastworks and the men had an idea that no force could drive them. When the enemy came in sight a terrible fire of musketry scatterd them at once and they were forced to disappear. The 57th Ohio was to our right and their right rested on the railroad coming out from the city, where we also had a battery. When the enemy disappeared an order came to fire "right oblique," so we kept up an incessant fire. While one man stepped up on the step and fired his mate stepped into the ditch and loaded. When loading my gun I faced northward, and to my surprise the right of the 57th Ohio was retreating. The breach had been closed to our rear for about twenty steps and they dashed into the brush. The next time I loaded more were going,

and I thought when that comes down to the right of my regiment it will stop; but lo, when they were gone our right beyond it gave way, and I began to command them to stand. This continued from right to left till Captain Eichelberger and one man with myself were all that were left. That one said to me: "Chaplain, don't let us go!" Eichelberger raved like a wild man. He thought we were utterly disgraced. Neither of us saw a rebel anywhere. As we walked back the bullets appeared thick, but we did not seem to care for them. The Lieutenant broke into tears and wept like a child. Having gone through the brush perhaps thirty rods, a group of the scattered men began to gather around us and Eichelberger insisted that we return and retake the works. I said it would be foolish with these forty men to undertake that when the whole regiment had been driven from them so wildly. But a soldier came to me, saying: "Our men are still in the line, holding it against fearful odds!" I said that was impossible, as I had seen the last man out before I left. But he insisted they were, and asked me to listen to the muskets. A musket fired toward you has a sharp, short sound; fired from you, a light, prolonged sound, and I was persuaded they were our muskets, and that men, having seen their foolishness in retreating, had run back and re-entered the works and were holding them against a great force. Now, we were the cowards and they the heroes; so it was our duty to reach them in the shortest possible time, whatever it might cost!

The men had said they would not go unless I sanctioned it, and now our duty seemed plain. We fell into a thin line and the farther we went the faster, till suddenly coming into the clearing, we were face to face with a thousand rebels between us and our works, only about twenty steps away! A rebel seeing me before I saw him, had his musket drawn on my breast. My

musket was down at a "trail arms," but was changed to a make ready, take aim, fire! in amazingly quick time, and all that could retreated, as the only thing but capture or death! The mystery was now made plain. When they were repulsed with slaughter in our front they turned northward and one column came down the railroad, cut and filed to the right and behind the 57th Ohio, and the right company, seeing them, fell back to keep from being captured, and os the retreat of the two regiments was brought about as above described. We on the extreme left did not see the rebels at all and some of us only left because all the rest had gone! The rebel column which came down the railroad cut and was in the brush on our side of the line when we retired was now between us and our works.

The right command given those two regiments as the rebels came through the cut would have sent them back in confusion with but little loss, but that right command was wanting. But the gentlemen did go out in haste before the sun went down, and we were again in possession. Lieut. Eichelberger was shot through the head a few feet from where I stood, others were killed and some wounded, and a part of our group captured and taken to prison. As I turned after firing, it was said by a cool-headed sergeant who was looking on, that one hundred muskets were fired at my person. It may have been less, but the brush was mowed to the right and left by rebel bullets, and by a miracle my life was preserved. A voice went through me, assuring me that no rebel bullet should touch me, and I praised God till two o'clock that night that He had carried my head in time of battle and enabled me to "run through a troop and leap over a wall."

CHATER XLI.

At Atlanta.

On the 29th of July we were thrown around to the northwest of Atlanta, and General Hood made a desperate effort to break the Union line at the point where we were situated. We were approaching the enemy in two lines and that day our brigade was in the reserve line some rods to the rear. The front line had ascended a long hill to near the summit with skirmishers in front. The latter had passed an open spot of ground and entered a woodland, when the enemy rose up in full force right before them. Nothing could save them from capture or death but retreat, and as they turned and ran the storm of bullets was fearful. The bravest men can be made wild when running if a hailstorm of bullets is pursuing them! It was plain a battle had opened, and I had promised my wife not to epose myself as before, unless there was great need; so I turned to find my place with our doctor, to help care for the wounded. I had crossed a deep little ravine with steep banks, and gone some distance, when I turned and a host of men were coming down the hill onto my boys like a herd of wild buffalo! I saw at a glance if our lines were broken and we forced to retreat we would have to pass over an open field with the probable loss of a thousand men; and the time of "great need" had come! I shouted to my men to close the works and not alow a man to pass if they had to take his life, and turned to join them. I had no weapon and sought for a club, but found none.

Some mischievous boy had twisted and plaited a rubber blanket, which in my wildness I seized at once. There was a natural crossing of that deep ravine between two high rocks where retreating men would be liable to cross, and some of them were coming that way. Planting myself on that steep bank the first man whose feet struck my side went on his back, which sobered him and brought him to his senses. I then used my natural weapons and nearly blockaded the pass. Dr. Smith, seeing the terrible conflict, came to the rescue and met a big Indianian. He seized the giant and the doctor was small of stature. The Indiana soldier did not seem to know he had any opposition and went off with the doctor like an ox would with a fly on his horn! It would be rare to find a bantam rooster more plucky than Doctor Smith. The skirmishers in front had gotten such momentum as they reached the front line that instead of stopping or being stopped, they dashed through, bringing many others with them, making a gap in the ranks, and we filled that gap.

The enemy made three distinct assaults on us at that point during the afternoon. To break the line they had to take a battery on our right. My regiment was broken in two by the abruptness of the hill, and I had taken up a musket which one of the raiders had left and stood with two companions. The second assault was furious and my two companions commanded the open space to our right and front which had to be passed to reach our battery. The weather was hot and my musket being fired so rapidly, seemed as though it would burn me and was in danger of exploding. So I buried it in the sand to cool it off as we waited for the third assault, which was lead by a young Colonel, who, as we were told, was the Captain of the company who killed General McPherson a week before, and was promoted to the colonelcy on that account. He

brought his men to the death line where the two preceding parties had given way, and they halted. He urged and roared at them, but they did not move. I think the dead of the previous parties were lying there before them, and the fire of our men was fearful. Having failed to drive them, he dashed through and lead them. Much was and is said about officers leading men, but, as a rule, they only lead in retreat, which is right and in accord with military science. An officer leading cannot command, but he can inspire courage to the death by such an example, while his subordinates in the rear of their men can hold them together and keep them in control. This colonel had to pass a lengthened open ground, in passing which his death rate was fearful. Their flag came down at least three times, and would be seized by another, till they were only fifty yards from the battery, which is much too near for safety. Attention was called to the colonel, and when he was buried the next day we found fifteen bullets had pierced his body! Among that company who were left was a little boy of probably from eleven to thirteen summers, who was at the heels of his colonel till he fell, and the whole remnant surrendered. The dear child threw down his musket and threw up his hands, crying: "Don't shoot me; don't shoot me!" We were below him, and I cried loudly: "Run down to me quickly," and he came down like a little antelope. As I took him into my hands like a mother, he said: "O, I will not go to war any more!" I hid him behind a big rock and patting him on the back, told him nothing would harm him there, and we would take nice care of him till he could be sent back to his mother. Between these three attacks I hastened to help the doctor with those who were hurt. He was shelterd by high rocks not far away, and the last time I went I saw a lone man up to my left on an elevated spot of ground, lying on his back and beckoning me to

come. I hastened and knelt by his side. A musket ball had gone clear through his body near the stomach. His eyes were badly sunken and he was breathing heavily. He looked me piercingly in the eyes in silence till I had felt his pulse, when he said "Chaplain, I suppose I have but a few minutes to live, and I feel that I am unprepared for eternity. I hoped you might tell me words whereby I could be saved!" It seems now to me that in all this ministry I never was so empowered from God to bring a soul so quickly and so thoroughly to Christ as in this case. I had a clear inner sense that he saw and would with his whole heart take hold of Christ as his present, Almighty Saviour, and I struck up to sing:

Grace's store is always free,
  Drooping souls to gladden;
Jesus calls, come unto me;
  Weary, heavy laden.
Though your sins like mountains rise,
  Rise and reach to heaven,
Soon as you on him rely
  All shall be forgiven.

Now methinks I hear one say,
  I will go and prove him;
If he takes my sins away
  Surely I shall love him.
Yes, I see the Saviour smile.
  Smiling moves my burden;
All is grace, for I am vile,
  Yet he seals my pardon.

Streaming mercy, how it flows,
  Now I know, I feel it,
Half has never yet been told.
  Yet I want to tell it;

Jesus' blood hath healed my wounds,
O, the wondrous story,
I was lost, but now I'm found,
Glory, glory, glory!

He had closed his eyes while I was singing, but when I was half way through the last verse he opened those eyes now beaming with God light, and said: "Chaplain, I have found Him," and his spirit went up to God.

In this singing I omitted the first and last stanzas. It begins with:

Drooping souls no longer grieve,
Heaven is propitious;
If on Jesus you believe
You shall find Him precious;
Yes, He now is passing by,
Calls the mourner to Him.
He has died for you and I;
O, look up and view Him.

In my earlier ministry I think probably hundreds laid hold on Christ while I was singing that hymn, and I wish it were now brought into all our revival meetings.

After the third assault that afternoon the enemy retired, leaving their wounded on our hands. I hastened to the front. At the root of a tree nearby lay three wounded and two dead Confederates. The wounded boys looked wildly at me as I approached them, having heard terrible things about the "Yanks;" but I quieted their fears by assuring them of the best care we could give them. At this stage of the war they died from wounds through which our men would live. Their food was insufficient and their power of endurance crippled by it. I wept more than once when burying the brave boys, on finding nothing in their haversacks but a little unbolted corn meal, and in a few cases

ground with the cob, as we grind it for cattle! Then they were disheartened and felt their cause was practically lost before the end of the war. But few of them, with the best of care that could be given, now survived a thigh breach. The thigh of one of these was badly broken, and before leaving him I asked about his soul. He said he had really opposed the war, but was shut in to either be drafted or volunteer, and he finally volunteered. Up to that time he was a Christian and a Methodist class leader, but from the day he enterd the army till now God had seemed to have left him. I told him I was a Methodist preacher, and we both wept, I giving him what encouragement I could, duty called me. The next day I was at the general hospital, and some distance away I saw a Confederate holding up his hand and beckoning to me, and on reaching him he asked if I was not the man who talked with him at the tree where he was wounded. I said, "Yes." He expressed a strong desire that I talk and pray with him, which I did, and while praying the Lord saved him. He was wondrously blessed from that hour till his death three days later! So great was the triumph of his soul and so glorious the manifestations of God in him that the Christian soldiers in the hospital felt the ground was hallowed where he gave his spirit up to God, and after his body was removed they held their prayer meetings on that spot.

While we were advancing by a succession of approaches on the west side of the city there was another marvelous exhibition of grace which somewhere ought to have a record. There was no battle going on at the time, but an occasional shot came over from the guns of the enemy. A Christian soldier was standing alone on an open spot of ground nearly facing the enemy, when a six-pound solid shot came over and destroyed his shoulder, leaving the arm hanging by

a few cords, making an opening in his windpipe and tearing the flesh from his breast. His comrades hastened to lift him up and found him praising God. He could not speak except by closing the wound in his throat with his hand. He was laid down in the ambulance to be carried to the hospital, but insisted on sitting up all the way, that he could use his voice in praises rendered to God! After reaching the hospital he wrote a letter to his wife, telling how God had assured him that He would care for her and his two children and that they should all meet in glory. How unspeakably he was now blessed as he was dying for his country and he had no regrets that he had put his body on his country's altar. How he gloried in the cleansing blood of Jesus, through which he had no fear of death, and heaven now within him! When his voice gave way, among the last things he did was to reach out his hand and with his finger write in the dust beside his couch: "Glory to the Father, glory to the Son, and glory to the Holy Ghost!" How can people doubt God in the presence of scenes like this?

It was arranged by request that I be sent home to recruit my regiment. We were so small that a full corps of officers could not be mustered in. So I came home during the campaign between Lincoln and Douglass. A great act of injustice was committed against Captain Shaw, one of our purest and best officers, just before my leaving. To drive the enemy from Atlanta we were forcing their outposts by gradual approaches. Hence a succession of rifle pits were made. The pickets would press their way as far in advance of the present line in the night as possible, and a new line of work would be seen in the morning. Our little regiment had been kept in front three days and nights, had made one line of breastworks twice the length of its own battle line. Instead of being relieved as they

should have been, they were pushed the third day to ground in advance of all others under a flanking fire of the enemy, having to crawl on their faces to keep from utter extermination, and, lying flat on the ground, each man had to dig a hole for himself with his bayonet or whatever he could get, piling up the dirt before him where the enemy was not only before them, but to the right and left of them, and they were exposed to an enfilading fire at any moment, till they developed that digging into a decent rifle pit. The third day General Lightburn sent his aid ordering them, when so weak they could hardly stand on their feet, forward to a higher spot of ground beyond the enemy's lines right and left, which place would have to be crawled to as above, and the same amount of digging as before, when at any time they were subject to be captured at the will of the enemy. Captain Shaw was in command and sent word to the General as to the situation, requesting that the modify the order after hearing the facts. This would have involved a fourth day and night without rest, when hundreds of troops were lying in the works these men had made doing nothing. So Lightburn procured the Captains dismissal from the service! That sentence of disgrace hung over Captain Shaw and children for many years, when, through the agency of his comrades, the Congress of the United States reversed it and did him justice. Lightburn was an old blackslidden preacher, and a badly backslidden preacher is about as bad as there is! He came west as a Colonel, evidently for promotion, which he could not get where he was known, and got it. He was recognized as a vile man and drunkard, and should not have had any command in any army. Not many days after this he was crouching in the works these men had made and a troop who had been orderd to the front were a few rods away, when one of their

number stepped out of ranks on seeing Lightburn peeking through the brush which shielded the works, and took aim at his forehead, the bullet striking him above and between the eyes. Fortunately his skull was very thick and his forehead slanted back, and the bullet glanced upward, marking its passage as it went. He was not killed, but knew he would be from this serious hint, and so he was not seen any more! I traced the matter till I found it was a man from Missouri who did it, and at once ceased further inquiries! It is hoped that bullet brought him repentance, but that was not the design for which it was sent!

CHAPTER XLII.

Mustered Out.

From Atlanta I went home as a recruiting officer, and was to report to Governor Yates. Reaching his office, I found he was in Chicago attending the great convention where Mr. Douglass was nominated for the Presidency. The Governor counselled with the Republican Central Committee and all agreed that it was dangerous to have any more loyal men taken from the state till after the election, and proposed, if I would not actively work as a recruiting officer till after election and would make war speeches in two doubtful districts, that the Governor and Central Committee would arrange with the Secretary of War to give me two hundred men from the draft. It was also agreed that I might take any men who should voluntarily offer themselves and send them to the front. So I made war speeches till after Mr. Lincoln was elected, and a large number of recruits were secured and sent to Springfield to report and be forwarded to the 55th Ills., but, to my utter dismay, I found afterwards a large majority of them were sent to other regiments, and the draft in Illinois was an utter failure. After waiting till the time of promise had come and gone, the Secretary of War addressed me an earnest note, expressing regret that he was utterly unable to fulfill his promise to me, as the draft had failed, and I was persuaded that my recruits sent to Springfield had been

sold to other parties for money. General Sherman had gone to the sea, and I asked the Secretary of War to muster me out, which he did.

While waiting on military business in Springfield I went to the First Methodist Church Friday night to their prayer meeting. The various orders used up the other nights of the week, and the First Church, like a dutiful servant, accepted what was left; so their night was Friday. On the previous Sabbath they had closed a four weeks' meeting without one conversion, as I understood, but the church had been warmed up and many were out to prayer meeting. Dr. Crane was the pastor, and a very genial man. That night he had quite a testimony meeting, and I gave in a testimony for holiness. There was an old brother present who enjoyed the experiences, and was much moved by my testimony. The moment we were dismissed he hastened to ask me if I would not preach for them some. I answered I would rather preach than eat, and he ran to his pastor and told him I would preach if he wanted me, and Bro. Crane cried out to the people as they were going: "Bro. Haney will preach in this house tomorrow night and twice on Sunday!" This I did, and souls were at the altar. So Bro. Crane pressed me to stay longer, and when the meetings closed above one hundred had been converted, and a large number sanctified. Uncle Peter Cartwright was there once or twice, and I had him talk to the seekers, which he did with much feeling. He was then feeble with age and trembled much.

For many years, at times I had been impressed with the evangelistic field, but had not seen my way into it. Now the Lord blessed everything I touched in that direction. I was impressed to spend the Sabbath at Bloomington, Ills., and went up on Saturday. Dr. Andres was then the pastor of 700 members there.

We were raised in the same county and he urged me to stop with him and preach on the Sabbath. Saturday night he told me frankly he had given up having protracted meetings and thought the times demanded a change in that respect. In the morning I touched pretty strongly on holiness, and hungry brethren came around and wanted to know if I could not stay and preach through the week, and I said if the pastor and church thought it best I could. The fire began to fall upon us and before leaving I think above 150 souls professed to be converted and numbers were sanctified. While there Mrs. Seaton, wife of Doctor Seaton, who was Presiding Elder of the Quincy district, came to Bloomington as a member of the Christian Commission on behalf of the soldiers at the front. She was a holiness woman and held her membership in the Fifth Street Church, Quincy. She begged me to come to Quincy and help them in that church. Her pastor, she said, was a good preacher, but was a Zinzendorfer and would not send for me; but if I would come and fall in there he would ask me to preach, and God would open the way. I hardly knew how to do a thing of that kind, but she kept on pressing it till I gave her a promise. So one night I was in the midst of a crowd at Fifth Street Church and intended the preacher should not find me out, but I had on a Chaplain's uniform, and he came down and asked if I was not a preacher, and my name, and pulled me up into the pulpit. As she said, the way opened and a glorious work went on. I preached largely to sinners at night and dealt with the church in the day meetings. The preacher was a gentleman, and a shrewd brother beside, and not one word would he say against my holiness preaching to his church, but when he and I were alone, he fought me well! Every day his people were getting sanctified and sinners converted, which he

feared to oppose, but as soon as seated in his home he would open the subject and argue till he perspired like a man in hay harvest. I did not argue with him at all, but when he had exhausted himself I would look him in the eyes and say: "But, beloved, I know the blood cleanseth." He did not seem to know how to argue against my experience and would then cool down.

One evening there were others going with us to tea and the preacher's wife said as we came out of church: "If you will fall behind with me I want to ask your counsel about some matters which trouble me." And she opened her heart about the preaching. She said she was convinced that I was right and her husband was wrong doctrinally, and she wanted the experience, but did not want to oppose her husband. I urged that God was right and if He called her she ought to obey, but she wanted to keep in such relations to him that he would see she did nothing to oppose or vex him, but she thus acted to please God; and, with others, she got the experience. Old Sister Shinn was in his church and walked with God in real holiness. Her faith was wonderful. While I was in church there one afternoon she remained a great while on her knees. When she arose near the close of a lengthened service she said: "O, what a struggle I have had for the salvation of my two boys, but God has shown me they will be saved right away." I think those were her exact words about four o'clock P. M. They had recently appeared careless, and had to be pressed to go to church. They both came to meeting that night and each testified that an awful power had seized him that afternoon, so that he felt that he must not delay an hour longer to give himself to God. If I remember correctly, one was converted in his father's shop, the other was arrested by the Holy Spirit down town, and sought a place of seclusion in a large lumber yard near

the river and gave his heart to God. Her husband was cranky about holiness, as many people are now, and made many objections to being holy. In 1865 or 1866, I think it was, she went fifty miles up the Mississippi River to a camp meeting, and had a similar struggle for her husband that she had for those boys, and reported that her husband was sanctified before leaving camp. As she landed at Quincy on returning from camp he met her on the plank as she came off the boat, and, shaking hands with him, said: "Well, husband, you are sanctified." He answered: "How do you know I am sanctified?" "Oh," she responded, "I knew that before leaving camp!" How greatly that phase of faith is now needed in the church and how few who exercise it!

While the meeting was going graciously, I felt clearly that the Holy Spirit wanted me to close one night. I told some of those dear souls I was going to, and they wept and begged me to stay longer, but I went. The pastor now had the whole responsibility of the meeting on his soul and the services went on for a time. I was at the burial of Mr. Lincoln in Springfield, Ills., and marching in the vast crowd who followed his remains, when suddenly the Fifth Street, Quincy, pastor touched my arm and appeared very glad to meet me. We had not gone far when he said to me: "I wonder if we could have a holiness meeting in the city to-night?" "A holiness meeting?" said I, looking him in the face. "What do you want of a holiness meeting?" "Well," he replied, "after you left I believed I could answer all your arguments, but from time to time, when I was pressing my objections to your doctrine and you would look me in the eye and say: 'But, beloved, I know that the blood cleanses,' I could find no argument to meet that, and I now have the ex-

perience!" Definite testimony as to what we know God has done for and in us is a great power.

I recall another case of salvation in that meeting. There was a little pet girl, an only child, whose parents were not religious and were opposed to having her come to church. I think she was called Addie, and was probably from 10 to 12 years old. She was very determined to come to the afternoon meeting, and did, and was powerfully converted to God. Her experience was so triumphant that her parents thought she was going wild. They tried to confine her so she could not come, but she prayed and cried and shouted till they got more comfort by sending her to church than by keeping her away. One afternoon Addie had a very striking time praying for her father and mother, and with great gladness told us that God had told her they would be converted that night! There was a crowd and I was on the platform watching for Addie's arrival, when she appeared in front of a lady and gentleman, whom she sought to bring to the front, but they turned aside into a pew quickly, as they were embarrassed at church. She came to the front and asked me if I had noticed the lady and gentleman who came in with her, and I said I had. "Well, that is my papa and mamma, and God is going to save them to-night." When I made the call for seekers she marched down that aisle like a veteran to where they sat and brought them to the altar, and they were both beautifully converted. The calmness of that child's soul, after she got the assurance that her parents would be saved, was among the finest exhibition of faith I ever witnessed.

I have no doubt whatever had I gone right on from that time till this in the evangelistic work, it would have made a wide difference in my destiny and that God would have used me much more widely than

He has ever been able to do, but my friends in the Conference, with the church authorities, overruled me, and I took the pastorate at Conference. My conscience was somewhat quieted, in that they offered me La Salle and Peru, two cities lying together, with thousands of unsaved people in them. While in evangelical work, as partly described above, I started a monthly magazine called "The Repository of Holiness," which was greatly blessed of God while it lived, and many declared themselves saved through reading it. But I knew nothing of finances or how to handle the business department of a magazine. Bro. Fleharty, who was a very blessed man of God, suggested an undercurrent of opposition to the paper in high places, and feared my appointment looked toward hedging up its way. But I was simple-hearted and unsuspecting, although I saw afterwards more than I then believed. Now it seems better to drop the curtain and leave my own failures with anything which has been wrong in others in the hands of Jesus, and myself wholly under His precious, all atoning blood. My heart was sick when the "Repository" went to the wall for want of means, but I have learned much from what I have suffered.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Ministry in La Salle.

In the fall of 1865 we were stationed at La Salle, Ills., which at the time was thought to be the most wicked city in the state. Drunkenness abounded and robberies were common, with more or less of murder. At that time it was the most profane place in which I had ever lived. It had been a Roman Catholic center from the beginning, and had a very meagre Protestant influence to counteract its corruptions. We had three little Protestant churches in the city—the Baptist, Congregationalist and Methodist. They barely lived, and their spirituality was painfully affected by the all-pervading drouth which reigned in the city. The Roman Church is affected favorably when there is a strong Protestant power to counteract its immoralities, but where it is alone as the controling power, in city or state, where is the city, or where the state or kingdom which it rules that is not fearfully depraved? If its wickedness in the Philippines for the past century could be unearthed and laid open to the gaze of civilizaction it would be simply appalling.

The Catholic opposition to Protestantism in La Salle was just as wide and deep as it dared to be, and not a man of us could have had a place for the soles of his feet but under the protection of the law. Their children marked every Protestant child and their boys in the Brothers' school, right under the eyes of their teachers, would throw stones and mud at the Protestant

churches. My church door was battered with the stones they threw against it. I saw them do it. An army of Catholic boys usually came by my church on Sabbath mornings. The Congregational Church was just across the street. We were coming to church one Sabbath morning and met the head of the column near the church. The door was open and I saw a boy violently throw a stone through it and up the aisle and then run, but he ran right into my hands, and I bent him double and administered a castigation that he did not soon forget. He begged lustily and promised never to do it again, but I kept right on till I was certain a lasting impression had been made on him! The next day I went to the ruling priest and told him I had risked my life for the rights of an American citizen, and if he did not see to correcting this evil I would. And from that day we received decent treatment. I carried more lead and iron in me at the close of three years of war than I could carry now; but they had always been governed by brute force and knew no other way to be governed. It was not very unusual, as I was told, for a priest to go into a saloon with a horsewhip and whip a grown man out to the street; and that, too, when some good Catholic was the keeper of the saloon with the approval of that same priest. There are people in the Catholic Church who are saved, in spite of her corruption in doctrine and practice, but not by them. I have often thought of poor Mag, an Irish girl there, who helped my wife and became attached to us. She saw in our family religion that we had something she never had, and was really a seeker after God, but always through Catholic channels. As Lent was coming on, she said: "Mr. Haney, when Lent comes I will show you how to fast!" In the opening of Lent she said one day: "I believe I will be saved by the time Lent is through." After

Lent was over I asked her if she believed she was now saved, and she honestly answered, "No." O, how many millions are held in bondage by that old and fallen Church of Rome.

God gave me souls in this city each year, but I carried an inner sense that He wanted me elsewhere. The first year a large number of sinners were converted, most of whom made good Christians. Among them was a little Englishman, who was generally called "Tommy." He had been raised under Methodist influences in the old country, but was badly demoralized from strong drink. He became convicted of his lost condition, but was all the more rebellious. The prospect became terrible before Tom's soul. A meeting of much power was in progress, and some of his comrades were yielding. As time for night services was near Tom started for the saloon, but became mystified some way and wandered about till he found himself at the door of the Methodist Church.

His wicked heart rose up and he swore he would go to the saloon, and, turning, he wandered as before, but found himself that time on the steps of the church with a power impelling him to go in. We were singing when he entered and, being less than one-third of the way to the pulpit, he cried out with agony and tumbled down in the aisle. I suspending the preaching and went down to where he was. The whole assembly was moved by his cries for help, but Jesus came and he was saved. Tommy's liquor, tobacco, profanity and Sabbath breaking all went together, and he became a very zealous, earnest man of God. We had a few beautiful specimens of entire sanctification in this meeting. Bro. Young, Sister Garfield and Bro. Gibson were among them. These held up my hands to the last, though the battle from the sin side was fearful. The most of the church followed me to the borders of

the land, but when in sight of Canaan they sank back with a will. These became so unspiritual that they persecuted the new converts because they were in advance of them. There has always been a battle between holiness and sin, and it will never be otherwise.

We had a union meeting between the three churches, Baptist, Congregationalist and Methodist, and a part of the time were led by a Lutheran minister, who in Iowa had stumbled into full salvation. His name was Smith, and he was a glorious minister. He insisted in preaching on the streets, and the Catholics would pelt him with hard snowballs and hit him in the face while preaching, but he would wipe off the snow and say: "The Lord be gracious to these dear men!" and go on as though nothing had occurred. I don't think he would have lifted a hand if they had beaten him to death. I usually prayed in the opening of his street services, and loved him greatly. One day as we were going to the place of meeting he said to me: "I expect four or five Irishmen will seize me some of these days and drag me down in a cellar and give me an awful beating." I responded: "No, they won't." There was a stiffness in my tone which alarmed him, and he stopped, looking at me pitifully, saying: "Why, Bro. Haney!" You would not defend me, would you?" I answered: "Bro. Smith, in a case like this I would consider myself equal to five Irishmen!" I had not yet gotten far enough from the war to have seen him abused with my hands hanging down! I doubt whether I would have then attempted to defend myself, but I had not grace sufficient to have seen him beaten by a mob. We had victory, but my church, except a few, soon settled back into their old ruts and my soul used to go up on the Little Vermillion and wail among the rocks before God. I went and preached to sinners on

the south side of the Illinois River, and a good work was done.

My friend Archibald Long, who was converted at the same mourners' bench with me, then lived on a farm six miles north of La Salle. His first wife had died and he had married a nice Congregational girl, a school teacher. But Archie was dissatisfied about her religious condition, for she really had never been converted. Archie said to me one day: "If you will make a Holy Ghost Methodist out of my wife I will give you the best horse on my place!" I replied: "All right, Bro. Long." She became a great friend of my wife and we gave her special attention until finally she camped with us at a little camp meeting, and when we brought her back she was so far in advance of Archie religiously that he hardly knew what to do. She afterwards proved herself to be a genuine Christian. Dear Archie died and went to glory years ago, leaving his wife to breast the storms alone, but she has educated her children, and still lives in the city of Evanston. I went a distance to preach his funeral sermon, and myself was born of God in his father's house. When these feet strike the gold-paved streets of the Holy City I shall see Archie again. His sons and daughters are walking in his footsteps and to the end, I trust, will be worthy of their worthy sire.

When I came to face another revival season with the experience I had had with these people I determined not again to attempt to pull sinners over the head of a dead membership, as I had done before. Such are glad to get additions to the church to make it financially stronger, so as to make lighter their own burdens, but the less religion the newcomers have the better! In outposts my ministry was blessed. In camps God had graciously used me, and when helping

others in evangelical meetings I was strikingly succesc-ful. Late in the season, and in my third year at La Salle, I visited my mother, who was at Bushnell, in view of returning to my charge for the Sabbath. While getting ready to return she was taken violently sick and I was compelled to remain with her. The pastor at Bushnell had told me there was a condition of things in his church which made a revival well nigh impossible and he did not intend to have a continued meeting. He pressed me to preach for him on the Sabbath, and I told him I should have to remain with mother and if he thought best I would preach for him each evening. He said he would be glad to have me, but he did not expect that souls could be reached. I preached and the Lord broke down opposition and melted away the barriers and a gracious work followed. It seemed so everywhere when I gave myself to that sort of work. I mention these facts to indicate how, in many ways, God was leading me to quit the pastorate and give myself wholly to the work of an evangelist. Would to God I had more quickly entered it and more determinately followed it.

On returning to my pastorate I told the Lord I would open a week's meeting for my church and if I could lead them out into light I would go on and work for the conversion of sinners; if they would not be led beyond certain points I should take it as His will that I should not have another protracted meeting in that city. The first and second days I was hopeful as I led carefully and lovingly along, but before the week ended, when I had come to the old balking place, they halted as before! A letter came from Thomas Crowder, who had attended my Springfield meeting, urging the great importance of my holding a revival meeting in Williamsville. I had not read the letter half through before I saw the hand of God in it. My people were

much behind in my support, and I going into debt to meet the claims of my family, which was another finger pointing that I was out of place. So on Sabbath I announced that I should be absent the next Sabbath, but would send them a supply, and left for Williamsville.

On the cars going I covenanted with God if He would give me special success in saving souls and a marked increase in my income of money I would take this as a token from Him that I should from that time devote my whole time to evangelism. It is always a serious thing for a Methodist preacher to leave his work in the middle of the year, and ought to be so; but I said I would leave all that with Him, and the support of my family as well. That I would leave the whole financial question with God, saying nothing about money for myself.

Before the second Sabbath had come we were in a flaming revival and souls were bounding out into light in great numbers. I told the brethren I would have to return to La Salle for that Sabbath, but would come back on Monday. Not a word had I said about money, but I was to take the train that night, so I saw a brother flying around with a hat through the congregation, and on my returning he poured out more money than I had seen for three, if not four, months! I told God I would keep the contract, and to my people announced that Sabbath that they would have to get a supply for their pulpit, that I should probably not be able to preach there again. Of course, this appeared to them as a very erratic movement. One brother in the class meeting quoted a part of the tenth chapter of John, showing that I was a "hireling" and "leaving the sheep," etc., which I received in silence. He was one of the sheep who would not eat when for two years and more I had labored to feed him.

God sent a Bro. Jones right in there the next Sabbath, who was out of work and wanted the place exceedingly, and they greatly preferred him to me, because he did not preach holiness. It is due Bro. Jones to say he was a good man, but badly mixed mentally about holiness, and at times had opposed our teaching. At a subsequent time he saw the truth and embraced it, and so far as I know was its pronounced advocate till death. Blessed be God!

When Conference came, the question was asked: "Is there anything against Bro. Haney?" And my elder answered: "Nothing!" not even mentioning the fact of my leaving La Salle. During this time the General Conference had met and La Salle had been transferred from the Central Illinois Conference to the Rock River, so I wrote Dr. Hitchcock to ask for a certificate of location for me, which would leave me free to go where I wished. And now I went into the field of God's appointment where I ought to have been years before.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Great Revival in Williamsville.

From the time the vow was made to God to give my life wholly to evangelism and to trust Him wholly for means to support my family until that vow was broken ,I had a measure of liberty and power with God and men beyond any limit ever previously reached. The meeting at Williamsville was by far the greatest I had ever seen, and my soul was left free from every painful care. The meeting went on for weeks and several hundred were wonderfully saved. Ministers came there to be sanctified and went away to publish the tidings. Christians who were hungry came from other places to find this pearl of greatest price and were not disappointed. A young lady, who was a very interesting character, came many miles as a seeker of entire sanctification, but for days did not reach the fountain. She was so earnest it was a mystery to many that she was so delayed. One day, with much feeling, she said to me: "Bro. Haney, can you tell me the reason I don't get sanctified?" I responded in a confident tone of voice: "Why, certainly I can!" She being surprised, said: "Well, I wish you would, then!" So I proceeded to say that the Lord had dug a hole to put her in, in view of covering her out of sight. He had gotten her in and made several attempts to cover her utterly, but each time she "instantly bobbed up!" Through that eccentric presentation of her case she was wondrously saved that very hour.

An elderly lady of the Presbyterian Church, who was intelligent and a real Christian, came from a distance, bringing her whole family to get them converted. I think there were eight of them in all, but may be mistaken as to the number. She remained with her brood till the last one was converted, and immediately left for home. Whether she feared I would make Methodists out of them or not, I cannot say, but they were on the first train after the last one was saved.

An old minister fell into the meeting who was a great Zinzendorfer, and at war with sanctification as a distinct experience. He seemed to be there to keep some of his friends from getting the experienc, but they went and nothing could stop them. The fire so struck him in the one day he was there that he filled the room with groans nearly all the following night, and left under fright the next morning! He was a slave to tobacco, and all such ministers have mental diculties about holiness!

The converts of this meeting were spread over a wide territory. The town being small, the work extended to the country. I doubt whether I have ever seen so deep and persistent a spirit of sacrifice on the part of God's people as in this meeting. All business that could be deferred was laid aside. We had many services in the daytime in the country. Our brethren had commodious residences, and a throng each day would go in wagons and carriages, and beginning early in the day, the work would go forward for hours, from ten till in the afternoon, never stopping for dinner. When it was dinner time a bounteous table was spread and the lady of the house would come in and quietly take from the service numbers sufficient to fill it, and the praying, singing, shouting, seeking and finding would not in the slightest be interrupted. When these had eaten they would rejoin the battle, and so it would

continue till all were supplied. In each of these gatherings souls were saved all along. I think I have never known fellowship so deep and glorious between so large bodies of people, faith more simple, light more intense, or God more wonderfully revealed.

A group of people from the Christian Church was gloriously sanctified in this meeting, and before it closed they came to me in a body, saying that their people did not understand this wonderful experience and opposed them in it. The object of their coming was to inquire of me whether they had not better leave that church and join the Methodist? I answered: "By no means, unless you are certain God has ordered it." I further insisted their people were in great need of this experience, and urged them to stay where they were and mix the fire with the water till it was up to boiling heat! They were people of property and intelligent, and would have been of value to any church; but there is no church which is not in great need of holy people, and that one perhaps as much as any other. As a rule, it is not best to unsettle present church relations because God has given one a holy heart, but better to remain and spread the holy fire; and yet there are cases where God so orders. The dear souls above mentioned were so pressed that they all left their unspiritual environment at a subsequent time and came to the Methodist Church. If the Methodist Church, as a body, were as true and spiritual as that individual church was, the holiness people would flock to her communion by the ten thousand. The greatest blunder she has ever made is her attitude to the holiness movement. She has ever been much dearer to me than my life; but I fear her blunder will not be discovered till it is too late. It is amazing that great and good men, as ecclesiastics, seem utterly to fail to learn lessons from history. More mysterious

still, the attitude of the church, at whose altars I have given my life, to the movement which is an exact parallel to the movement which gave her an existence among men! She is now taking the same ground against this that the English church did against her at the beginning. She is shutting off its leaders from her pulpits, as the Wesleys were driven from the pulpits of the Church of England, and resisting the very teachings which made her a church! Is there no way that this can be changed? Is there no remedy for the calamities which this must bring upon her?

It is amazing that where God has worked wonders through the ages, in almost every place, powerful agencies have operated in view of destroying what has been done. This was eminently true relating to the work at Williamsville described in previous chapters. Before that great meeting had reached its climax, a most subtle power was thrust into it, which became apparently a part of it. A woman of very superior powers came in, who was eloquent in prayer and wondrous in exhortation. She had probably once been saved and had been in company with many holy people. She had studied the mystics and could formulate statements involving the profoundest experiences. Especially did she make use of the Roman errors concerning salvation through suffering, which error is found among the holiest of the church of Rome. This she brought in with insistent teaching of self-imposed humiliations in order to experiences far transcending complete sanctification. This class of teaching was not addressed to the public, but urged in private, especially with men. The acts necessary to the profoundest humility and greatest crucifixion involved the breaking up of the conventionalities of society and a return to our Eden state. The marriage relation in many cases was simply a human affair and had no God in it; hence God

had the right to dissolve it when He saw best. Certain individuals would have an affinity for certain other individuals, and these were married of God to each other, which delivered the party thus united from marriage relations already existing.

In order to pave the way for all this, she taught that the restraints which society had put upon the sexes were largely the result of the fall; that in the Eden state our first parents were together without restraint in their holy innocence, though each was without apparel! So, to return to holy innocence, these walls of restraint had to be taken down by degrees through self-mortification, and the self-mortification was brought about largely by the parties breaking through the conventionalities of society.

These subtle measures succeeded in the overthrow of a group of souls, including at least three ministers, one of whom left his family and lived with her till his death. Not many of the converts of this meeting were involved in this fearful delusion, but when forced out of the community by moral sentiment they accomplished much evil elsewhere. The parties seduced were mostly those in whom much confidence had been reposed, and people were slow to believe they had been corrupted. If decided measures had been used quickly to sunder the cancer from the body, much less harm would have resulted, but a very unwise charity delayed justice till wider damage resulted and souls had been destroyed for whom Christ died. All taken together, this was the most severe test I ever witnessed, following a great work of God; but such was the character of the work that the mass of those justified or sanctified in this meeting, who are not in heaven, are still on the way. Such occurrences gave the enemy wide chances to blaspheme, and should be held up as a warning signal to generations yet unborn! The time to quench such un-

holy fires is when the first sparks are visible. It is of such characters that God has said: "Come out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and I will receive you."

CHAPTER XLV.

Some Short Meetings.

After the great meeting at Williamsville, Ills., several short meetings were held on the Chicago & Alton R. R., where God's arm was uncovered, but not on so wide a scale. The services at Elkhart met with opposition, but the Mighty to Save was with us. A Mrs. Broadwell, for whose husband the town of Broadwell was named, had been driven by her soul hunger into the Williamsville meeting, and among the first things sought counsel of me as to how her husband could be saved. It is not unusual, when the Holy Spirit is pressing God's children into the fountain, that some other power suddenly wakes them up concerning the salvation of some other soul! So I said to her: "Sister Broadwell, if I could be in your place I would drop the case of my husband now for a time, and give my whole attention to my own soul." She was surprised at my counsel, but followed it without delay. She was a superior woman and a leader in society, and such generally have a difficult time to find the Lord. I explained to her that the sacrifice of all to God would have to precede victory, but assured her that was the key to soul liberty, which would be given her of God. I said: "Let no power stop you till you have reached the bottom of your own heart, and every thread is at Jesus' feet. When there, give one look at Him as your present, all-sufficient Almighty Saviour from all sin, and He will make you a complete, holy woman. Then I would go home

and live that out before your husband, and when he is in the best moods and the Holy Spirit leads, I would tell him of the glory that fills and thrills you, and I believe that will bring him to Christ." She had insisted he was a wonderfully good man in his outer life and a good husband, but she was satisfied he had never been born of God. He was a member of the so-called Christian Church and was resting his soul's salvation on having complied with Christian ordinances. She had been truly born of God, but felt sure that the new life from God had never come into his soul. I think the battle with her continued for days, but victory came and she was clearly and wonderfully sanctified.

On a subsequent Saturday night I opened the meeting at Elkhart, four miles from their town, and while taking my text saw Mrs. Broadwell enter the door, followed by a gentleman who I supposed to be her husband. He gave earnest attention to the preaching, and the hunger of his soul was apparent. Sabbath morning they were there again, and having no opening for an after meeting, I announced a service at 2 P. M. The house was well filled, and after a short Bible reading I called to prayer, watching Broadwell at the same time. We had not proceeded far till Broadwell, standing straight upon his knees, said with a loud voice: "There is no use; I will give up to God!" And instantly he sprang to his feet, praising God with a loud voice, and went through the crowd shaking hands and asking all to come to Christ! When opportunity was given he gave in substance the following testimony: "When my wife came home from Williamsville I saw she had a wonderful spirit. She did not say very much, but every time I came near her I felt she had something I had not. This made me so uneasy that I felt I could not stand it any longer, and made up my mind to come to this meeting and give my heart to God. And oh, He has saved

my soul. Now, I know for myself there is a reality in this great gospel salvation!" Mrs. Broadwell might have cried and prayed through the years for her husband, and died without seeing him saved; but giving herself wholly to God and being filled with the Holy Ghost broke his heart of stone. How many wives, how many husbands, how many parents, and how many children are in like condition? If you would save others, brother, get fully saved yourself! Jesus knew well the world would never believe on Him unless His people were really sanctified. See John, 17th chapter.

In the audience at this meeting, day and night, there was an elect lady of about sixty years—a devoted Presbyterian. I preached at night largely to sinners, in each case giving a call to sinners for pardon and believers for holiness, but in the day meeting I was with great persistence insisting on the church being holy. It was a difficult field, and to reach the greatest number of dead souls possible, I took the afternoon meetings to them at their houses. This elect lady earnestly requested that I hold a meeting at her house. She had commodious rooms, and I was glad to go, but passing the depot on the way, I saw a large group from Williamsville getting off the cars. I feared their wideawake and fiery testimonies might jostle my Presbyterian sister, but they were on my hands and I was glad to see them.

As the meeting progressed these people told how wondrously God had blessed them, and I saw the tears start from her eyes and her whole frame quiver. Rising, she said: "Well, if this is what you Methodists call sanctification, I believe I have had it for seven years!" And we had some well rounded up hallelujahs! Seven years preceding this she had married a man with a family of eight children, one of whom was an idiot of 22 years. The dear girl when in childhood had been seized with epilepsy and had fallen into the

fire, being badly disfigured. At times she was vicious and exceedingly disagreeable. Her step-mother found she could not endure her new relation with the grace she had, and in despair had fled to God for help. The mountains before her were so high that no earthly power could enable her to cross them, and in utter abandonment of hope from any other source she threw herself, with this unbearable load, on God. She had been taught she never could be wholly sanctified till death, but she must be fully saved or sink, and the Lord fully saved her. She knew something wonderful had occurred which gave her a faith which held like an anchor, and no storm had shaken her inmost calm for seven years, but she did not know it was entire sanctification. Now, coming in contact with these saints of God, she found their experiences and hers were identical! Subsequently I was going to St. Louis over this road and a nice-looking young man came and sat down by my side in the car, introducing himself to me as a member of this family. He said: "You were at father's house when I was absent, but I saw you in church afterwards." He was an unconverted man and this woman was his step-mother, but he began at once to tell me about her, saying very strong things in her favor. Among others he said: "You saw that unfortunate sister of mine, but you could have no idea of what she really is from what you saw of her. My step-mother has cared for her for seven years, and I have not seen her impatient once with her. Mr. Haney, my own mother could not be half as patient toward my sister as is this woman. I believe she is the best woman in the world!" O, if such testimony as that could be truthfully given concerning each soul on the earth professing this wonderful grace, holiness would soon prevail in every land!

CHAPTER XLVI.

At Atlanta.

While on the cars between Atlanta and Bloomington I saw the veteran John S. Barger, who, when I was in childhood, made my father's house one of his homes. His hair was now as white as wool and the glow which was on his face in middle life was gone. I remembered that a sermon he preached when I was a sinner had laid the base in my soul for a holy life, and my heart was moved toward him. Such a discouraged look on his face I had never seen before. Going forward to where he sat, I accosted him, and his face lit up as I spoke. Inquiring as to his work, he said he was now planning to leave it after the coming Sabbath. He was stationed at Atlanta, and his people were fearfully divided. A church quarrel had existed for years, and one side was for him and the other against him. His friends had thus far supported him, but had reached the end of their means and had frankly told him so, recommending him to resign his charge at their quarterly meeting the next Sabbath, which he purposed to do. My whole heart was moved for the old man, and I said: "Uncle John, don't do that," but he insisted there was no other way. I then proposed to come and help him, and it might be, as I was stronger, that both sides would come out and hear me and a possible reconciliation could be reached. He was elated with the proposition, and said: "I will tell the people I have known you from childhood and give you the biggest boost in my power."

His quarterly meeting came on a beautiful day in June, and the Presiding Elder preached Sabbath morning to forty people, including himself and the pastor. Both Elder and Pastor made strong statements in my favor and urged everybody to take hold with me. I came and preached to forty-two the next Sabbath, and at night about the same, announcing services for the whole week. Monday night I had less than thirty and drouth reigning all around. So it continued day after day. Dear old Mother Wilmouth had held on to God through all those desolate years, and previous to this time, in an agony of soul was crying to God, when He assured her of victory and showed her the face of the man through whom it would come! She knew nothing of me, but the first time she saw me she shouted, declaring I was the man whom God had shown her in the vision. Hence Mother Wilmouth became my spiritual adviser and her house my headquarters. But the meeting was to me a horror, as I had recently had everything in glorious contrast with it. So I had to tell Mother Wilmouth if this did not speedily change I would have to leave. She was not able to get to church, but was my main dependence. One morning I went up in despair and told Mother W. I was going home that day, and she wept as she said to me: "If God is sending you home, He has not spoken by me!"

Living at Bloomington, I went home that day, but Mother Wilmouth seemed to have a rope around my neck, and Atlanta was before my soul day and night. One morning I said to my wife: "I will have to go to Atlanta again." And so I did. On reaching the city I had to report at headquarters, and Mother Wilmouth was standing in the door looking for me! When I appeared in sight she shouted and danced like a girl! Tears of joy were coursing down her old, withered face as I met her, and she said: "I knew you were com-

ing!" We prayed together and I was reminded that many people usually went to the depot when the trains came in, and before the train arrived I had settled the place I was to stand on the platform and address the people when the cars left. As the train started, I opened up my message and God was in it. That was repeated for days till crowds were there, and, closing about sunset, I dismissed, saying this service would be continued in the Methodist Church, and that church was filled night after night as it had never been for fifteen years. Their church feuds speedily melted away and old Mother Wilmouth saw the dead made alive and the lost found as God had showed her in the vision. Blessed old saint, how she did dance before the Lord!

For a whole year my precious wife had been seeking a holy heart, and at times with such agonies that I feared for her mind. It really seemed impossible for her to fully yield to God. While preaching at the depot I was impressed to ask her to spend a few days with me at Atlanta. So she came, but when I met her at the cars she said: "Why did you insist on my coming here among strangers?" She had a great aversion to being among strangers. We stopped at the house of a Brother Dills, and her soul was greatly wrought upon. One afternoon when I was preaching at the depot she remained at home to settle forever the question which was on her soul. Going into her room and locking the door, she fell upon her knees with uplifted hand and said to God: "I will never go out of this room till I have a holy heart!" Coming to that desperate stand, it did not require much time for settlement. The Holy Spirit began at once to take an inventory of her stock and to demand that each item be turned over to Christ. She had so long been seeking that she easily parted with the first items, but He saw her heart centered strongly in her family and asked if she would give up to Him in

death her husband and two boys. Over this there was a battle, but the time came when her whole heart said "yes" to the Divine demand. This was so real that she declared for many years that it could not have been more so if she had seen her husband and two boys in their winding sheets. Knowing her aversion to separation from home and being thrust into foreign countries, the Holy Spirit now asked: "If I want you as a missionary to Africa, will you go and lay down your life there?" Here was another conflict, but it was soon ended by her whole heart saying "yes," and her whole being was down as Jesus' feet. She has since declared if her trunk had been packed for the African coast, it would not have been more real to her. The Lord did not desire the immediate death of her family, nor call her to the African mission, but He did break up her heart centres and get her whole being into His hands for complete inward holiness. This surrender of all brought her, as it will all others, face to face with Christ as her complete sanctifier, and to receiving Him by faith. This transforming work was wrought by the Holy Ghost within, and my wife stood before Him as His bloodwashed temple.

I was preaching on the platform in much pain during this time, and said to a minister: "I must lie down, and will have to depend on you to lead the service at church to-night." Meeting my wife as she came out from Bro. Dill's, I told her to go on to church, but I must rest. I saw her face was radiant, but knew nothing of what had occurred. She had contended through all those years that she was not fit to be a Methodist preacher's wife, because she did not possess talent for speaking and public prayer. Of course, she had both spoken and prayed many times, but usually had wept over her failures. The preacher was about to close the service, as the altar call had failed, when she arose and

asked if she might speak. He answered: "Certainly, Sister Haney," and instead of rising where she was, as a modest little woman, she came out into the aisle and to the front of the altar, and, facing the crowd, told them what God had done that afternoon for her soul. A brother said to me: "There was not a dry eye in the house when Sister Haney was through speaking."

From that hour on through the years she has had marked and wonderful liberty in prayer and public testimony, and in many instances persons have asserted that she "beat me preaching." Despite all this, however, she has steadily maintained that God called men to be ministers and her sex to be witnesses. This may be so as a rule, but preaching or witnessing, she has mightily helped my ministry, and could have been an able preacher if God had thus called her.

CHAPTER XLII.

The Work in Mason City.

Rev. Edward Rutledge, a friend of my boyhood, had broken down in the ministry and moved to Mason City. His pastor, the Rev. Mr. Parkhurst, was in a hard battle. While the meeting at Williamsville was still in progress Bro. Rutlege had moved him to secure my assistance, and the pastor assented, requesting R. to correspond with me. I answered that I would come as soon as released at Williamsville, and thought we would close by such a night, but continued two or three weeks beyond expectation. Bro. R. finally wrote if I did not reach them by a certain Sabbath they would close that night, but we held over that Sabbath and I went home.

After two days' rest I began to feel uneasy about Mason City, and told my wife I would run down on Thursday evening and see. Seeing a light in the M. E. Church, I went directly to it, and found them in their church prayer meeting, their revival meeting having closed the previous Sabbath. A large number were present, but Rutlege was not there. I took a back seat as a stranger to take observations. The leading prayers were formal beyond belief and at great length. It seemed hardly possible it could be so dry and lifeless at the end of a four weeks' revival service. At length the young preacher, who was bright, began to eye me as though he were suspicious, and then came and asked me if I were not Bro. Haney, and I confessed that I was he. He said they had held out just as long as they could stand it without results, and closed Sabbath night, but if I would now take up the meeting he would be

glad. I said I would on one condition only, and that was that his people would cut off the introductions and conclusions to their prayers and none of them pray to exceed two minutes and a half. "Well," he said, "come up front and talk to them about it." So after I had given reasons why I could not leave the former meeting, I squarely stated that if they would agree to cut off both ends of their prayers, giving us the heart cry in the middle, with all superfluous words left out, each praying from one-half to two minutes and a half, I would stay with them till God would give them one hundred sinners converted! To this they kindly agreed, and the meeting began the next night. They kept the contract, and it was surprising how they prayed! Their formalities had wearied God and cut them off from Divine fellowship. Many of them, in praying, had given such attention to the ears of men that the Lord had turned away and allowed them to get what they could praying to each other! But few of them had heard from heaven for a great while, but now, having thrown away the jingle of words, their hearts got a chance to talk to God, and He answered.

Dear Bro. Parkhurst got beautifully sanctified, and went to glory in the morning of his ministry. His wife also entered the fountain, and Sister Rutlege stepped in. The few who had life left in them began earnestly to seek holiness, and their prayer was answered. Many who had lost their way amid the labyrinths of formalism awoke like dead men coming from their graves, and ere long a real church appeared with Pentecostal fire and power, and after all it did not seem to be a heavy task to secure the conversion of one hundred sinners. The meetings became so glorious at night that it was often difficult to close them at all. At times we were in the church at midnight, where cries were going up to God.

Bro. Rutlege noticed that a hardened sinner was there to the last each night, and yet was not saved, and he said to him as they were going out: "Bill, you are a curiosity to me. Every night you are among the last to go away, and yet you are not converted. Will you please explain to me why you are here?" Bill responded: "Mr. Rutlege, I don't care so much about the preaching, but I stay here to hear these people pray! I never heard such praying as this! Why, it seems like the people are talking with God!" That is what it was, and that was the great central power of the meeting. People will be saved when God's children really get hold of Him as these did at Mason City.

One of my boys, who had been a wonderful Christian from his conversion till after we moved to Bloomington, was in the public schools with a stability of character beyond his years and a walk with God which made his life a marvel. He had advanced beyond his classes, which brought him in contact with boys much older than himself. These were full of subtlety and real heart wickedness, but their mothers desired that my boy should visit them in the hope that his influence would bring them to Christ. These mothers asked my wife to allow her boy to fraternize with theirs. Mrs. Haney wrote me for counsel about it, and I thought the child so strong that he would not be injured by the contact, so I suggested that she grant their request. If she had been left to her mother instincts I think she would have refused, but with my consent she acceded to their wishes. The boy wrote me he was under trial and wanted help, but I had such confidence in his devotion to God that I did not fear any serious result; but afterwards, on reaching home, I saw the light of God had disappeared from his face! We both awoke to the fact that he had let go of God!

When the meeting at Mason City became so glorious I wrote his mother to send him to me, hoping to lead him back to Christ. His heart was yet tender, and in a few days he felt the Lord had returned to his soul. He wrote his mother about his restoration, and Mrs. ———, the mother of the boy who had led him away, was much rejoiced and now wanted to send her boy down, that I might get him converted. I will call his name Charley. My wife wrote that his mother had great confidence in me and would like to send Charley down to get him saved, so I agreed to have him come. Finding my boy had returned to God, Charley came to the altar as a seeker and made a clear profession of pardoned sin. I could not see through Charley's experience, but could not entertain the thought of its being bald hypocrisy. I had never known of one so young who could play the hypocrite in a case like this, and would not entertain the thought concerning him. He prayed in public and gave in his testimony bravely; but something was wanting! He proposed that he and my boy walk up town, and asked me if they might. I consented, but soon found that he was trying to get my boy into difficulty! It soon became clear that every movement he had made was false and there was not a shadow of truth in his professions; but the whole movement was to undermine and destroy the faith of my child. I make this painful record to move parents to avoid the ruin of innocent boys by rigidly keeping them from the grip of such subtle, satanic agencies. When a pure young soul is thoroughly saturated with such poison, it rarely ever recovers from its effects, and moral character thus wounded will rarely, if ever, outgrow the scar. How sad and fearful the corrupt and corrupting agencies brought to bear on the children and youth of this generation!

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Campaigning in Southern Illinois.

In these first years of evangelism much time was given to Southern Illinois, and much occurred which cannot now be easily recorded. The best results sometimes were reached at desolate places. There was a cry for help at Petersburg, and I went with expectation of victory. The M. E. Church there had been fearfully weakened and brought low, but the special gift of faith for soul saving which came to me as the result of giving my life to evangelistic work seemed to turn mountains into mole hills, and made success a certainty. A few names were here, as in Sardis, whose garments were not defiled; but a genuine revival was a thing of the past. Having so little to build on, I was led to preach much to backsliders and sinners, and crowds of them were before me.

A prominent brother in the church was alarmed for the church, and greatly feared fanaticism in a body which had hardly drawn a good, healthy breath in years. My services, of course, were in painful contrast with what he had been having, and his soul became fearfully stirred. In concert with him was an elect lady, who was rich and had a powerful influence. Other dead men and women were awakened sufficiently to fight the truth, but these two held the reins. I saw God had put a throng of perishing souls into my hands, and these dead professors stood fearfully in the way. One night, as I faced a crowded house, I was so

wrought up for their salvation that it seemed as though it might take my life. I was in an agony of prayer and these people must be saved or I would die! Doubtless many good people are not able to understand such experiences, but others have had them. It was a touch of Gethsemane which will not be forgotten, and I doubtless did not think whether I was pleasing my brethren or not. The prominent brother alluded to above was standing in a group of sinners who could not find sitting room, and said to them in the midst of my agony: "I wish you would take that calf out of the house!" The next morning a little girl came to my room and said: "Mamma wants you to come up to our house right away," and the child seemed nervous. I found her mamma was the rich woman previously referred to, and I said: "Tell mamma I will be there in a few minutes." When rods away from her mansion I heard the cry of her agonized soul! On reaching her parlor I saw her prostrate form hanging over a chair, and I listened to her groans for deliverance. She had long, beautiful hair, which she prized very highly, but it was now disheveled and tossed this way and that, as though used for a mop to wipe up her tears from the carpet! Her special friend and church brother, who had been her right hand supporter in opposing the meeting, was stretched on the carpet nearly fifty feet away, and rolling to and fro with agony. I have rarely seen a strong man so mentally distressed. I noticed, too, that he attempted to give vent to his soul in forms of statement and groans patterned after mine the previous night, and his gestures were shocking, but he was oblivious to what men or devils thought as he felt himself ready to tumble into hell! From a worldly standpoint, it was now my time to call on sinners to take out the calves. But I shared their agonies till God came and lifted them up. I think

the brother, though a prominent church official (as many now are), had never been converted, and his poor, deceived soul was dreaming of an arrival in heaven with his heart filled with hatred to holiness! But when God laid that deceived heart open to itself, he saw and felt perdition's flames kindled within him, and was as a brand plucked from eternal burning! His conversion was glorious and his love for me thereafter "surpassed the love of women!" Our sister was wonderfully reclaimed from a backslidden state and was afterwards beautifully sanctified.

These barriers being out of the way, sinners flocked to the altar and the community was moved to its inmost centres. O, if the stumbling blocks in the church were removed, her unconverted and backslidden members were really saved, how God's work would go forward on the earth!

A great holiness work spread southward through Illinois, involving some glorious camp meetings at Hillsboro, Greenville and elsewhere. Rev. W. B. M. Colt, with Frank and Henry Ashbaugh, were instrumental for a time in saving many souls in that section. My wife accompanied me in that field and was a powerful factor in the meetings. We knew no barren service and I have no recollection of a single failure. The work was largely among the Methodists, but both ministers and members of other churches shared graciously in this general outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

A Baptist minister, whose name was Smith, had been sanctified wholly and was a very blessed man of God. He had a church in the country, where a number of his people had reached the fountain, but others were in rebellion against the teaching, and he asked us to come and teach his people doctrinally. The prejudice of his older members largely gave way and the Lord

poured His Spirit upon us. An old "Ironside" Baptist doctor, who was practicing medicine in that locality, was boarding with the postmaster, who was a holiness man, about seven miles away. The news of the work spread and the postmaster was anxious to come. So he succeeded in inducing the doctor to come with him. He was from Arkansas, in former years, and an exceedingly odd old genius. I noticed him the first night as being startled with the meeting, and before leaving he made a remark which showed his soul was deeply stirred. The second night he was there again, and when I called seekers of pardon and holiness he rushed to the altar with a broken heart, and God graciously sanctified him. His testimony was unique and profoundly interesting. It was odd, like himself, but it was difficult for any spiritual mind to doubt his experience.

The change in him was so wonderful that he could hardly contain himself. We had to go about fifteen miles across the country to our next meeting, and he insisted on taking us there in his carriage. It was a great treat to hear him talk about the Lord by the way, and he was with us in the first service, which was a great uplift to the meeting. I gave an opportunity for testimony, and could I give a verbatim report of his testimony it would be a wonderful blessing. He said he was an old Ironside Baptist of the strictest sort, and had thought that but few people were right but them. He had heard of the meeting at Smith's Church, but heard we were Methodists, and he did not like the Methodists. In spite of himself he wanted to go, but he heard we were not only Methodists, but preached sanctification in this life! The postmaster, with whom he boarded, was one of them, and he urged him to go. So seeing the meeting was in a missionary Baptist Church, he thought he would venture, but he

came there set that nothing should move him. Having sat down with great determination to adhere to his old principles, but this man opened up on holiness, and the first solid shot which came from this old columbiad crashed through his old iron sides and he went home with a broken heart! On coming back the second night his old iron sides utterly gave way, and he fell down at the mourners' bench, and God had sanctified his soul! People are rarely moved as was that audience, and his testimony was more than equal to an ordinary three days' service in its soul saving effects. The fire burned so wondrously in the old doctor's soul that he gave up his practice and went to Arkansas to devote the rest of his life to bringing those who had formerly known him to this great salvation. O, why do not God's people and ministers see that holiness is the key to the world's salvation?

CHAPTER XLIX.

Further Work in Southern Illinois.

Pastor Dellicate, of the Southern Illinois Conference, was on the Wanda Circuit, and having a pretty hard time. He was a minister of beautiful spirit, and true to God, but not very strong bodily. Wanda society was noted for its vacillations religiously. Annual backsliding was a rule only violated in cases where there had been no uplift! The dear man wrote us, giving a full description of the case, and begged us to come and help him. So we went, and I determined that whatever was done this time should stand the fire. I gave the least possible chance for those who had gone out, on their annual excursion, to get back by any special goal, and made the door of return so narrow that if they got through it once they would lose their relish for another excursion. We had a bone scraping time for days, but a solid work begun.

I had variously heard of a big two-fisted fellow, whom they called Guss. Nobody gave the number of times he had been restored in the years agone. All agreed as to his sincerity, but he had been converted late and seemed to be in want of ballast. Guss had been pugilistic in his tendencies before his conversion, and now a slight insult would result in a knockdown! He was too conscientious to go on professing religion after such outbursts, and so he gave up. After the meeting had gone for days, it was said one night that Guss was on the back seat. I really feared to see him at the altar, lest he would fail as before if he did get

restored. He kept coming, however, and moved up a seat or two each night, till he tumbled down at the altar. He seemed to have a tussle with devils, but after the struggle of days broke through into the light. As the Lord graciously pardoned him his soul seemed filled with unspeakable joy and he shouted tremendously. There was a right ring to Guss's shout, whatever might occur in his future, and I joined him in it! He had said while seeking if he "could ever get as good religion as he once had, that would be all he would ever want." But two days after his restoration he was again at the altar of prayer. I asked him if he was doubting his experience and he answered no, but he had now come to seek sanctification.

Guss had been a rough man and was a vile tobacco user. The habit had become so all controlling that he had to rise from his bed each night and smoke or chew. He really felt his life depended on it. He was plainly marked with its vileness, but I had said nothing yet to him concerning it. He had been several times at the altar crying for a holy heart, when one day he sprang to his feet and walked up and down the aisle. His feelings seemed too deep for utterance, but by and by he gave vent to his soul by puffing, as a steamboat pours forth steam! That occurred about 4 P. M. About 9 o'clock the next morning he was walking alone and, from force of habit, found his thumb and forefinger in his vest pocket feeling for fine-cut tobacco. He withdrew his hand and stopping, said: "What does this mean?" Till that moment he had not even thought of tobacco since he was sanctified! After dinner he found himself again feeling in that pocket as before, and stopped again in wonder. He then thought he would taste it, and found he abhorred the filthy stuff, and has probably testified above one hundred times that he has never desired it.

A young man who was teaching school at that time got saved and afterwards became a minister. Years afterwards he wrote, desiring me to come and help him, which I did. While with him I asked him if he knew what had become of my friend Guss, of Wanda. He said he had kept in touch with him ever since that meeting, and he had never turned to the right nor left. That he had kept that church alive ever since, and was class leader, Sunday School Superintendent, Steward and in every way the leading man in the church. The spring after that Guss had rented a piece of ground near him, the title of which had been in dispute. While plowing one day the other party came to him in the field and forbade him working there another minute. He knew Guss had gotten sanctified and thought he would not strike him, so he cursed him vilely with bitter forms of profane words. At length Guss awoke to remember in all this he had not thought of knocking the poor man down, nor even felt the slightest desire to injure him, and he began to shout the praises of God, and the mean sinner fled from his presence, and never troubled him more!

"Oh! there is power in Jesus' blood,
To wash as white as snow!"

This dear man of God yet lives to witness to what I have written, though he knows nothing of what I have written concerning him. On my table here now lies a letter written by his hand a few weeks since, full of holy triumph, though he is a great sufferer from an injury by a railroad train. His name and present address are A. M. Sparks, Poag, Ills. O, why do people keep doubting that Jesus will save them to the uttermost?

There was a new town on Bro. Dillicate's circuit, where he wanted to plant a Methodist Church, but only had two or three members. Another Christian

body was there and leading members opposed the coming of a rival, but allowed him to have a meeting in their building. There was one house in town which would keep the pastor, but as to my wife and self, there was no place for the soles of our feet. A young couple who had recently married and had partly prepared their new home, offered their house to us during the meeting, however, and my wife rolled up her sleeves and took possession. So we were housekeeping in an hour! Our help in the meeting largely came from a distance, and learning the situation, they brought provisions in abundance, and while we had many boarders, we had the richest supplies and best cooking I had met in Southern Illinois!

The meeting widened and deepened and God led us to victory. Souls were converted and sanctified, dear people learned that selfishness is not a good investment, my wife demonstrated her soldierly qualities, and the Methodist people have had a church of their own in that city in which to worship till this day! Dear Brother and Sister Dellicate, who were both brought into the experience of holiness while we were with them, have fought a good fight and are both in glory now. What a joy in old age to know that in any sense you have helped souls like these!

God was with us in wondrous power at Lebanon, where McKendree College is located, and we there had the fellowship of many able souls. Brother Henry Brown, a holiness man and son of thunder, was instrumental in leading us there. The most of our pastors took kindly to holiness teaching in that country, and strong men, such as Dr. Hughey, were its unflinching advocates. The church at Summerfield withstood the teaching for a time, but their opposition did not have the vicious element in it, but resulted from previous education. One afternoon I conducted a Bible reading

on the Holy Spirit, and a gracious power was present. At the close I carefully asked all present who, in the strength of grace would henceforth obey the Holy Spirit, to rise, and nearly seventy arose. The result of that decision was that above that number were beautifully sanctified in a few days. If all God's real children will take an attitude of simple obedience to the Holy Spirit, millions of them will soon be all over in the cleansing fountain. He is always right, let us follow whithersoever he leads.

A woman marked with deep sorrow came into service in a Southern Illinois city, and I intensely desired to help her. I had not seen nor heard any knowledge of her grief. It was a joy at the close of service to be asked with her pastor, who was a blessed man of God, to go with her for tea. We had but been seated when she opened to us the fountain of her grief. Her youngest child was a beautiful girl of about sixteen summers, and some time before this had been allured by a traveling man to go with him under promise of marriage, and not the slightest trace of the child's whereabouts was known. Her death would have been preferable to her mother! A holy woman from the meeting was invited with us to tea, but the real design was a concert of prayer. We prayed that God would relieve the mother at once from this dreadful suspense and bring home her wandering child. I have rarely, if ever, seen such a service of prayer. The pastor was wonderfully moved, and we were all moved with him. When we arose he said: "She will be heard from speedily," and I answered: "I believe she will." We both believed she was in Chicago or St. Louis.

In the first mail of the next morning a long and earnest letter was placed on the train and hurried to her mother from Chicago. She had been left at a house of assignation and abandoned by the man who had led

her astray. Such men richly deserve hanging, and ought to be driven from decent society. She told the whole story to her mother and in anguish begged forgiveness. About the time we were praying she was filled with horror about her condition. Night coming, she attempted to sleep, but was compelled by pure soul agony to arise in the night and write to her mother. I saw and read the letter, arranged with a party in Chicago to find her and send her home, and in less than one week I saw her converted in her mother's house! She became an utterly thorough Christian, married well, and to the last I heard was walking with God. O, there is a power which saves the worst of sinners when they repent and believe!

CHAPTER L.

Some Glorious Victories.

A prim little pastor, who was a graduate from one of our theological institutes and had learned many wise things, called me to help him in his station, and I began with him Sabbath night. The Congregationalist pastor had left and he was employed to fill both pulpits, or serve both churches. Then he was engaged to a nice Congregationalist girl. All this taken together, made him the primest Methodist preacher I ever saw. Death had reigned for about five years in those two churches. The Lord stirred me fearfully in the first sermon, and the pastor apologized for me, saying: "Bro. Haney is a good man and very earnest, but he does not mean to say such strong things," etc., etc. The next night I was worse than before, and he made another apology! In our first or second afternoon meeting the Deacon insisted that so much noise was not necessary, nor extravagant efforts needed, but God was a quiet being and loved order. Up to this time I had made no reply, but acted as though nothing had been said. But now I said if quietness, lukewarmness, etc., etc., were God's order, I thought they had had sufficient of these to have converted the whole community, and not one soul had been saved! Now I wanted all parties to understand that during my stay they might expect thunder and lightning and hail and earthquake!

Shortly I saw God had put a host of hungry souls into my hands, and the prim little pastor was my

greatest hindrance. I went to God after the night service with a breaking heart, and plead with Him in some way to remove this barrier. The next morning the pastor was sick! I visited him and he said he had a very strange affection in his chest. He had never had anything like it before. That day or evening he put croton oil on his chest as a counter-irritant, and the next morning his chest looked as though it was eaten full of holes! He said I would have to go on, that he could do nothing! When he had improved so as to sit up a little, he said it would be weeks before he could do anything, and if I was willing he would go and visit his mother and leave his church and the community in my hands! An overwhelming work of God took place, and after weeks he came back to find it so, and himself got sanctified before it closed! It is better to take our troubles to God than to men, and if we would fully trust Him He would remove mountain barriers out of our way.

Rev. Brother Higgins, an old acquaintance in the pastorate, whom I knew to be in a very cold state, called me to help him, and I went, seriously questioning whether it was best. The work opened slowly, but many had drifted so far they were alarmed and wanted to return. A few of the more spiritual plunged into the fountain of cleansing, and the preacher's wife was among them. When the deep light of holiness came into her soul she awoke to the real condition of her husband. He had a bright intellect and was full of shrewdness and cunning. He had slipped through my hands a time or two, but when his wife got after him he was in trouble. She plead with me to hold on to him and to God for him.

About this time Bro. J. P. Brooks, a dear friend of his, was powerfully moved to leave everything else and go to this meeting, and had merely time when

ready to run to the train and spring on to the rear car, already in motion. Reaching Galva, where the meeting was held, he hastened to the church just as I was calling for seekers of pardon and purity, and entering the door, he threw down his hat, came down the aisle with a quick step and threw himself down at the altar of prayer. He had apparently never paused a moment from the time he left Bushnell till on his face before God at Galva. He had sought many times before, and at periods hoped he had the experience, and my soul had prayed for him probably more than for any other man. He was a strong minister, and with the genuine experience he might do great things for God, and it was felt this matter must be settled now. The next day I was on the opposite side of the altar from where he knelt when God showed me he was now where he had never been before. Rising, I went to him and asked if that were the case, and he said he believed it was, which gave me great gladness of heart. Subsequent years proved clearly the genuineness of that conclusion, and through these years he was among the best I have ever known.

Now a threefold human power was brought to bear on Bro. Higgins. His wife was nearly distracted about him and was a glorious force to move him. He would kneel at the altar, but always on the wrong side! One night he stood near me while I was making the call, and she came to him in tears and begged him to go to the altar, and he seemed unable to resist her, but instead of kneeling when he came around to an open place, he hastened to the back seat and found an old fossilized Masonic friend of his, and, bringing him up the aisle, he knelt by his side and put his arm around him. Now he was truly at the altar, and on the right side, but he made the people think he was there to help others! O, the subtlety of a depraved human heart!

After all these maneuvers his soul had to be torn with agony, and he told me, in tears, that had he died at any previous time for five years he would have gone to hell! How many professed ministers in the pulpit year after year, and how many tens of thousands of church members at the holy communion in like condition! But dear Bro. Higgins found God when the pride of his heart utterly gave way, and he came to the altar as a straight candidate for mercy and pardon; and I trust he is in glory now.

Among the blessed holiness camps of those days was one at Burnside, Ills., where, by actual count, thirteen different churches were among the worshipers. Bro. J. T. Patterson and wife did a great work in that section of Illinois and elsewhere. They were Cumberland Presbyterians, and gloriously saved. In the first years of the holiness movement there appeared perfect unity of the Spirit and wondrous power in their assemblies. The work in Central and Southern Illinois and Missouri was wide and beautiful, and nowhere in the West do I remember a discordant note till individuals, who were anxious to be leaders, brought in notions outside of holiness teachings, upon which the holy flock could not agree. Holiness people have always united on holiness, but have been sadly divided on speculative questions. Would it not be greatly pleasing to God if we would all unite on our glorious center, and each of us be glad to allow to the other the right of private opinions? Of the multitudes of holy and beautiful people we met in these three years (or less) of evangelism, and of the many hundreds we saw saved, how large a proportion are now with the King! Glory to the Father, Son and Holy Ghost!

CHAPTER LI.

End of First Evangelistic Term.

I had hoped to have given a fuller account of this first term of evangelistic work, including descriptions of God's work at other points, with the mention of beautiful characters with whom I came in contact, and who greatly helped me; but these are ruled out for want of space. I was called by Hardin Wallace, of precious memory, to aid him in Brooklyn charge, Jacksonville, which was the last meeting of three years. While there my brother Richard wrote me that the pastor at Galesburg had failed because of sickness, and there were yet five months to Conference. The official board had unanimously requested that I fill that term, and they would give me five hundred dollars and the use of the parsonage. He also, as Presiding Elder, would use his power to continue me there the following year, etc., etc. I had been absent from my young family most of the time, and it was suggested my boys were coming to years when they needed the control of a father. I could put in that five months with my family, and that church knew me and knew what they were asking for, and this would give me five months of rest from the strain of evangelism. All of which seemed plausible and looked desirable. I counseled with Bro. Wallace, who was a man of great experience and heavenly wisdom, with two or three dear saints who were there from Williamsville. I also laid the matter before Sister Barker, who was close to God;

and they all thought it looked as though God was in it. I wrote to my brother, accepting his proposition, and in case of failure to get there the first Sabbath I agreed to fill the pulpit with J. W. Stewart and pay him out of my salary. (Richard had written if I did not accept, that the five months would have to be filled out in Galesburg by Bros. Stewart and Jones preaching there each alternate Sabbath.) On mailing the latter a load came on my soul, and it seemed as though God were displeased. I told Sister Barker my feelings, and said I should ask God, if this plan was of the devil, to break it up, and, going to my home, I pleaded most earnestly to that effect. Not long after another letter came from my brother, saying he "was profoundly sorry I did not come to Galesburg!" I took the letter to Sister Barker, saying: "God has answered my prayer." And I felt like a bird let out of its cage! But before leaving Jacksonville my brother came there in person.

While riding with him he opened the subject again by saying: "Milton, I am profoundly sorry you did not come to Galesburg!" Being surprised, I turned and looked him in the face, saying: "Richard, don't you know I squarely accepted your proposition to come to Galesburg, and told you in case of failure to get there the Sabbath you suggested that I would secure Bro. Stewart for that day and pay him out of my salary?" Turning his face from me, he responded: "Milton, if St. Paul was ever called to the Christian ministry, you are called of God to Galesburg." And to this day I have never had any other answer to my question. I doubt whether Richard knew why he wrote me as he did in the second letter, but in some way God had ruled it that way to release me from going to Galesburg and retain me in the work to which He had called me. My brother was a man of great force of speech,

and had a powerful influence over me. To that influence I yielded, and leaving the evangelistic field I returned to the pastorate.

My mistakes have been many, and some of them serious, but this was the most serious and greatest of them all. 1. It involved a breach of my vow to God, as I saw plainly afterwards. 2. As the result I lost what I now recognize as the special gift of faith which came to me because I gave up the pastorate for Christ's sake, for the work of an evangelist, with the understanding that it was to be my life work. This gift of faith related prominently to two points: 1. To soul saving. While I had it there was no failure in any place. Souls were often saved easily where others thought it well nigh impossible. In the measure I had it, it was to me of more value than a hundred worlds. 2. This special gift of faith brought to me a perfect trust in God to supply all my temporal needs. I am aware of the cant phrases of doubters relating to this subject, and of the bald skepticism of the multitude; but nothing is more certain nor real to me. There was a special reason in my case why the gift of faith should cover the question of my soul toward evangelism and my shrinking from it was chiefly that it looked like beggary. The church had no place for evangelists, and to leave the pastorate without plan, or provision, or place seemed a leap in the dark. Hence the resort to business plottings outside the ministry to place me in a state of independence, so I could be a self-supporting evangelist. Such undertakings were prospered at times sufficiently to open the way for defeat, and then I would be lifted up as a preparation to sink me out of sight! So when at last I yielded to God and entered the work I was further from self-support than ever before! God ordained that they who preach the gospel should live of the gospel, and there was no ex-

cuse for my delay. But in the end of years of folly, in utter helplessness, when I threw myself upon Him He made it easy and natural to lean upon His arm, and while doing so I did not have one hour's uneasiness as to the support of myself and family. So it was right when, after all this, I yielded to any power to take me out of evangelistic work into the pastorate, that God should withdraw that precious gift. I plead for its return like Esau for his birthright, but it did not return! I have suffered as God only knows, but I adore Him for its withdrawal, and for withholding it. He is right, and that is right! I have known much more of Him since, but it is right that in either time or eternity I should never fill the measure I would have reached in both, had I not violated my covenant and returned to the pastorate. Has he forgiven me for all this? A thousand times yes; but dropped me on a lower plane, as I richly deserved that I might learn that He is God! The key to all that I have suffered financially in the past is found in my delay to enter the field of evangelism, and my failure to continue in it.

I came to Galesburg in a time of increasing business prosperity. It was a period beyond what had then preceded it, of abnormal rush for money. My brother warned me to begin with care, as he knew well the leading thought in that church was not God, but money. I began cautiously to feel my way, but had too much fire within for six months of preliminary preaching. I passed the alphabet and spelling lessons on a run and struck the word of holiness before running far. At length I preached a series of sermons Sabbath mornings to the church, and repentance to sinners at night. The fourth or fifth sermon on holiness was most enchanting to my own soul, but old Father Armstrong and one sister were all I could see who were in sympathy with this truth. I could feel

that the mass of my brethren loathed it. Having preached from Heb. 13: 12, I had wonderful views of Christ's sacrifice and the purpose for which His blood was shed. Father Armstrong's great soul wept and quietly breathed words of praise to God. But the mass of my people closed their hearts around it.

It seemed to me like the fresh murder of my Lord! I went from the pulpit saying in my heart they would not have another opportunity to hear the gospel of holiness from my lips. But God put me through, and before the next Sabbath the old musket was loaded to the muzzle with like material. A few of God's saints got into the fountain here and there, and a straggler returned now and then. Brethren treated me kindly, and there was no open rupture, but the most of them were not in a condition to receive the truth. Dear Sister Wright was a good, solid woman, but quite actively opposed the preaching. We came around to the district camp meeting, and she being a great business woman, ran the boarding house. Saturday night she was fearfully convicted for sanctification and at the altar of prayer in agony of soul, and, sending for my wife, confessed what she had said against my preaching and my wife's testimony, begging us to forgive her and pray for her, and after a fearful struggle she came into glorious victory. Sabbath was her jubilee, and all heaven seemed to have broken loose upon her victorious spirit. There was a great crowd at the tables, and waiting upon them, she would ask: "Would you have coffee? Glory!" "A glass of water? Hallelujah!" "Take some of the fruit. O praise the Lord!" And thus she went through the whole day. Some gracious fruit was gathered during the five months we were in this city, but had I continued as an evangelist apparently five times more would have been done. The Galesburg church were and are a beautiful people, and

many saints have gone to glory from that body. Had I been fully in the order of God doubtless much more could have been done by my ministry, but all that will now have to be left in the hands of the Great Moderator.

CHAPTER LII.

Pastorates in Brimfield and Ipava.

The Conference that year was held in Pekin, and we had a good time. While in session a Circuit Judge in the city awoke one night finding a robber at his bedside. He sprang from the bed and closed in with the villain, who held an iron bar in his right hand. The only escape for the Judge was to hold the rascal so close to him as to prevent being struck with the iron. His daughter was sleeping in the next room, and hearing the death struggle, came out and asked: "Pa, what can I do?" The father responded: "Get the villain by the throat," and she seized and choked him down in his tracks. Two preachers were lying upstairs and heard when the robber came down with a thud. Running down, they found him prostrate and the Judge and his daughter in command of the situation. They procured a rope and he was put right in jail. The Judge called an associate to sit in his place, and the poor fellow was in the penitentiary in less than ten days.

Philip Phillips, the great singer, was at the Conference, and, hearing of the affair, came down in the morning and asked to see the girl who had saved her father's life.

About this time there was a great awakening among the preachers in Central Illinois Conference, and much inquiry was made on the subject of holiness. The wave of opposition to the Wesleyan doctrine had not yet struck this body. We had some evangelistic services in the afternoon, and I preached on the dis-

tinction between the new birth and sanctification. The Holy Spirit was wondrously present, and on a direct call for seekers of entire sanctification there was such a rush of ministers to the altar as I have rarely seen. My brother William, a minister, was broken up as I had rarely seen him in his whole life. Had the dear brethren gone forward from that beginning and unitedly preached as did Wesley and Asbury, many tens of thousands would have been saved in this territory who have not been saved. At the close of the service a new man from the East came to me deeply agitated, saying he was much impressed with the service; that he had taken opposite grounds on the subject and written a small book on the Zinzendorfian base, but he surely wanted not to oppose the truth. And yet he circulated his pamphlet all the same. A Methodist preacher of the Illinois Conference had written a larger book, and went from place to place selling it as widely possible, advocating like views with this latecomer, and then several of our own preachers put forth a pamphlet denying sanctification as a second experience. All of these are now out of sight, and forgotten by many, but they did their work and can never undo it.

I was sent to Brimfield for the two coming years, where I met with sterling brethren and saw a gracious work of God. Bro. Kent was our Presiding Elder, and he sustained me graciously throughout. A far-reaching revival was given us the first year, closing up with the district camp on our hands, which in those days was a wonderful camp center. Bro. Kent himself was sanctified graciously in his camp that year and was nearly wild with the joy of his soul. But few could excel him as a preacher when he got in motion. But few men of God have suffered more for the cause of holiness or been truer to the doctrine. Many are in

heaven who were saved in that first year, and many still on the way. The second year was not so wide in its evangelistic results, but nearly all previously converted or sanctified were kept and more or less built up or strengthened. Mrs. Haney was much used of God in these two years and was a great help to my ministry. All things considered, a wider and more permanent work was reached in Brimfield than in the other three years in which I was out of my calling and away from the evangelistic field.

Here lived old Bro. Farnum, who, when he came from the East years before, was a firebrand for holiness, but, finding nobody in sympathy with his soul, gradually let up on his testimony, till he staggered off the track. He had been a mighty man in prayer, but the fine gold had become dim and he hardly knew where he was. On going to a camp near Princeville, like Samson, he was feeling for the pillars, when I came out from Peoria and preached on sanctification. It was the first he had heard since coming West, and God came into his soul while I was preaching. Just as I ceased he laid his hand on the altar railing and sprang over it like a boy, shouting as he went: "Hallelujah! I have struck the trail!" I think that was the most forcible hallelujah I ever heard. He had been glorious; he was now more glorious. Here was Father Guyer, a Prince in Israel, and Belcher, and Barnes, and James Fisher, whose names were in the book of life, with holy women who knew the Lord.

One morning the Superintendent of Sunday School asked me to address his school, and there was a throng of boys present. I was led to make a fearful speech on tobacco, and in closing turned to the brethren on my right, saying: "I have not made that address with the view of saving these men in the amen corner, who are enslaved by this appetite, but to rescue these boys

before they become slaves. I rarely find anybody who has the manhood to quit after they have thoroughly begun." Brothers Snider and Belcher were to my right. The former was of German blood, and full of grit. He was struck with my questioning his manhood, and went home that morning well stirred up. Belcher went to his bedroom and never got up from his knees till God sanctified him, and as he trusted Christ, turned utterly away from tobacco. Though he had used it from the time he was seven years old, he was instantly delivered from the appetite and has never touched it since.

Bro. S. was a constable and a great temperance man. On Monday he went into a hotel where there was a bar, and a drunken old Catholic doctor came in and called for a drink. Snider reproved the doctor, and he turned and said, bitterly: "D—n you, Snider, you are a slave to tobacco and I am a slave to whiskey, and which is the worst?" This was the "straw which broke the camel's back," and Snider went out of the hotel shaking his head like a pugilist, saying: "I will show Haney that I can quit tobacco." I knew nothing of this for a time, but often visited Bro. Snider at his shop and found him as cross as an old bear. He was also missing from the prayer meeting, which was a surprise, for he was among the faithful. Near the end of the year I was in, and he said: "I am going to surprise you now and tell you something that no one knows but God and my soul." So he told me, and afterwards others, the points recorded above as to my talk and his wrath, and the doctor's cursing him, and he had settled it never again to touch tobacco. "But," said he, "Bro. Haney, during the year I have suffered as no mortal knows, and there were two instances that I came within an inch of taking my own life to get rid of my suffering!" But Bro. Snider fought the battle

to a finish, and to the day of his death never touched tobacco.

Bro. Belcher now lives in Bloomington, Ills., and can speak for himself. His deliverance was in a moment of time, because he gave it up for Christ's sake, making a complete consecration of his whole being to God and trusting Christ to deliver him from everything that was vile. There are many thousands of such witnesses, and Christ does save utterly from both acquired and inherited depravity.

We went from Brimfield to Ipava, where two years were put in. In moving we chartered a car to transfer our goods, including some valuable live stock, which required personal attention. So I went with it, and my wife was to come in the evening. Reaching Yates City, they were bumping me around and I got out for rest. After much delay, my caboose was sent back a long distance, and I feared when it came up I would not get on board. As I started to reach it the train began to move. I stood ready, but when it came by the speed was so great I did not dare to touch it. "My Lord," I said, "what does this mean?" After reflection, I sent a telegram to a brother whom I chanced to know, and then prayed that God would overrule my blunder.

A brother came by and insisted I should go with him to dinner. On the way out he told me their young preacher and his wife had come and they were going to reject him that afternoon, and had called a meeting for that purpose. He was the leading man in the church, and I emptied my soul out on him in earnest protest. He argued they had a debt on the church, which this inexperienced young man could not raise. He was not the man they wanted and they would send him back. I told him I had never known a case where a Methodist preacher was rejected that the church was

not cursed as the result. I attended the meeting and saved that young preacher to the ministry. After the battle was over I took him out and told him what was done and moved him with all my heart to do his best. He cleared the church of debt and did a better work than any who had preceded him in recent years. Older brethren got hold of him and switched him off into Zinzendorfism, and in after years we were holding a holiness convention which he attended, and the dear boy brought out his new doctrine in the hope of converting us all. But that night he was at the altar crying good for a holy heart, and God sanctified him. All of this seemed to result from my blunder in missing the cars that day! When the passenger train came, near sunset, the first my wife knew I was seated by her side, and we reached Ipava after dark. The brother to whom I had sent the telegram met us and led us to the parsonage. I noticed a company was following us, and reaching the house, found the horse in the barn well fed, the cow milked and cared for, and the other blooded stock in place, while the goods were in the parsonage and a table laden with the best, with our new friends to welcome and eat with us! The Lord will manage for us beyond what we think if we will only trust him.

This church had been hindered for years by its internal divisions. The choir had been the chief subject of dispute and the pastor preceding me had taken sides with one of the parties. The use and location of the organ formed one of their chief difficulties. Some wanted it immediately in front of the stand, others—the choir and more worldly part of the church—insisted it must be in the front gallery, nearly seventy feet away! Then there was a small group who did not want it at all! During the session of Conference, in the absence of the pastor, some members and friends

of the choir broke into the church in the night and carried the organ up into the back gallery, where I found it on arriving. I was at once beset to bring it down, and by others to cast it out of the house, but I refused to meddle with it, and went to preaching on repentance and holiness. Failing to get peace by the common means, I resorted to a protracted meeting. The choir sang like larks, but nearly all of them were unconverted, and the mass of the church had lost God in the quarreling about the organ.

We went on for many days and nights with a crowded house, but little visible change and no real confessions of sin. One Sabbath I aimed to bring before them the real causes of their failure and to the use and locality of the organ, which many felt was the chief of all hindrances. I became fearfully moved as though heaven and hell were in sight, and cried out: "What do I care for your organ, whether it be here in front, there to the left, yonder in the gallery, or out of doors! Whether you have one organ or forty, or none at all! The mountains of sin which have risen up and compelled God to hide His face are so great I have no time to devote to this contemptible organ question!" That night, having preached with all my might, I noticed, while making the call, a movement in thet choir, and directly its members had disappeared. But the front door soon opened below and the choir reappeared, led by the chorister and organist, all coming up the aisle and kneeling at the altar of prayer! This ended the war of years, and victory came. A host of young people were converted and the church greatly changed, and in but few places had I seen a wider work. My wife was signally endowed and graciously used in this meeting. Among others, our youngest boy was converted, which heightened our gladness.

But Satan was not dead, nor all the church members either converted or sanctified. We had two camp meetings in these two years, which were graciously owned of God and made a help to many.

A genuine revival also took place at Berandotte, a little outpost four miles away, and at a school house six miles out. An exceedingly nice old gentleman at B., who was a Universalist, was wonderfully moved by the preaching on holiness, and in the attempt to seek it got converted. After his conversion he attended our first camp as a very earnest seeker of sanctification. One day, while at the altar, he arose deliberately and walked outside the line of tents and threw a plug of tobacco as far as he could send it, coming back with a holy heart! He had been afflicted with epilepsy for years and was frail, but improved in health from that time on. The last message he sent me by a friend not long before his death, was: "Tell Bro. Haney that full salvation has delivered me from all sin, from fits, and from tobacco."

The revival at Ipava was painfully counteracted by a rebellion brough on against holiness. I think more of the converts were lost than in any fifteen years of my pastoral life. This was led by the Sunday School Superintendent, who was sharp and wily, and probably wholly without God; but had a fearful influence over the young people. This loss I put down among the bitterest cups I ever drank. How many of those who straggled away have or will return I cannot say, but their going cost my soul many a pang. No man with the light which I had can persistently stay out of the order of God without much suffering. He may be lifted up here and there wonderfully to prepare him for greater depths of mental conflict. It is well to listen and obey.

CHAPTER LIII.

The Evangelistic Field Opens Again.

At the close of our work in Ipava, as our older son was already in school at Evanston and the younger was ready to go, we thought best that mother should keep house there and care for her boys. So I spent the fifth year after my return to the pastorate alone at Trivoli, Ill. Great changes had come and many so dear to me on this territory years before, were gone. Souls were saved here and there, but they were few and far between. The Lord let me know the effects of His calling one way, and I going another, and from first to last I was under the rod. Before the year was half way through, I told Him if He would let me live to its close He should never have any more trouble with me about *being an evangelist!* I have considered it as the only *lost* year of the fifty-six given to the ministry, though great lessons came out of it.

Some time before conference the Lord asked me while praying for my youngest boy: "Will you give him up to Me in death?" I did not know the full meaning of the question, but answered in the affirmative. Later I was summoned by a telegram to his bedside with a clear memory of this question and its answer. He was visiting friends in Brimfield during school vacation and had taken sick. I was with him five weeks, day and night, and the doctors insisted he would pull through; but I had not been able at all to get hold of God for his recovery. In daily correspond-

ence with his mother I assured her in case he became worse I would call her, and the time came. He gave blessed assurance of salvation and had victory in death. His oldest brother and only sister had been long in glory and he had never seen them. His sufferings in that last night were severe and we suffered with him. Before the end came I had a deep inner sense of the presence of our two sainted darlings. The boy seemed sinking, and I put my hand under him to raise him up, when he turned his face as though looking behind me. I paused, fearing the change in his position was not best, and said: "Lewis, my dear, what is the matter?" and he responded: "O, Pa, I was looking at those beautiful angels!!!" I sang the stanza:

"I know I am nearing my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings;
The holy ones, behold, they come,
I hear the noise of wings!"

He repeated the words, "heavenly home" till his voice seemed lost in death. I bent over him, saying: "Lewie, do you know Pa?" and there was no response. His mother said: "We will not hear his voice again!" "Lewie, my dear," I asked, "do you know Jesus?" and he answered, "JESUS! O YES, HE IS MY BLESSED SAVIOUR!!!" The mention of that name had brought him from the grip of death, to tell us of its power; and he spoke not again.

We cannot forget the love lavished upon us in this bereavement by the dear people at Brimfield. Our boy died at the home of Mr. Elias Chichester, whose wife was a member of the M. E. Church, but he was not a Christian. The dear man so loved my boy that he insisted on meeting the expenses of his funeral. This

was not permitted, but there never was an offering which came from the *heart* of a man more freely than this. He still lives, and we would so rejoice to *hear he is saved.*

There was nothing left unsettled when I came to Conference this year as to my future course. It was plainly the will of God that I should ask a location, which would leave me free to go wherever I was called. I so did, and my request was granted. My friends were grieved that I had not asked a supernumerary relation, but I felt then, and have seen since, that I was in the order of God. In subsequent years, my Conference surprised me by re-admitting me, and made me a superannuate! This the Bishop recommended, as it would leave me perfectly free as an evangelist to go where I chose, and no Presiding Elder could order me into an appointment. Just before Conference closed, Bro. Sedore came to me with a serious question, which his Elder wanted me to settle. He had been on the Secor Circuit and Bro. Hall, his Presiding Elder, wished him to return. He was a very decided holiness man and there was opposition to his return. From the opening of Conference his name had been down to return, but on the last morning a pile of letters came from Roanoke, a new town which had sprung up, declaring, if he returned they would not receive him! This placed the elder in a bad plight and he came to Sedore with the letters. All other points desired his return, but here was determined opposition. There was to be but one more meeting of the cabinet and this had to be settled at once. Bro. Sedore really desired to return and it was bad to move him. Finally the elder told him to take the letters to me and get my judgment about it quickly. Having read them I said: "You tell Bro. Hall to say nothing about these letters to the Bishop, and I will go and put you

through at Roanoke." So after my boy went to glory, I went over to fill the contract. They had built a nice new church and we had there an interesting society. I was an utter stranger, which was in my favor, and opened up on holiness. The opposition rose to a flame. I told Bro. Sedore to keep hands off and be quiet. If there was any fighting to do, I would wield the sword. There was a Bro. Shelenberger, who was a school teacher about forty years old. He was the leader in the fight and would spring up and make a speech against sanctification again and again. I would stand and let the brother relieve his soul, and then go on as though nothing had occurred! I saw Shelenberger intended to be a good man, but he had been wrongly taught. There was little the matter with the other brethren, only they were badly backslidden. Father Barney was a princely old man lying back of the fight, but was wise and quiet. I kept preaching to the church, but Father Barney would come and insist that I open the batteries on sinners, saying the church was now all in harmony and ready for a great work. I insisted that I greatly loved to preach to sinners, but the Lord yet held me to preach to the church, and assured the old man that the first hour the Lord would let me, I would go for the sinners. One night our dear Bro. Shelenberger got on to a bench and made a fearful effort, swinging his arms like a pugilist, but before he got through, the Lord confused him, and he broke down utterly, came to the altar, got restored and sanctified wholly, and became a flaming advocate of holiness, and is testifying now in glory to the all-cleansing blood.

Father Barney was rich, and a dashing business man, a lumber merchant. I saw his old white head down at the altar pleading for mercy with other leading men, and God came and cleaned up the altar!

His son-in-law was an old school teacher, but had broken down in health, lost heart, and Father Barney thought he was shiftless. He lived in a shell of a house between Father Barney's and the new church, but they had no intercourse whatever. Week after week, month after month, he passed the home of his only daughter, as a stranger. She had a large family and they were very poor, and their house a skeleton. But the next morning after Father Barney got saved, God had some chores for him to do at once. So he went straight to this home of poverty in tears, made up with poor Bill, kissed his daughter and the children, and they all wept together. But before leaving he said to Bill: "I have everything you need to make this house comfortable. Make out your bills and come over to the lumber yard and get what you want." So before winter Bill's house was a place of comfort, and he was saved, though the state of things which had existed had made him an infidel. His wife and older children were saved and Father Barney had a happy heart and home.

A few days after he was brought out into light I was invited to dine with him, and we were seated at his table. The old man lifted the knife and fork to carve the turkey, and laid it down. Sitting back in his chair he said me, "Brother Haney, if you had let us fellows have our way, we would have all gone to hell together!" How many churches are in like condition to-day and the mass of them will perish if somebody doesn't stand in the breach. Dear Brother Wheeler was a shoemaker, but was broken down with consumption of the lungs. He was a man of God and hungry for holiness; and men of God are thus hungry. He had reached the experience and was so interested in the meeting that he attended till I feared he would shorten his life. One day I forbade him to come to

church till he had gotten more strength, saying to him, "You owe what little of life you have left to your wife and those three children." I had noticed an old "Root and Herb" doctor down town, and I said, "You go down and let him give you a bottle of his medicine, and stay at home now till you are able to be out." I had no thought that anybody could save his life, and felt certain he would die in the spring at the farthest. The upper lobe of his left lung was now gone. He had abandoned all business and was going right forward toward death. He yielded to my directions and coming in later, I saw an immense bottle of roots and herbs on the mantel, and urged him faithfully to take it according to directions. The next evening I called again and as I met Brother Wheeler in his room I was so surprised at his appearance that I threw up my hand and said, "Why, Brother Wheeler!" and in my confusion was going to say "that medicine is curing you;" but looking at the bottle, it was full to the cork! So I did not finish the sentence, but Brother Wheler blushed. After a moment's quiet, he said: "I guess I must tell you all about it. Yesterday morning I rose with a strong impression on my mind if I would take a glass of water and go upstairs and kneel down where I pray and drink that water in the name of Jesus Christ I would be healed, but it seemed so simple I thought it must be a trick of the devil. I took your advice and got the medicine, but that impression was so strong I did not dare to take it. This morning I rose with the impression stronger than ever, and after breakfast I went upstairs with a glass of water and knelt down, but I never had a harder time to swallow nauseous medicine than I had to get that water down my throat. But the moment I swallowed it a health-giving power went all through me; and, Brother Haney, I am healed!" I took tea

with him and he went to church that night and testified that God had healed him. He returned to business right away, and, so far as I have heard, has been a strong man ever since. Years after this I asked him if he had no trouble with his lungs and he said, laying his hand across his left lung, "From here up I am sensible; on this side I have no lung, but the lower part is sound and I breathe through it perfectly. The other is sound. I have had no trouble with either since I was healed; and I will never die with consumption." I think the above is the exact substance of his statement, but in every case may not be his exact words. He was afterwards licensed to preach as a local preacher and is, as far as I have heard, a blessed man of God. Of his present location I am not certain, but he can be found, if desired. Why do God's people keep on doubting, whether anybody can be healed by faith in Jesus Christ?

The meeting at Roanoke was a marvelous meeting, and many were saved. There was a point on Brother Sedore's circuit where he wanted to build a church, but the society had been divided and were worshipping in a school house. So he begged me to help him there. On Sabbath night I noticed a young man who was evidently intelligent, but fearfully scarred by the devil. The seats rose from the front to the back, and he was on the back seat. I was so drawn to him while preaching that I determined to speak with him. He had to come down the left aisle to get out, and I waited for his coming. He seemed to feel that I was after him and before he got to me he was nearly on a run, so I did not reach him, but asked a brother who that young man was. He answered, "O, that is Tom Delano, a miserable drunken tramp. He came down from El Paso to husk corn, to get a suit of clothes, and went with the money to make the purchase, but pass-

ing a saloon he saw some of his old chums and invited them to drink, and now, after a week's debauchery, he has come back to try it over again." I said, "Where does he stop?" and he answered, "At Brother Sutton's." I said to Brother Sutton, "I would like to go home with you to-night." Brother Sutton was a renter and in a poor house compared with the house where I lodged, and he said, "Brother Haney, you know we would be very glad to keep you, but we are poorly situated." "O," replied I, "never mind. I want to stay with you to-night." Tom was out of sight and rose early and asked Sister Sutton to get him a lunch and he would not wait for breakfast! I heard of it and was ready when he started to the field to start also. Overtaking him I opened my message, in response to which he said: "Mr. Haney, my Maker would not look at me if I were to seek Him ever so earnestly." I said, "But Tom, I know the Lord a great deal better than you do, and He is going to save you." He gave me some outline of his wicked life, and a fuller recital afterwards. He was the child of a drunken father who had died when Tom was five years old with *delirium tremens*. He was left in the care of his grandfather, who was severe in his government. From his earliest memories he had an inward hankering for something, he did not know what, and much of his childhood was put in with weeping. When seven years old a man gave him some tobacco and it was delicious to his taste! He had thereafter begged it of the boys and men and used it, though it cost him a great many beatings. When sixteen years old he ran away from his grandfather, and testifying that he was older, was mustered into the army, and lay drunk for two hours the next day. When he first came in contact with whiskey it was an enchantment to him, and he now felt it was *that he was crying for when a baby!*

Fathers and mothers who make themselves vile with tobacco and whiskey will leave to their children the legacy of an inherited appetite for the one and the other! Tom soon became beastly as a drunkard and was driven out of the army, but sobered up and joined the navy under an assumed name. He was driven from the navy and joined a circus, such as a million professing Christians attend, who are not found in the prayer meeting and played the drunken Irishman. He was soon kicked out of that and afterwards got railroad employment, but lost, and was now husking corn to get a decent suit of clothes and under a false name to escape the just penalties of violated law. His true name was Thomas Corwin Dilse, being named for "Old Tom Corwin" of Ohio.

I have never known a case where the Holy Spirit sent me after a man like He did in this case, that the man did not get saved and I was sure of Tom's salvation and put all the courage into his wretched soul that I could in this first conversation. That afternoon we had a prayer service in a private house, up two miles north. When about half way through the service the door opened and there stood Thomas Dilse! Looking me in the face he said: "I am a poor, vile sinner, and feel that I am lost, but I come to give myself over to you people, and if you can do anything for me, for God's sake do it!" The second night from that he sprang to his feet and shouted aloud the praises of God. Many doubted, but I did not, as I had intelligence from headquarters about the case. Tom had to tell me his whole heart before God saved him and would have publicly confessed more than I have written but I advised otherwise. There may be private crimes in the past of a sinner, with which the public have no business. He had to agree to make right personal wrongs, which he afterwards did, and publicly

confessed all I would let him! and God took him in as *His child!* Tom had two days of glorious light, but the second night he was back at the altar again. I thought Satan had been assaulting him and went to the rescue, saying to him: "Brother Tom, don't you think you were converted the other night?" "O, yes," he said, "I *know* I was." "Well, have you given way to sin in any instance and brought yourself into trouble?" "No," he said, "but you know my wretched life, and to-day that old appetite for strong drink has come upon me like a flood and I am afraid to trust myself with it, so I have come forward to seek sanctification!" This looked like very rapid work for one who had been so lost, but the next night God did sanctify his soul. How few there were who believed it, but I did. That was twenty-six years ago last December and Tom has been testifying through those years that from *that* night he has never once desired whiskey! It is easy for men and ministry to doubt this, but their doubts do not make the truth of God of none effect, nor *change the facts of history.* Thomas Corwin Dilse has been a preacher of the Gospel, with authority from the church, for about twenty-five years, and now lives in Nebraska at the head of a large family. Glory to the Father, Son and Holy Ghost! *Amen!!*

CHAPTER LIV.

Early Holiness Work and Workers.

Among the pronounced holiness preachers in the outbreak of the holiness movement in Central Illinois were John P. Brooks, J. J. Fleharty, W. A. Spencer and G. T. Bailey; and we were all pastors and knit together like the hearts of Jonathan and David. The opposition at first was light and largely covered. Up to that time open statements advising Methodist preachers against the doctrine were unknown. At first the above mentioned group held conventions between Sabbaths where the way was open. When no other doors were open, there were five pastorates whose doors stood ajar day and night, so we would all meet in each other's stations and those were the most distinctively precious meetings I have ever been in. My ideal of Christian fellowship was never fully realized till then.

Aside from the public meetings we held one service by ourselves each day, and I am sure I have never known services which equalled these. Divine, unmixed love permeated everything that was said, or thought, or done. It was heaven in a sense we had never known before. Our people would rush together at the altar and when sanctified, their experiences nearly all were clear, victorious, beautiful. We all had the joyful type of holiness. I do not call up one that was otherwise. My wife for years seemed swimming in a sea of gladness. From this center of light and love the work widened rapidly and the above marks accompanied it in every direction. Holiness people were so happy day and night that multitudes came to

listen to their victorious testimonies and were moved by the glow of Godlight in their faces. Preachers, farmers, mechanics, housekeepers, hired men, mothers, servant girls, all were so enamored with holiness that little else was talked about. We have all seen revival seasons where during the meetings the revival was the one theme; but this went right on, meeting or no meeting. It was wonderful, too, how these wide awake holiness people could find time to work for souls. Whole groups of them went from place to place and a revival had begun before they were through with the opening service. Young girls were raised up and thrust out into the field who brought many hundreds to Christ. Among these were Eva Axford, a Baptist girl of Macomb, Ill., and Maggie Stambaugh, whose ministries for years were simply glorious. Miss Anna Romask, who came out alone from an unsaved family and whose profession cost her a home in her father's house, an unpretentious, bashful girl, went forth not knowing whither, and all through these years has been bringing souls to God. Dear Brother Fleharty was a fountain of love. I may never have known so loving a man. What a benediction the very presence of such a minister. I saw him when the blood was applied to his soul and he could not meet me thereafter without lavishing his love. He came so near the line one day between grace and glory that he went beyond it and we have not seen him since!

Brother G. T. Bailey and wife, who were with us in those early battles, still survive, but are frail. Wherever they have been in all these years it is impossible that those who knew them should have failed to see the likeness of Jesus in them. Brother Spencer broke down utterly by overwork while stationed in Peoria. He was for a time well nigh a nervous wreck from a fourteen week's meeting in a church which could not appreciate him. He was restored partially by a trip around the world and after-

wards became widely interested in missionary and church extension work. His faith was crippled for years, as compared with his early ministry, and he labored in the advocacy of holiness in the presence of its enemies, but in the latter years of his ministry, especially in connection with dear Bishop Joyce, was made a glorious power and has gone up on high.

John P. Brooks was probably the ablest of our number and was greatly prized by his brethren. He was able with the pen as well as in preaching. Bishop Waugh said to me, "I consider Brother Brooks the ablest Conference Secretary in the Methodist Church." He was for years the editor-in-chief of the Banner of Holiness, which for a length of time was among the best and most efficient papers we have had East or West. In the pulpit and through the press there were surely many seals to his ministry. Through all the years he has been true to the doctrine of holiness, and when *clear in its experience,* a glorious minister. Dr. Jacques was among the earlier professors of this grace and a superior preacher. He was brought into the experience of holiness under the ministry of Sister Phebe Palmer, and was a devout example of this glorious grace. Prominent as a college teacher, he had not the opportunity of so wide activities in the ministry. He faltered some, when the crest of the first antagonistic wave struck him, and feared to be fully identified with the movement, but I thought him true to the doctrine, till he went to his reward.

Rev. Stephen Brink was brought into the experience after the movement began, but was much more than an ordinary revivalist. At first he became identified with the "Wesleyan Holiness Association," which was our first organization. Its name was afterwards changed to "Western," in view of the fact that other churches beside Methodists were brought into its fellowship. Brother Brink came in contact with a man, our brethren had taken

in, who never ought to have been one of us; who was erratic in his views and afterwards made shipwreck of the faith, and separated from our communion. Through this brother's extreme statements Brother Brink became fearful and retired from the association. In the main he has been very useful and has brought a great many souls to Christ. He never did make holiness a specialty in as high a sense as some of us, but has aimed to be true to the doctrine. When in childhood he joined some of Paul's weak brethren who lived on *herbs*, and only at intervals, has he ever been able to shake off the practice!

Other brethren who started with us were tremulous about the rigor of the way and turned aside. Brother L. B. Kent came in later, but has never flinched for fear of man. But few have made more sacrifices for the cause, or been more intent on its advocacy. He has often been misjudged by his brethren, but his life will shine beautifully after the verdict of the Judgment Day! Brother Warrington of the Illinois Conference entered the experience early and has fought a good fight. He was in the pastorate till his health gave way, but the way was always open in his pastorate for the holiness evangelist, and his people have never doubted that he was a holiness man. He still lives to help shout on the battle. Brother Sinnock of the same Conference was a faithful advocate of holiness for many years and helped much to advance it till he left, broken in health, for New Mexico. Sampson Shinn took sides with the movement till he left for glory. Back of the movement and back of us all, was grand old Peter Akers, one of Methodism's greatest men, who stood throughout his ministry as the possessor and defender of this truth. It is a benediction to any good minister to have known such a man.

In the beginning, we were aided by the teaching and influence of Dr. and Sister Palmer, of New York, more than by any other Eastern helpers; but a little later on

we were greatly helped by the mighty ministers of the National Holiness Association. God only knows the extent of that influence, or what we would have been without it. The ministries of John S. Inskip and William McDonald, with their helpers, will tell on the work in the West to the end of time. The great Manheim Camp Meeting left its impress so upon me that I never can get over it. Its baptism of fire with its revelations of God will mark my soul to all eternity! Their camps in Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas are still going on, and no power in earth or hell can stop them. These men who thus led the battle are not with us now, but God in great goodness is filling their places with mighty ministers and the end is not yet.

The third President of the National Association, Rev. C. J. Fowler, fills well and wonderfully the place of his predecessors. He combines the logic of McDonald with the fire and force of Inskip in a marvelous degree. It may be seriously doubted whether any member of the National Association, living or dead, has ever excelled him in depths of Divine knowledge or devotion to the work of God. This statement is made after years of close heart relation with this man of God.

CHAPTER LV.

Some Reminiscences.

Having lost a part of the meagre records kept, I find it difficult at this distance of time to bring out one-third of the interesting incidents of twenty-seven years in evangelistic work. Nor will I be able in every case to record facts as they occurred in the *order of time.* In my fifth evangelistic year, 1879 and 1880, I was in thirty-seven distinct meetings. Seven of these were camp meetings. At one place I labored twenty-eight days, my wife also working with all her might, and our salary was two dollars and fifty cents! In the whole year I was out of any service thirty-three days including the days put in in travel and my gross income was six hundred and twenty-seven dollars and twenty-two cents, I paying out of this house rent and traveling expenses. I think at least fifteen hundred souls were converted or sanctified during this period.

In Weston, a very small town where I was a few days with victory, a fiery old brother seemed to be filled with great gladness and gave a very triumphant testimony. Being much impressed with the victory of his soul, I wondered whether he carried that sort of life through life's daily conflicts. He was evidently a bundle of nerves, naturally a very restless man, not strong physically, and about sixty years old. I asked my host the question, "Is the Lord able to keep that old Brother Smith from jumping out of the pasture every now and then?" My host was a good solid man, but had not been sanctified. He answered, "Brother Haney, that is the best man I ever knew." I responded, "But don't so nervous a man as he get angry and fretted, when he is tried

severely?" He answered, "I have never seen him out of sorts. He is a very hard working man and poor, but some way he is always about as you saw him to-night. Not long since I went into his field to see him and he was plowing with a sober horse and a nervous colt. I was coming up behind him and he could not have known I was there; but his plough struck a root and sprang out of the ground and brought the whippletrees against the heels of the colt. It being badly frightened, gave a fearful spring and wanted to run. The old man was badly handled but did not speak an excited word, but by his calmness quieted the fears of the colt, and as soon as he stopped went to shouting!" There is not a man or woman on the earth who has moral power left sufficient to rightly get hold of Jesus Christ, who cannot and will not be kept from all sin under the most trying circumstances.

This same year I was holding a meeting in a country church which was greatly blessed of God. A brother S. (we will call him) was the leading man and a prince in Israel. He was spoken of as the most holy and exemplary man in that locality. He seemed to me a most beautiful character. One night Brother S. was in his old seat but looked as though in trouble. I marked the change in his face and was surprised. The next morning a brother said to me, "Brother S. has gone seven miles to make confession to an old thief!" I was shocked at the statement, and could not think of such a man as S. who was so much like Jesus you could not think closely of the one without thinking of the other, going to humble himself before so vile a character. I said strongly, "If I had known he was going I would have prevented it," but afterwards found I was not so wise as I thought. At night Brother S. was in his old seat in the sanctuary with Divine light beaming in his face. The case was this: He was a man of landed possessions and had been

clearing a timber lot. One day he was passing through it and to his surprise missed nine cords of wood! He carefully followed the wagon tracks to a great pile of wood in the old man's lot, and on his way home said to a friend, "That old man has stolen nine cords of my wood." Of course that friend told it to others and the old man heard it and essayed to be very angry, saying dreadful things about S., as an old liar, &c., &c.: "There was your infernal old Methodist hypocrite, lying about his neighbors; he said I stole nine cords of his wood and I only stole five cords!" S. was a very quiet man, and had, so far as I heard, made no complaints nor published farther, but knew the old man had thus charged him. He could have sent him to prison, but did not. As the meeting was going forward the Holy Spirit brought the whole case before S. and asked him if he would go and confess that he might have been mistaken about the quantity of wood stolen and ask the thief to forgive his rashness in statement! This he delayed not to do, and came back so free and blessed that he looked like an angel! I preached that night as best I could and gave an invitation to lost sinners to come to the altar. As they rose Brother S. turned into the aisle and started back toward the door, and the old thief arose near the back seat and met S., who took him by the hand and led him to the altar. Up the other aisle came his poor old wife with her eldest daughter and both knelt together crying for mercy. All of them were converted and the rest of a large family followed them! O, if all the people of God were like S. how soon these weary lost millions could be brought to Christ.

Where a wrong condition exists between two men, it is very rare that *both* parties have not erred somewhere. The man who is the *least* to blame can bend much easier than the greater sinner and if he does not bend, often both parties will perish. Brother, instead of waiting for your

enemy to come and get on his knees and ask your forgiveness, dip deep into your own soul and find where you have erred in the case, and go and tell him in humility that you want things right between you and him, that you are determined to hold no grudge against him and ask him to forgive you. Get *your side* right and allow him to look after what he has done. If you are the Lord's man this will take all that is questionable out of your heart and give you a spirit of compassion and pity and love for him. In so doing you will save his wretched soul from death and open the way to save many others.

In my sixth evangelistic year I had twenty-nine distinct meetings, including seven camp meetings in Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, and Kansas. Meetings of extraordinary import were held at La Clede, Mo., Albany, Mo., Stuart, Ia., Camargo, Ills., Terre Haute, Ind., and Burnside, Ills. The first meeting at Camargo was the most triumphant camp meeting I ever saw in Illinois and was reached through the faith of three individuals, Brother and Sister Welch and Anna Rainack. They lived at an adjoining town and on another circuit, but some way the Lord laid Camargo on their hearts. The Methodist Church was not very strong there, but had built a brick meeting house which left them heavily in debt. The brethren had had light sufficient on holiness to rebel against it, and were in a bad fix. Their pastor was a good man and believed in holiness as a distinct experience, but he was timid and his mouth largely closed on the subject. He had entered the experience before but was holding by a thread. Brother Welch persuaded him to allow me to hold a meeting in his church and wrote me that I should go there about such a time. I answered that my slate was full and I could not come at all, but he replied that they had been praying about it and God assured them I would be there at that time! I was in Missouri and his time was covered by an engagement

to another party, and again I wrote him so, but he still insisted I was coming. Just then I received a letter from the preacher to whom I was engaged, stating that changes had occurred and he would greatly prefer to have me at a later period. Then the great Holiness Assembly at Jacksonville, Illinois, was to meet the 15th of December, and I was shut off from that by the above engagement. Now being released I could attend it, and Jacksonville was on my way to Camargo.

So I wrote Brother Welch I was coming. There was wrath in Camargo because I had come and some of the leading brethren thought the church was ruined! Nothing was said to me, but the poor pastor was environed by anathemas. One very active brother lead in the open opposition, but a quiet and able old superannuated preacher was back of it all. Threats failing to stop the meeting, they now resorted to planning. Christmas was near and they must and would have a festival Christmas eve. The pastor came to me pale as a cloth, saying, "What shall I do?" I said do nothing, but hang on to the Lord. So Christmas had come and gone before they were aware of it and God was going through with awful power. They then suddenly awoke to the fact that they had owed their janitor forty-two dollars for a whole year. He had a large family and was poor, and a supper they *would* have New Year's eve to meet this claim. The pastor came to me trembling with emotion, asking again: "What shall I do?" I said, "Nothing, but just hold on to God." Sabbath, between the two days, I preached on consecration of body and soul, time and substance and all to God, and worked like a man coming out of a dream, saying: "I have heard you have owed this dear man of God, your janitor, forty-two dollars for a year. Here he is a poor man, and this great family on his hands. For *Jesus' sake, don't go out of this house till this is paid!* Who will be one of so many to give five dollars to wipe this blot off

the church?" And Brother Welch sprang up, saying, "I will be one," and Brother Helm rose, saying, "I another." "My!" I said, "Here are brethren from another circuit paying your sexton's bills!" and when the flow of money stopped we had about fifty-eight dollars; so our New Year's supper was disposed of.

Brother Welch and wife, with Anna Rainack, through all this meeting kept themselves in a hotel in town and at first were all the human force I could look to, save the pastor. When the battle was at the hottest I saw them each day and their faith never wavered. On the Sabbath following New Year's I preached on the distinctions between the new birth and sanctification, and our leading man broke down. He insisted he could not yield just now, and I learned afterwards he went to the old superannuate above referred to, who said to him, "Jones, there is no use in talking, Haney has got the truth," and Jones threw up his hands and surrendered.

There was an enclosed camp ground, owned by an unconverted man nearby, with a spring said to be the best water in Illinois, and these brethren had rented that ground at five hundred dollars per year, as with it they expected to pay their church debt! The previous year they had one, to three tent holders, twenty odd huckster stands, forty policemen and three heavy railroad trains on Sunday, they getting a certain amount on each ticket sold! With the income of that day they paid the sinner $500 rent, met all their expenses and paid $500 on their church debt. But when these men got saved they were horrified with their past and alarmed about their camp arrangements for the future. Brother Jones came asking what they should do. I said, "If you will turn the whole matter over to me I will do my best to persuade that sinner to let you off," which he gladly did. The sinner's wife was a Methodist and had been sanctified in the meeting. I visited him, saying, "These fellows are awful sick

of their camp ground agreement with you, and I wish you would let them off, and let me have the ground for the next year." "Well," he said, "What would you be willing to give me for it next year?" "I answered, "Fifty dollars." "On those conditions," he said, "I will release them." During that year those brethren paid that church debt without any further foolishness and the camp meeting can never be forgotten.

The meeting in Albany, Mo., Jan. 15th to Feb. 3d, was among the best in my ministry. Hundreds were converted and many sanctified. The front seats were further than usual from the pulpit and after a throng had been converted, I had the converts fill that empty space as soon as the altar was full of seekers. So the seekers were encircled by a ring of fire both front and rear. I do not now remember one seeker who did not come out into clear and glorious light. The pastor and his wife were in the clear light of holiness and greatly helped in every department of the work. We often had the altar filled twice or more on a single evening.

One night the Presiding Elder, Brother Powell, was there. He was sanctified and in the fullest sympathy with the meeting. There was a fearful power present and while the second body of seekers were being saved, the Elder and I stood together quietly talking of God's presence and work, when a young lady, who had now been converted for days and all aglow with her now-born love, and had labored with seekers each day and night, came to me, saying, "Brother Haney, can you tell me how to be sanctified?" I answered, "Why certainly I can." She seemed surprised at my positive answer and said with much feeling, "Then I wish you would!" In as few words as possible I told her there were only two steps into this glorious fountain, 1st, entire consecration, and 2nd, simple faith in Jesus. Having described each, I said, "Now the Elder will tell you the rest," but he said

he thought the way was now clear, when the girl, looking into my eyes, said, "Brother Haney, I wish you would get right down here and pray that God would sanctify me now!" So we three knelt together and the Lord most wonderfully sanctified her. She stood straight upon her knees in unspeakable rapture, but with a calmness which was surprising. "Oh! why did not some one tell me of this before? O this is wonderful! O, Jesus, how can I ever praise thee enough!" Much she said was addressed to God, as she seemed looking Him in the face," keeping up a series of like statements, calmly yet accompanied by an unspeakable unction and glory. The Elder was like a little child before God, as in tears he whispered again and again, *"I never saw such a human face before!"* She was facing the congregation, but perfectly oblivious to fear, remaining on her knees. It struck me that the ungodly in the rear ought to see that face, but a massed body of converts stood between her and them.

With much effort, I pushed them right and left till an opening was made, and in a few minutes an old Methodist backslider and hotel keeper, who had a saloon in the corner of his immense hotel, came up the aisle like an arrow, and fell like a dead man at the altar. A moment later and the Mayor of the city, who had lost an arm in the rebel army, came running from the back seat and went through that solid column of converts and fell before God at His altar! No one had spoken to either nor any invitation given, but they had seen that face and were filled with horror at their lost condition. Dear Brother Canada, the pastor, had a glorious ingathering at Albany.

The meeting at Stuart, Iowa, April 9th to 27th, 1881, was among the marked services of that sixth year. One of its remembered results was the settlement of a *long standing* war between two parties in the church. It was very plain that no mere human power could bring it

about. It had stood as a wall of adamant in the way of God's work and the prosperity of the church. When that wall melted how God's salvation broke forth like pent-up waters!

The camp at Burnside, Ills., was blessed that year. The holiness movement was unmixed with any adverse element, and love tides from eternity swept over the people. God's children of thirteen denominations were there, but the one hundred and twenty at Pentecost could hardly have been more united than they. Brother and Sister Patterson, two blood-washed Cumberland Presbyterians, to whom reference has previously been made, did wonders in that section of Illinois. I think he was the most persistent man in soul-hunting I ever knew. When people would not come to his meetings, he would procure a wagon and with his band would go after them at their homes, and often got them converted when it seemed well nigh impossible. We had some stalwart laymen of both sexes in those days of power.

The Terre Haute Camp Meeting was a glorious service that year. Brethren had devised to meet the expenses of the camp with a gate fee and some of the saints were badly disturbed about it. We were hindered by it the first day, but a holy woman from the city came in one morning in tears. Her husband was unsaved and mad about the gate fee and had declared he would not attend at all. She seemed wonderfully inspired and when she had finished her speech the people began to pull out their pocket-books and coming nearly on a run they piled up more money on the table than would have been collected through the gate to the end of the meeting, crying, *"Let the gates be opened!"* With this transaction the Holy Spirit fell and many people were made glad to get to the altar of prayer. O why will not God's people remove the barriers and let Him work. Brother, sister, what is there in *you* which hinders the salvation of men?

CHAPTER LVI.

A Miracle of Grace.

In the seventh evangelistic year I held or took part in thirty-four distinct meetings, including seven camp meetings, and attended and labored in seven hundred and six services, being at home three times and rested twenty-seven days in all. These services took place in Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Kansas and Nebraska. We were in a battle at Albin, Iowa, over three weeks, beginning Dec. 3d, 1881. Had victory, but not an easy one. There was then a depth of opposition to the holiness work which has increased as the years have come and gone, bringing results too painful to record. No individual or party can take sides against holiness without an evil harvest resulting, unless there is speedy repentance and a rapid flight to Christ. Much seemed to be done, but we came out only with a mixture of pain and pleasure. The latter because of what was done, the former because the Holy Spirit had been hindered by those who professed to love Him.

Through Brother Baxter, a dry goods merchant then at Knoxville, Ia., we were called by Brother Robinson, the pastor, to help him in a meeting. The pastor was anxious to have a gracious work, but was at first puzzled with my teaching on holiness. He was among the most clever men I ever worked with, but he found it difficult, when the treasure hidden in the field was offered him, to sell all he had in order to get it! There was a local preacher who was a carpenter who had the experience

and was thoroughly reliable. Brother Baxter was then in clear light and had the work on his heart. These two men were all the human help upon which I could lean. The people would come out, but how they rebelled against the truth! In the hottest of the battle Baxter stood right by and I felt his help almost indispensable. My room was upstairs at his house, and I had just retired one night when I heard the patter of a child's feet on the stairway and the little girl cried out, "Papa has broken his arm; won't you please come down," and I heard the groans of her father below. He had slipped on an icy walk in the back yard and put his elbow out of joint! Oh! thought I, what will I do without Brother Baxter? The second day from that a messenger came saying my local preacher had fallen from a scaffold and broken his leg! So my last earthly prop had gone from under me, and the meeting was passing a dangerous crisis! What would I do? I was like Mr. Wesley's Catholic girl who was weeping on the street, and being asked the cause cried out, "O Sir, I have lost my crucifix, I have lost my crucifix, and now I have nothing left to trust in but God Almighty! But fleeing to the Lord He broke through and as great a meeting has never been held in Knoxville! There were 134 converted, 37 reclaimed, 67 sanctified and a host of backsliders saved.

We had a good service at Nauvoo, the Mormon City, but found the curse of God on the place.

We shared that year in the glorious National Camp at Round Lake. N. Y., where a multitude received the truth from the great souls of Inskip, McDonald and others specially anointed of the Lord. What an unspeakable blessing those men were to that generation. If the whole Methodist ministry had fallen in with them and followed the light given, the present fearful decline in spirituality would have been substituted by the greatest revival of the ages. O, our Methodism is not guiltless before God

in the treatment now given to *her central doctrine of holiness!*

We had a second great meeting at Camargo. I think it would have excelled the first if it had not been hindered by some brethren, who had continuously to ventilate their notions. The *showing off of new discoveries* by erratic minds has always mixed and hindered the work of God. But many will bless God in eternity for the second camp meeting at Camargo, Ills. We had one of a series of great little camps on the Big Walnut River, Kansas, in Brother Green's grove. Brother and Sister Green had a great body of land in that locality and largely supported the camps. What they have suffered since those days! If still living, I trust in their darkest trials they will remember what a blessing they were to me, how God used them on Big Walnut River, and the souls saved on their grounds. If not forgotten, we would have marvels of grace to record, which took place in those camps.

In our eighth evangelistic year the meetings were generally of greater length. There were twenty in all, including eleven camp meetings.

God gave us gracious victory in St. Joseph, Mo. A real man of God was in the pulpit at the First M. E. Church and some good people had gathered round him. An evangelist has great advantage where a Holy Ghost pastor has prepared the ground and the breath of life is among the pews when he begins. St. Joseph would have been the Kansas City of that southwestern region had it not been for the marked disloyalty of its leaders in the early part of the war. It is a strong city as it is, but lost its chances to lead in the southwest. The Church South was the much stronger body and war prejudices still prevailed, but the Lord's hungry sheep came and we did our best to feed them. Many were converted and sanctified.

On a re-visit to Albany we found some had suffered loss, but the great mass were going on with God. One

of our best girls had married an ungodly young man, who had sapped the spiritual life from her soul. I saw her pale, discouraged face, her sunken eyes and witnessed the uprising sigh which testified as to the loss of God from her soul. O, when will God's young saints cease *thus* to jeopardize their souls? The memory of her bereft condition pains me twenty years away.

Among the precious services of this year was the protracted meeting at Wilton, Iowa. How many sinners in that service came bounding out of death into life! Wife was there helping me, and we had a glorious time. A large number were sanctified and pastor and people blessed. We found a pleasant home with Sister McNaughton, who was a blessed helper. Dr. Coaling was rich in the things of God and helped us much. Brother Bacon, the banker, was in the battle and an inspiration to the work. We will meet the saints from Wilton bye and bye.

A long and somewhat effective service was held in Muscatine, Iowa. Brother Haines was the pastor of the First M. E. Church in which we held the meetings. He was a man of strength and a true servant of the Lord. Before we left he professed the experience of holiness. The success of the meeting was greatly impaired by the agency of a powerful woman, who threw her whole soul against everything looking toward a holy heart. She has met God since then, and found out all about it.

We had a blessed service with Brother Davis in Park Avenue M. E. Church, Chicago, and some glorious saints are yet living who came into the fountain then. Dear Brother Davis walked with God and furnished his people with the Gospel as preached by Paul and Wesley and the fruit of his labor will be seen for many days to come. Afterwards a Holiness Assembly was held in this church where a wild element would have carried the day, had not Davis and his people come up as a reserve force. Brother

Davis was a member of the National Association, but for years has been in the world where all the people are holy!

This year the Illinois State Holiness Camp Meeting was held at Toledo, Ills. That Association was a great power for many years, and all told, probably the most successful Association that has ever been in the State. My heart ached when it was disbanded. They called the National men often to hold their meetings and in no case through all the years was their meeting a failure. Wm. Hussey was its first President and John R. Jones followed him. Brother H. has long since gone to his reward, but Brother Jones yet lives. Doctor Clarke, the great Quaker evangelist, was one of the workers in the Toledo camp. Grand old hero, he left his mark on a host of souls, and we can never forget him. What a benediction forever, to be associated with such men! Many were led in this meeting to the Lord.

In this year we had three camp meetings in Nebraska in each of which God was revealed and souls saved. A glorious camp was also held at Huntsville, Ills. This is in the bounds of Brother Patterson's old circuit of holiness evangelism. Eternity will show up a harvest of souls gathered from his ministry on that field.

Our camp at Big Walnut, Kansas, transcended any which had preceded it. We had no tabernacle and it rained for days, but the rain of the Holy Spirit transcended the other. There were times when it was difficult for a sinner to live on that ground without yielding to God.

Brother Abbott, of Southwestern Kansas Conference, was to have been with me in a camp preceding this, but wrote me he could not consistently, because his wife was going rapidly with consumption; that he was fixing to take her to the Big Walnut Camp, which would be her last meeting on earth. When I arrived I found his tent was close to the stand where she could lie on her couch

and hear the preaching. I was surprised to see how far she had gone toward death in a single year. She was almost perpetually hacking and looked as though she might not survive the camp meeting. On the platform one day I was much moved about her case. It struck me that when she died it would break up her husband's ministry, and I stepped down to where she was and said: "Sister Abbott have you ever thought the Lord might heal you and send you on to the end of your husband's ministry?" "Yes," she said, "but I don't know." "Well," I said, "you lay that matter before Him." The rain prevented any service except in the tents, and Brother Helm's tent, being the largest, was a center of prayer. I was kept at Brother Green's house, some rods away, and they started a prayer meeting in that tent. Sister Helm was a woman of great faith and felt she ought to have Sister Abbott in her tent to be prayed for. So they fixed a seat in the center of the tent, and she and Brother Abbott took her carefully there. She found she could not sit up and they fixed her a couch on which she was lying while they prayed. I heard from the hillside a tremendous shout and went down to see what God was doing, and found Sister Abbott running round among them like a girl praising God with a clear, strong voice, and the next day I made the following record in my book:

"MIRACLE OF GRACE."

Mrs. Martha S. Abbott, wife of Rev. E. B. Abbott, of the Southwestern Conference of the M. E. Church, Oxford, Sumner County, Kansas. Her father and mother both dead with consumption, and two sisters with her oldest daughter died with consumption. For thirty-three years her lungs have been affected. Since last November she has been failing rapidly. From the seventh of last December, when her house was burned, she has rarely been able to sit up one day. Dr. Wm. Middleton on examination pronounced one lung entirely destroyed and the

other badly diseased fourteen months since. All her physicians corroborated the statement that she must die with consumption. She came Thursday, July 26th, 1883, to camp meeting on Big Walnut, Cowley County, Kansas. She and her husband both were impressed that she would not see another camp meeting. Becoming impressed after camp meeting began that God might heal her, she was led on Tuesday morning, July 31st, by Sister A. Helm and Brother Abbott to a tent where prayer was being offered, and first sitting and then lying down in said tent, she felt suddenly an omnipotent touch which was sensibly followed by a sense of healing, and as in her conversion, this was followed by the witness of the Holy Spirit, that *she was healed*. She instantly rose and praised God, saying, *"It is done,* IT IS DONE!" From that moment she attended the meetings and the change in her appearance was so great that she seemed many years younger. Her age is forty-nine this fall. Being on the camp ground in person, I herewith testify to the above statement as *personally* witnessed, and obtained from Brother and Sister Abbott this first day of August, 1883, C. Ground, Big Walnut, Kansas.

MILTON L. HANEY.

I saw her for a succession of summers and on my last visit interrogated her closely. She is perfectly conscious of the absence of one lung and the upper part of the other, but breathes easily and naturally, and from the time of her healing till that time, she had done her house work, her healed lung being well and graciously kept and believed she never would die with consumption. I append the following statement as just received from Rev. E. B. Abbott:

"Augusta, Kansas, June 18, '03.

"REV. M. L. HANEY:—

Dear Brother in Christ.—From her 15th year my wife had suffered with lung trouble, which by constant doc-

toring was partially relieved, but never cured, but continued to grow steadily worse till about one year before her miraculous healing, when the doctor pronounced her in the last stage of consumption, one lung gone and the other badly affected. At the time of our camp meeting at Green's Grove, on Walnut River, she was able to sit up but a little, but pleaded with tears in her eyes to be permitted to attend one more camp meeting. I could not resist such pleadings, conscious as we both were, her time was very short. I held her in my arms while she sat in the buggy and on reaching the ground pitched her tent near the end of the altar where she could lie on her bed and hear the preaching. She laid there from Thursday till Tuesday about 9 o'clock a. m. In consequence of rain we could have no public services, but the people had worship in their tents. About 9 a. m. on this eventful morning, the 27th of August, 1883, after making wife as comfortable as possible, I left her in care of our daughter, and started to go to Brother and Sister Helm's tent, to meeting. I had not gone far when I met Sister Helm skipping like a girl, who said, 'I am going after Sister Abbott to take her over and have her healed.' And we aided and partly carried her to the tent where a bed was prepared on which she could lie. The faithful gathered round her and began to plead with God to heal her, when the Holy Ghost came upon us, as if an unseen hand was pressing us to the earth, and suddenly a thrill from the battery of heaven swept through her diseased body, filling her with spiritual and physical power, so that she who fifteen minutes before required the assistance of two of us to enable her to walk, now sprang from her bed, over the top of my head, as I was bowed near her, shouting, '*It is done,* IT IS DONE!' and from that time to the end of the camp engaged in the worship with others. Twenty years have nearly passed and she has never had a relapse. She has since been sick with la grippe and typhoid fever,

but no lung trouble. Five years after her healing she was attacked near Sterling, Kansas, with bloody flux in a malignant form, and was cured by her Divine physician in a moment of time.

"Your Brother in Christ,

"E. B. ABBOTT."

Brother Abbott's address is Augusta, Kansas, and he or his wife will gladly answer inquiries as to her healing as experienced since. Many yet live who witnessed her healing, and both of them are widely known in the Southwestern Kansas Conference.

CHAPTER LVII.

Two Glorious Years.

I find in the ninth evangelist year I had twenty-four distinct meetings, including eleven camps. These were held in Nebraska, Missouri, Illinois and Kansas. Had a good meeting in Omaha with my friend Robinson as pastor. The results were not wide. People were converted, others reclaimed and some sanctified. A singular element prevailed and there were hindrances in the background, making wide victory difficult.

At Mound City, Missouri, we had a blessed time with the Lord and His people. There was a record kept there which claimed 138 conversions and 37 cases of sanctification. The town was small but God shook it to its innermost centers. Brother W. T. Miller, a business man, was the means of my getting there. He was, and is, a very blessed man. Since that time he has been a traveling man and in every part of the country where he has been he pushed the work of God. Sometimes he lifts a whole society above its present level in a single day.

In Sedalia, Mo., God gave us 108 souls. In a shorter meeting at Centralia, Kan., we had 40, and a glorious time. Brother Miller was the pastor and we found him a blessed soul.

In Sterling, Kansas, we had battle and victory. God came in power and people were made to see they were lost and many fled to the city of refuge. By the record then kept ninety-three were supposed to be saved. Brother and Sister Helm, from Illinois, had moved to Sterling and were two burning lamps among the people. They

were in fine circumstances in Eastern Illinois and she was a dressy woman. There was a long string of flowers on her hat when she was sanctified after a fearful struggle with the pride of her heart, and she sprang into the air with a glorious shout! As she went skipping down the aisles the string of flowers broke loose, being held at one end, but she went through the crowd with it dangling, perfectly oblivious to what people might think. How the tinsel of the world loses its hold on the soul when God is fully revealed! Sister Helm from that day became an active worker and I think eternity will show that thousands have been saved by her ministries. Her little girl of eight or ten years came in one day distressed because her mother was sick, and falling down by her bed cried out, "O Jesus, do heal mamma! *Do heal her right now!!*" and her mother was instantly healed. It was an inspiration to be in Brother Helm's home in those days. What a power such people are to hold up God's ministers.

Our camps in 1884 were mostly in thinly settled regions in Kansas, Missouri and Nebraska. They were generally small, but greatly blessed of God. They were held one week only, but from forty to sixty souls were saved in each. Brother Isaiah Reid and I opposed the change of time from one to two weeks for camp meetings. We saw when two Sabbaths were included in a camp that one set of people usually came at the first and left before the second Sabbath, and another class came in the second week; so it was difficult to secure the concentration we did with only one set of workers. I think now the larger camps should be held ten days, but the small ones from five to seven days. If people coming to a small camp know the time is limited, they are apt to come at the first and stay to the last. Saints and sinners, knowing that the time is short, are more certain at once to get right down to business.

Our tenth evangelistic year took in a part of 1884 and 1885, involving services in Illinois, Kansas, Missouri, Michigan, New York, Ohio and Nebraska. We had twenty-six meetings, involving ten camps. The following note was made at its end:

"From Oct. 27th, '84, to Sept. 28th, '85, 337 days, I have attended seven hundred and sixty-one services and God has owned them every one.

"Kennett, Kansas, Oct. 2, '85. M. L. HANEY."

In December, '84, I held a second service in Sedalia, Mo., Brother Miller still being pastor of Montgomery Street M. E. Church. Miss Jennie Smith, "the railroad girl," had been there working among the shops by day and preaching to railroad men by night, and many of them had been saved. Being compelled to leave, the pastor wrote urging me to come at once and help lead these converts into holiness. Oh, if all pastors could see the importance of at once leading their converts into holiness, what backslidings would be avoided, what glory would be brought to Christ and what salvation to men! Coming, I found the pastor joyful over the work done, but especially over the conversion of an old German Roman Catholic. He declared he had never seen his equal. I found the old German had a wonderful experience. His conversion was a marvel and through the days which followed, he had a wonderful power over the people. He seemed continuously filled with the joy of God, and had been recognized as the leading spirit in the meeting. This naturally led him to feel he had the highest and best experience there was for mortals! I saw that in him, and was concerned about him, and revealed my feelings to the pastor, but he could see no danger whatever. He also urged to press the truth upon him, with the other converts, and get them all sanctified. I saw the devil was using the effulgence of the old man's experience to floor him, and the very fact that God had so marvelously used

him, to hedge the way to his becoming sanctified. I renewed the expression of my fears to Brother Miller that Satan was succeeding in leading the old German to rebel against the truth, and it became apparent to Miller that he was badly tempted. One night I preached a sermon on consecration, showing the difference between the repentance of a sinner and the *consecration of a child of God,* and the old man was the first to the altar, and God sanctified him wholly! When he came to relate his second experience, he brought out all I had feared in his case and confessed he came near not coming to meeting that night. His statement was, as nearly as I can remember, as follows: "When Brudder Haney preached sanctification I no liked it. I thought I had all the religion that any body had and I no liked sanctification. To-night I said I no go to church to-night, but the devil he say you go, and if Brudder Haney preach on sanctification, you get up and go out, and if any of the brudders ask you why you go out, you tell them you are tired and you go home to rest. But when Brudder Haney preach this sermon to-night, I saw Brudder Haney was right, and I go to de altar, and God, *He sanctify my soul!* And now, Brudder Haney, *you preach sanctification!* When the people like it, you preach sanctification, and, *Brudder Haney, when they don't like it, you go on and preach sanctification!*" Such a speech, by such a man, under such pressure of glory from God, can never be fully written!

Some time before this his Priest had come to his house and greatly insulted him and he led the Priest out through the door, asking him not to return. He was a born Catholic and his parents for generations had been Catholics. He had lost his wife, and his children were in Ohio, so he thought he would visit his fatherland and see his parents once more. He had notified his father of the time of his coming and the old gentleman met him as expected.

They had not gone far when his father stopped the carriage and said to him, "You leave the church!" He replied, "No, fadder, I no leave the church." "Yes, but you did leave the church!" and took a letter out of his pocket from *his Priest in Sedalia, and read it to him!!!* "Now," his father said, "You confess to the Priest, and come back to the church, or you get out right now and never come to my house." So he got out of the carriage and did not see his father's house! He did see his mother, but she took sides with the priest, and he returned to America an *Infidel!* and was in that condition when Jennie Smith found him. He had a fine salary in railroad employ and was now in command of one hundred and fifty men. After he got saved he requested of his superiors that no unnecessary work be done on the Sabbath, but they would not grant his request. He said where there was a wreck or any providential occurrence which made it necessary that work be done, he would gladly do it, but he would not compel those men to violate the Sabbath. His boss dismissed him, but he trusted in the Lord. After praying over it, he felt impressed to return to Ohio and visit his children, and he reached the home of his daughter to find her sick unto death. Telling how wonderfully God had saved him, he led her to Christ and she died shouting the praises of God! He went into Cincinnati and secured a place in a railroad company, much better than the one he lost, with a much higher salary and *no Sabbath work in it at all!* Glory be to God! *the faithful covenant keeping God!* I ought to add, that when settled in his new place, he wrote me a letter, giving all these facts and assuring me of his heart intention to be true to the end. If Jennie Smith should see this recital, she will have still greater reasons for thanksgiving to God, because such results have accrued to her ministry.

We had this year a blessed time in the Carthage (Illinois) Camp of the Hancock County Association. Brother

J. H. Kirkpatrick was for years its President and a gracious man of God was he. How many precious days and nights I have had in his home. He was a sufferer for years, but the good cheer of the Lord was in him. He has long been with the just made perfect, in the presence of the King, and I shall see him again! A throng of souls have been saved through that Association, and their record is on high.

We were also identified with the camp at Towanda, Illinois, in 1885, as well as other years. This camp was located badly and difficult to reach, but despite it all, the interest brought about by the holiness movement was so great that thousands assembled there and it became the birth-place of many souls. A wide revival was there reached through the ministry of John P. Brooks in his best days—a work that will really never die. There has come a change in the locality of camps which I trust will be abiding. The former plan was to seek seclusion, now we seek to get the camp among the people.

A series of meetings were held on the Glassfield Circuit to aid Brother Adams, of my Conference, in places that are hidden away from the gaze of the world, but God sees them. How many of the King's jewels will come up from unseemly corners, on banks of rivers, and little towns unknown by this great restless world. The pastor came to me one day blushing, and said, "Brother Haney, I am almost ashamed to ask you, but if you could give a few days to that old deserted church at Kingston, I would be glad." Kingston had been a mining place which prospered for many years. The mines became exhausted and the miners moved away. They were English miners and many of them Godly men, and had a prosperous society. Now for ten years, I think, there had not been a prayer or song, or sermon in that little old meeting house, except a single service held by Brother Adams of recent date. Located on the Illinois River,

Kingston had become a vile Sunday resort for hunting and fishing, horse racing, &c. Many children were growing up without prayer, and death reigned all around. The dear souls had been so long without the Gospel that it was a treat to them. The pastor could not sing, and when he preached to them there was nobody to sing or pray. I got a brother and his wife to lead the singing and the first night I told them that these old musty walls would echo with the praises of God and the shouts of new-born souls. God gave us an ingathering and people will be in heaven as the result. After dismissing one night, I was standing on the platform when a lady with a white feather in her hat whirled suddenly out of the second seat into the aisle with a toss of her head and in a loud angry tone said, "You will not get *me* to that altar!" I was much amused at her procedure and had a hearty quiet laugh to myself. She had but one child, a little girl only three years and a half old, who was a natural singer. I had been singing the chorus:

Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus now;
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.

and the little thing had learned it. The next day while her mamma was sewing she was in her little rocking chair singing this chorus and rocking with all her might. Stopping suddenly, with her face radiant with glory, she looked into mother's face, saying, "Mamma, ain't you coming to Jesus?" Her mother responded, "Yes, darling, mamma is coming to Jesus sometime," but the child answered, *"Sometime! O, mamma, that won't do; you must come now!"* That night the woman who tossed her head so proudly the night before, was glad to get to the altar of prayer, and after her conversion gave this re-

cital to the congregation. I went to see the little preacher the day following who had won a star for her crown befer she was four years old. "A little child shall lead them."

We had three more delightful little camps in Nebraska, where the Lord heard shouts of praise from lips which before had never praised, and mingled with dear holy souls who have gone up on high. August 18th to 27th 1885, we were shut in with Doctor McDonald, Wm. Jones and others in a National Camp Meeting at Jacksonville, Ills. Souls multiplied were saved and the ministry of these men was wonderful. I thought Doctor McDonald the clearest preacher I ever heard, and Doctor Jones was among the finest preachers in this nation or any other. That the Gospel as preached by such men could be rejected by so many is a proof of the sad havoc that sin has made upon our race. The national camps in the West gave our ministers wide opportunities to understand the doctrine of "Christian Perfection," as taught by the Wesleys and to enter the experience of heart purity. Who can imagine the glorious contrast between what we are now and what we would have been had our church and her ministers followed the teaching of these men? Let us think, for the salvation of millions of souls is in the balance! It would be well to walk carefully before God, for unborn millions may yet be affected by what we say and do!

CHAPTER LVIII.

More Campaigning.

In the eleventh evangelistic year the record claims I was in six hundred and forty-three services. These were in Kansas, Illinois and Iowa, and involved twenty-three distinct meetings, including thirteen camp meetings.

The Lord gave us prosperity at Griggsville, Illinois, in a service of nearly four weeks. Have not held many services where more was accomplished. Among other interesting cases was a man of eighty-two years. He had given his whole life to making money and the case was difficult. He was for days and nights at the altar of prayer, pleading for his life. One afternoon when the church was largely present and all had been praying for him, we asked him to speak, which he did at some length, referring to so long a life given to sin, and his heart was well broken. I arrested him with the statement: "And you do herewith and now *forsake it all?*" To this, after a pause, he said, "*I do.*" Then drawing his attention to Christ, I asked these questions, he standing where all God's people could see him: "Do you believe Jesus Christ is able to save you?" He answered: "*I do.*" "Do you believe He is *willing* to save you?" He again hesitated, but *said he did.* I then asked, "*Do you trust Him to save you now?*" There was delay and a fearful interest pervading the house concerning him, but his whole soul came out in the answer, "*I do!*" His whole frame quivered as he said it, but the light of God so came into his heart and flashed out through his face so beautifully,

that seeing it, I think every soul in the house shed tears of joy! O, Jesus does save the chief of sinners, when they really meet His conditions. Old as he was, I saw him at times for years afterwards and he was true to his vows. The presumption is that he is now in the presence of the Lamb. Brother B. H. Kennedy led in song in this meeting and God made him a gracious power in that community.

Years before I was at Hulls, Ills., where his people lived and found them a desirable family. Nearly all of them were sanctified and they spoke to me about Ben, who was a County Clerk in Colorado. I had expressed a desire for a singer and they thought he would suit me exactly. I supposed him to be fully sanctified as the rest of the family were, and did not think to ask. So I wrote him and he agreed to meet me in Missouri. The time came and on reaching the little camp among the brush, Ben was on hands and sang like a lark. I had some very searching Bible readings which choked my song bird and he flew into the brush; but when he reappeared God had wholly sanctified his soul! Then he sang as never before and was a gracious power in my meetings, and now at Griggsville, where he lived. Some earnest souls came up from Troy, seven miles away, a little place in the woods. They begged of me to give them a few days, which I did. Ben had taught them music previously and I wanted him to go with me, but they said they were finely equipped with singers and needed no help. Reaching the withered little place I found my singers on hand and how they did sing! Having so short a time with them I opened abruptly with an awakening sermon on holiness and their hymn to follow the sermon was open before them. The chorister had issued his orders to his band and was in tremor for the time to come. When preaching was through, I said while we sing those who want pardon or purity can come to the altar of prayer. The organist

struck the key and they started, but broke down before they were through with the first verse. The organist, a beautiful girl, dropped her head on the organ weeping, the chorister nearly ran round the organ to the front of the altar and cried for mercy, and others of the choir followed him. The Lord saw to it that they did not get through in a hurry, and I had to lead the singing, I think, for two days! But they came out beautifully, and how they did sing till the meetings closed! Praise the Lord. He knows how to bring down high looks and to exalt the lowly.

It was in this year I held my first meeting with B. S. Taylor, that eccentric man, who is like no other. He was stationed at Storm Lake, Iowa, and had a great work in his church and now had a little camp on the lake shore which laid the foundation for the wonderful camp meetings which have followed through all these years. I had him in my charge when I was a pastor and he was a boy. His father was a strong minister and President of the College at Lewistown when I was stationed there. He has his weak points, but is an able minister, and I predict that he will wear a crown of many stars in the eternal kingdom. We had a gracious meeting in Brimfield, where I was previously pastor for two years, and the body of my boy rests in their cemetery. There are saints in that little old town who will be heard from when the world is burning. The camp at Murdock, Ills., was a service of power, but not equal to the first camp at Camargo near by. It was held under the auspices of the Illinois State Association, and those brethren never had a barren meeting. We were helped mightily there, as well as elsewhere, by beautiful saints who came over from Indianapolis. Among them was a blessed old minister who was anxious to give testimony of his life and latest breath to holiness. He was old and weary, but he has gone out into eternity's morning washed in the blood of the Lamb.

I was a few days at the Clear Lake National in this second camp, but was compelled to leave before its closing.

Having moved into Western Kansas the duty to leave by first train was imperative. I had determined to build a sod church in that new country and mentioned it the morning I left. They rushed to me from every quarter so I had to have two or three secretaries to keep account of the moneys they brought, but in ten minutes, I think, I had all that was needed and surprised my neighbors by telling them I had the money. So we built a neat sod church which gave us a place for worship and in this we had a sweet little revival, and it became a preaching place for years.

We had also five camps in Southern Kansas, each one of which was the birthplace of souls. This system of camps from year to year went far toward laying the foundation for the wide holiness work which has gone through the years in the territory of the Southwest Kansas Conference, and its true record will come out in that day.

The notes we had kept on the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth year of this evangelistic life seem utterly missing and are probably lost. If my life could be repeated I would aim at a wider and more thorough attention given to the recording of events as they are passing, for much that would be personally valuable and of possible value to others, would be thus made available in after years. The whole record will doubtless come out in the judgment day, but that will be too late to affect life changes in the pathway of time. These three years were in manhood's fullest strength, wherein the faculties were ripe and unimpaired and more should have been accomplished in them than in years preceding or later on. Had they been a failure I could not have thrown off their memories, hence I conclude they were at least equal to those preceding. The loss of time has been a very serious thing to me

ever since Jesus took me into full fellowship with Himself, and started me on a run to help save the world. Now, as the sun looks toward its setting, I *hasten* to finish what He has given me to do. If each day of any lengthened human life could be used to His glory, what a sum of good would be accomplished, what blessedness in time, what riches in eternity?

CHAPTER LIX.

The Fifteenth Year.

In the overturnings of the past, the record of the first half of the fifteenth year is missing. There were thirteen meetings held in the latter half of the year, including nine camp meetings. Eight of the latter were held in South Kansas, viz.: at Kingman, Wichita, Andover, Cunningham, Norwich, Douglass, Goddard and Southeast Wichita. Every one of these was a triumph. By this time the holiness movement had reached a wonderful impetus, and like the movement elsewhere at *that date,* the 'swing of conquest" was in it. If there were not a sufficient number of soldiers in the vicinity to carry the battle, squads were sure to come from a distance and fill up the ranks. It did not require a great preacher or leader to secure victory; he had victory when he began. A class of wide awake *live souls, filled with God* can have victory, more or less, on any field where *God may send them.* Of these camps we may not be able to write in full, but we found precious brethren in them all, and the Lord failed not to save wherever we went.

More young people were fully saved in Kingman than you will sometimes find in ten churches. The M. E. Church at that time had the most wonderful body of real Holy Ghost young people I have any memory of ever meeting. One young man had an exceedingly hard battle to reach salvation. One difficulty in the case was that he had been seeking a long time. Such persons are harder to push into the fountain than new beginners. Again and again he had been at the altar, but darkness clung to his

soul. Going out to a house for dinner one day he accompanied me. My whole heart was interested in him and I attempted to force him out of his ruts. So I forbade attention to anything else and drew him to absolute yielding to God. We came to where we were to part and I stopped him and drew a line before him and across his path, saying, "From the moment you cross that mark to all eternity you are to be the Lord's man, whatever may come, or not come! *This step settles it*, that you are from the time it is taken, to be forever, and ever, and ever the Lord's in the strength of His grace!" It seemed about the biggest thing he ever did to take that step. I stayed till I nearly missed my dinner, to get him over that mark in the dust. He came at last to a point of desperation and *took it!* I immediately ran on to dinner.

I was sitting on the platform before service opened and saw him come on to the ground and knew he was saved when he was rods away. His face was all aglow with glory, and at the first opening he told the people how God saved him as he stepped over that line in the dust. Grace White was living at Kingman, and the first time I saw her a little distance off, not knowing who she was, I was impressed that God had called her to Africa. On being introduced to her afterwards, I said, "My sister, has the Lord ever said anything to you about going to Africa?" She seemed shocked at my question and wondered why I should ask it; but conceded that He had. Her father had gone security for an unworthy man, and it had involved him badly. He was broken in health and could never pay it. She and her sister Anna resolved to prepare themselves for teaching school and determined to teach till they had paid the debt, and it was now only partially paid. Kate, a younger sister, was now nearly grown and coming to their aid and she was hesitating about Africa till her father was released. Children thus reverencing and loving their father have a record before

God. I have not space for all that passed between us relating to it, but she planned that I see her father and open the subject.

While tea was preparing at his home, he and I were left alone. Being frail, he was lying on his couch, when I told him my conversation with Grace. He heard me through, and rose and paced the room. When I looked up the tears were tracing his cheeks and he began to praise God aloud, saying, "I told Him when He sanctified my soul that there were my three girls and He should have them forever! If He wants Grace for Africa, that's all right!" I told Grace the result of the interview and she wept with joy! So it was planned that she meet me at a third camp, as I was in Conference with Bishop Taylor as to helpers for Africa. At the second camp I wrote her a fearful letter setting forth the horrors of the African Mission, suggesting as the last point, that she would probably die in the jungle there and never see her friends after she left them, adding these words, "Now, Grace, after reading this letter, if your heart does not cave in, I will report you to the Bishop." When we met she asked with emphasis: "Brother Haney, what did you mean about *my heart caving in?*" I responded, "Why, Grace, I so piled up the horrors of the African Mission, that I did not know after you had read that letter, whether you could endure the thought of going or not." To this she replied in apparent astonishment: "Why, Brother Haney, did you think *I would hesitate to die in Africa for Jesus?*" I said, "Grace, I will report you to the Bishop."

Meeting the Bishop at the Decatur Camp shortly after, I said, "Bishop, I have a girl in South Kansas who would go with you to Africa." He said, "Brother Haney *is she first class?*" *"Yes,"* I answered, *"She is first class!"* She met the Bishop at Wichita and it was arranged that she go in a few weeks to Western Africa. When the Bishop met her at the Cape, he asked her if she were

willing to go out to Barracka, where he had established a mission. A year before he had settled a brother there, who after a few months was visited by an old heathen with an armed force and had fled for his life! He told her all about it and asked her if she was willing to take that mission *alone!* She answered, "Bishop, I have not come to Africa to make my own appointments, but to go where I am sent." He went with her and remained a few days till she was settled, and she gave, I think, seven years to that mission. In due time his Satanic Majesty stirred the old heathen to come down and drive her from her post. He came with his armed comrades and ordered her to leave without delay. She had got a smattering of his language so she could converse with him and came out of her house into the open heavens and met him face to face. Referring to his treatment of her predecessor, she assured him that she was going to *remain there,* and die right there on that ground if need be! He quailed before her, and sneaked off to never trouble her again. Her sister Anna came afterwards, but broke down and was compelled to return. The last letter she wrote me she said she had *adopted* six boys, and " Some of them were the *sweetest little* Christians." One of these she named William Taylor and another Milton Haney, so I have a namesake in Africa! I was led to pray for Grace by name each day through these years, but there came a time when I felt strangely every time I prayed. I kept on, though I could not consciously take hold of God for her. When one day I took up a paper and saw that *Grace had been in heaven ever since that strange feeling came over me in prayer!*

The Nationals that year had a glorious camp in Decatur, Ills., and I had the joy to be with them. We were shut in together with the National men in our lodgings on the ground, and my soul will never forget the richness and blessedness of that fellowship. The National

camps in Illinois, except Des Plaines, I think, were all held under the auspices of the State Association, which did a great work in its day and as an association ought not to have dissolved. People from a wide territory were affected by the National camps in the West, and many will rejoice in heaven as the result of this meeting at Decatur. If our Decatur churches with their pastors had heartily taken hold with these camps it would have increased the glory of Methodism in that city to the end of time.

At the camp near Douglass, Kansas, we had an exhibit of the grace of God not often seen. My old friend, Rev. Stephen Brink, was pastor that year at Douglass, and in his charge there was a brother whose flesh was ossified. This seemed to be true of nearly the whole exterior of his body. His limbs were perfectly rigid, so of his arms and hands. He could but slightly raise his head, perhaps a half-inch, but had the use of his voice and could talk on salvation freely. His teeth were nearly closed, but his faithful wife kept him alive by feeding him soups with a spoon. He lay on his back, and could in no wise change his positon, nor could it be changed. He had suffered unspeakably and was still suffering, yet the people would keep saying they never had seen so happy a man. His face was radiant with God-light and his loving soul would keep pouring out praises to the Lord from that encasement of stone! Brother Brink, his pastor, determined to bring him to camp meeting and his stone elbows were so wide that they had to cut the door casing to get his body out, and brought him to camp in a carriage fixed for the purpose and drawn by men. So on coming I found him on a couch near the altar, so located that he could hear and take part in the services. His triumphant testimony to full salvation was a wonderful power and God was so seen in his face and spirit that I believe many were saved by coming in contact with him. A doubt, as

to the truth and Divinity of our holy religion, would seem impossible in the presence of such a character.

At the camp southeast of Wichita, where God had some beautiful saints, there was an educated mute lady who came to me inquiring how to be saved. While the altar service was proceeding she asked me what she must do. I wrote as concisely as I could as to the two steps each sinner under the Gospel had to take. After a time I asked: "Do you now give up all sin and yield yourself to God to be His obedient child forever?" She paused for a moment, and then quickly, *"I do!"* (I was now writing on the back of an envelope.) I asked again: "Do you herewith and now receive Jesus Christ as your present Almighty Saviour from all your past sin?" She paused, intently looking at these words, and then quickly wrote *"I do."* I wrote, "Praise the Lord! and you keep looking right at Jesus," and turned to others. Soon somebody touched me and looking round a brother handed me a note, saying "the lady you were talking to wants you to read it." It read, "Dear brother, may I tell the people what the Lord has done for my soul?" I answered yes, and she rose with a shining face and a glad heart to tell how wonderfully God had forgiven her sins and filled her soul with peace and gladness. A friend of her's interpreted as she talked on her fingers and the rest of us did the shouting! It is a great injustice to God, and to our unsaved brethren, when He has saved us from sin and hell, to *refuse to confess it to both God and man.* I find the following note signed in my old note book:

"All things considered, the fifteenth evangelistic year has been the best of these years and the summer campaign just closed the best of my whole life. Glory to the Father, Glory to the Son, and Glory to the Holy Ghost.

"Elliott, Kansas, Nov. 20, 1890. M. L. HANEY."

CHAPTER LX.

And Yet Three Years.

In the sixteenth evangelistic year I was a part of twenty-two distinct meetings, including nine camps, the year beginning Nov. 23, 1890, and closing Oct. 19th, 1891. These meetings were held in Kansas, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri and Ohio. Eight revival and camp meetings were held in Kansas alone, and so far as I remember, the kingdom was opened in each one of them and somebody entered it. The Southwest Kansas Conference was as nearly a holiness Conference perhaps as any in the connection, and has held its own pretty well. Many of their preachers were beautifully sanctified in the holiness meetings so widely spread over its territory. If these all remain true what a life is before them! Our young ministers in these latter days have more to hinder and break down their spirituality than is even dreamed of by the mass of God's people. It will be found practically true that this experience will not be maintained without great moral courage. A minister who hides this light for fear of his people, will need to be restored in less than a year. Many dear men of God lose this wonderful power by ceasing to testify to it for fear of officials, or because of the opposition of leading men and women. Every pastor who has it will be compelled to preach it distinctly and frequently, or soon the fine gold will become dim. Who is there who knows an exception to this rule.

The Iowa State Camp at Des Moines was a very precious service this year. The holiness work in Iowa

generally has been characterized by soundness from the beginning. The solid preaching of such men as Isaiah Reid, J. W. Martin and others has had much to do with keeping people to the line. The frequent National Camps from Inskip on to this time have been mighty factors in building up this work. The Iowa State Association has been indispensable to its healthy growth and the prevention of poisonous influence being injected into it. The strong body of evangelists which God hath raised up on this territory have gone far toward making it equal to the holiness work in any country. Of the two, the Iowa holiness people are more exposed to formalism than fanaticism and the fear of the latter may have given a trend to the former. Real holiness to be maintained *needs much fire*.

We had a blessed meeting among the Baptists in Vincennes, Ind., this year. Many of our Baptist brethren are shining examples of holiness, and Deacon Morse is not the only deacon who knows about it. Rev. Aura Smith has for a great while, by a consistent holy life and powerful ministry, held up the standard, and but few have excelled him in the ingathering of souls. Dr. Keith, of Des Moines and Vincennes, was a polished shaft for God in the years I knew him. Dear Brother Carnahan was a strong advocate of this glorious experience and has had no regrets that he preached it, since he has been living in the world where all are holy. Brother and Sister Rhoads (now of Normal, Ills.,) have lifted up this holy lamp for many years. Deacon Gill, of Macomb, Ills., was a live herald of this grace through the early part of the movement, and Eva Axford, of the same church for years, was among our most successful evangelists. Everlasting praises to God, and to the Lamb, for these Baptist saints!

The Illinois State Camp was at Shelbyville this year. It was badly broken into by storm and was a strong

battle, but we had victory right and left. John A. Wood was its leader and his ministries have been greatly owned and blessed of God for nearly a half century. Till his health broke he was among the foremost of the holy brethren, and his book on "Perfect Love" is among the best of all holiness books. People took sides in that meeting for and against holiness who have since met God and have found whether holiness is needed or not. A large number of souls were saved at Shelbyville, but not so many as in several other State camps.

I had the honor to be shut in with Doctor McDonald and his helpers in the National Camp at Vermillion, Ohio. This was on the Evangelical camp ground, and was held at the time the fight was most bitter between the parties in that church. Not long after I was in a meeting with a little Evangelical body in Illinois, and at the table of my host I spoke very highly of their Bishop at Vermillion and noticed that all eyes went down and there was no response! I saw quickly that the Vermillion meeting and Bishop were not of this party. The disciples said to Jesus, "We saw a man casting out devils in Thy name, and we forbade him, because he followeth not *us!*"

We had some glorious times in the Vermillion camp, but the work was evidently circumscribed because of the church fight which was in progress. How patiently the Lord does bear with His people.

There was a Circuit Judge from Cleveland in that meeting whose soul was hungry for the bread of life, but for years he had been using tobacco and it had *fastened itself upon him.* The thought that a great Judge should submit to be a slave to stuff as filthy and loathsome as tobacco, is abhorrent. There might be a mixture of sense in being governed by a great principal, or an inferior being yielding to be a slave to a great man like Washington; but a bondman to a *filthy appetite is execrable!* He was at the altar crying for help, but the Lord can't do

much for a man who loves to be filthy. But there came an hour one evening when he really showed God that he preferred full salvation to tobacco, and he emptied himself out of the latter and God quickly gave him the former! There was great rejoicing as the Judge himself told the story.

We had a blessed camp at Letts, Iowa, with Brother Aura Smith as our helper, and victory at Paxton, Illinois, where he was the leader. Elsewhere and in many places the Lord showed Himself as mighty to save. The following note was appended as we wound up at Elliott, Kansas. "A year of blessed heart experiences and glorious results. Never ending praises to the Eternal Trinity. *Amen!*"

The leaves missing from my diary have left me scant material for the seventeenth evangelistic year. Helping Brother Agnew at New Salem, Illinois, we had a battle for victory. We had a great time at Alexandria, Mo., with that staunch man of God, David Hand, at our back. At times it looked as though that desert would yet bloom like a garden, but it will take the thunders of the Judgment to shake loose the tangles of Alexandria!

A brief service near Edinburg, Illinois, so aroused one sinner the first night that he wished he would die if he did not wipe the ground with me before I got out of town! I had described his character, had dragged out all the meanness of his past, even described his family, so everybody must know that I meant him! Really, I had never heard of the dear man, nor did I know of his existence Of course I got no bruises, nor was the ground seriously injured by the threatened wiping. There is in the breast of fallen men such love of sin and such hatred to its being uncovered, that a vast majority of ministers have become afraid to touch it, so we hear but little concerning it.

We had a meeting at Grand View, Illinois, where many precious souls were saved and sanctified. One merchant

was brought to full salvation whose life since has been worth the labor of a half-dozen meetings. The Lord bless and keep dear Brother Wilson, whose saintly wife has since gone to glory. We also had a service with our dear Brother Nusbaum, at Hutchison, Kansas, in the beginning of his holiness experience and ministry. How God has used him in these years! Many of the camps of 1892 will bring shoutings in the judgment day, and our Father's books will then disclose what was done.

The eighteenth evangelistic year opened with a meeting in Joliet, Illinois, with my precious Brother S. F. Sheets, January 1st, 1893. His loving and able pastorate had prepared the way and God gave us a blessed time together. Souls were converted, reclaimed and sanctified, but I have no record of numbers. Among other good things there was a lawyer sanctified, a Brother Crawford of that church. God so set his soul on fire that it drove him from the practice of law into the ministry and he is still a member of the Rock River Conference. Stopping with the pastor, whose wife was, and is, a glorious woman, and whose children were marked by good government and as members of the household of faith, I became attached to the family, especially to their little boy, who was among the finest specimens of young America I ever saw. He was so manly and intelligent and full of life it was a luxury to be with the child. Not long after the meeting I received a telegram requesting that I preach the funeral of this child. With his playmate he was playing near the house when an electric car came by. Before it reached them his mate ran across the street in front of the car, and he, attempting to follow, was caught under the wheels, carried some rods and taken out lifeless! Dr. Cady, the Presiding Elder, and other ministers were present and the whole church was moved, but the boy's father and mother were marvelously kept by the power of God in a state of wonderful victory. With the love they had

for that boy, his death, as it came, would have nearly wrecked them, if they had been without God. Why do not the millions in whose pathway there is coming sorrow, bereavement or disaster get ready to be thus upheld when the evil day shall come?

Two days after closing at Joliet we opened at Pontiac, Illinois, Brother Joseph Bell being pastor. A more wide awake pastor will rarely be found and he draws a multitude towards him. He has enough tact for two common ministers and if thoroughly filled with the Holy Ghost would be a man of great power. There was a wide work in his church during our stay, and I think the church has been growing ever since, though she has met with some calamities. How many who then were brought into the experience of holiness have kept the faith I know not. Real holiness people, unless they have been doctored, are generally heard from afterwards, but these I have not been hearing from.

The National at Hockley Park, Mich., was not equal to expectations. Often where a great effort is made to make *grounds popular,* in view of an income from them afterwards, the Lord does not hasten to identify Himself with the movement. We had some good tugging in this camp. The brethren were true to holiness and much good was done. The camp at Des Moines in 1893 was esteemed as in advance of the one which preceded it; indeed it may truthfully be said, the Iowa State Camp has grown from the beginning, not spasmodically, but steadily. It was very small in its beginnings, it is now the strongest in the Middle West. I was at Louisville and Litchfield, Ky., and found some precious saints in both places. People were converted and sanctified in each, but not in large numbers.

We reached the camp at Silver Heights, New Albany, Indiana, after it had been going some days. This camp from the beginning had been run strictly on the holiness

line. Dear Brother Conner, who was its founder, had been very zealous and always insisted that such leaders be secured as would make it a strictly holiness camp and the people had been thoroughly drilled on the subject. Dr. Kean was its leader this year, and had opened *cautiously* as though it was new ground where people had to be reached by gradual approaches. So he had been giving lessons on the baptism with the Holy Ghost. Among branches of that subject he had taught a baptism of peace, of rest and of joy, but had not involved sanctification in it all. Brother Conner and others were much moved because, as they thought, the standard was being lowered in the camp, and insisted that I must help bring it back to its channel. Brother Kean was as true as any of us, but he had been among Methodist preachers who had to be prepared to receive this truth!! That night we preached squarely on sanctification and Brother Kean backed up all we said and the next day we had a treat through Brother Kean preaching on the *cleansing* wrought in this baptism, and the work went forward graciously. The Silver Heights Camp is of God and has accomplished wonders in Jesus' name. Dear Brother Conner has been a great sufferer since then, but his heart is wondrously interwoven with the work of God on that hill.

We had services at Woodruff, Long Island, Norton and Colby, Kansas, in some of which Jehovah revealed His wondrous power to save. Also camps at Devises, Kan., and Farmington, Iowa, which were made a blessing to many. The camp at Des Plaines, Illinois, was led by the National this year and was among the best ever held on those grounds. Dr. McDonald was at his best, and stood as a mighty prince in Israel. Dr. Carradine preached graciously and it was there we met Dr. C. J. Fowler for the first time and heard his wonderful sermon on Judas. Dr. McDonald had for a time insisted that his age should

excuse him from the Presidency of the National, and mentioned earnestly C. J. Fowler as his successor. His brethren reluctantly accepted his resignation and acquiesced in his choice of a successor by electing Doctor Fowler to preside over them. The wisdom of that choice each year becomes more apparent, and the National never did so wide a work as it is now doing.

This was a year of much labor and the book shows an income of $591.30, we paying our traveling expenses and house rent! We furnished pretty nearly a *free* Gospel and were wonderfully free ourself. Much has been said about holiness evangelists getting rich. I know one who has riches *untold!*

CHAPTER LXI.

A Wide Battle Line.

The nineteenth evangelistic year involved twenty-two distinct meetings, including nine camp meetings. These were held in Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Indiana and Mississippi. A gracious work of God was accomplished at Fairbury, Illinois, Feb. 1-27, 1894. Brother Havermale, the pastor, sustained us in preaching holiness and made special request that I prepare a special Bible reading on holiness for his people, which has since been used as among the very best readings of my whole ministry. Souls were converted and sanctified. We had conflict, but we had victory.

At Stronghurst, Illinois, we held a protracted service and gathered many sheaves. The Lord has kept the record and knows what has come out of it, but we trust after the sifting at the judgment a goodly number will shine as stars forever and ever.

The Des Moines Camp, or Iowa State Annual, came June 14-25 this year. These annuals have never been held without gracious results and it brings comfort to remember that we have been closely identified with them.

It is surely remarkable that good and great men, after all these years of observation, should fail to see the hand of God in these wonderful camps. Thousands of people have been saved in them and the least possible harm has come out of them.

We held two camps in Wisconsin this year, one at Loyal and the other at Dexterville in the north part of the State. It was a luxury to feed those hungry sheep. They greedily swallowed everything I said till it seemed

as though a man with a scoop shovel were needed to supply them! I broke out saying: "You people are the greediest lot of folks I ever met; you remind me of a nest of young robins in cherry time, every one with his mouth open!" when an old lady sprang half way to her feet, saying: "Well, you scurry round then, and get something for us to eat!"

Rev. J. W. Martin had preceded me in that country and laid solid foundations. He has ever been a safe and clear teacher of holiness and his work abides. Brother Hunt, a layman and merchant, with a few other good men, have proved true to this work through the years and it is a great comfort to help such men. We had among those grand old pine trees a glorious time with both God and man. These people have largely been separated from the wide helps of the holiness movement, but the work goes on and will never die. Again we were in the battle at Silver Heights (New Albany, Ind.) But few camps in the country do better work or are more successful than that on Silver Heights. Its foundations were laid with prayer and tears and shoutings and God has owned it from first to last. Among the very elect of all God's ministers who have poured out their souls on that holy hill Thompson, Pepper, Fowler, Ruth, Collins, Updegraph, Joseph Smith, Kean, Walker and *others* of the Lord's anointed, have wept and prayed and preached as men rarely pray and preach. May those grounds be kept sacred for the spread of holiness to the end of time!

The Des Moines Camp of 1894 was not inferior to any which had preceded it. For many years the I. H. A. has secured the best ministerial help and possessed a strong body of laymen, who are a mighty factor in such battles with sin. The annual employment of J. M. and Mrs. M. J. Harris to lead in song has greatly added to the interest and power of this meeting. We recognize them as the best camp meeting leaders of song in America.

We had camps this year at Farmington, Fairbank and Melrose, Iowa, and shared in the National at Decatur, Illinois, where we saw much that was glorious. We had only moderate success in protracted services at Swan Creek, Dallas City, La Prairie Center, Preemption and Geneseo, Illinois. Had also a ten days' convention at Bedford, Ind., which was good but hindered by internal dissensions. The Boston Convention, where we had Dr. Walker and Dr. Levy, with the writer as preachers, was a season of great grace. After Dr. Levy preached on Sabbath morning I was calling seekers, when two men came up the aisle who were specially marked by a life of sin. The one in the lead was neatly attired and intelligent but dreadfully fallen. He came to where I stood and in tears asked if there was possible hope for him, saying he had spent thirty years in the penitentiary and now felt if something was not done for him he would have to go back again, for his old trend to iniquity would rule him. I assured him of salvation if he gave up sin and trusted Christ, and he knelt before God. The other seemed depraved without and within, but knelt at the altar weeping. Refined and beautiful women came and knelt at the altar to help those fallen souls. One of them came inside and knelt in front of that vile man and putting her angel face by the side of his depraved and filthy one, in tears poured out her soul's sympathy in his behalf. These men seemed both to be converted and expressed their joy because of pardoned sin. A wealthy Unitarian woman who had but recently buried her daughter, was in anguish of soul, and passing that church she was constrained to turn in to the convention, and witnessing the sacrifice and love of those holy women for those wretched men, was broken down and brought to Christ. She came up the aisle saying: "O, this is Christ! I never saw Him before," and insisted that our city missionary take these men to his mission and care for them, she meeting the bills. We

found the Boston holiness people intelligent, victorious and loving, and have longed to meet them again.

The twentieth evangelistic year opened at Clarion, Iowa, January 13th, 1895, where we had victory, but much of the good accomplished was counteracted under pressure in the years which followed, as has been the case in many localities. Some remain who are wheat without chaff and will never go away from God. It is wonderful that through all the ages people who have utterly shaken off sin and the world, have been cut off from the society of others, misjudged, hindered and opposed. We had meetings at Woodhull, North Henderson and Victoria, Ills., in each of which God stood with us in the rescue of souls.

Again the National Committee held the camp at Des Moines, Iowa. There were present Dr. Fowler, Dr. William Jones, McLaughlin, Isaiah Reid, Wilson and L. B. Kent. Brother Fowler led with great earnestness and preached with gracious power. Dr. Jones in this camp appeared as a giant in Israel and some of his discourses are spoken of to this day. McLaughlin was at his best and all the ministers were helped of God. The meeting was a gain on others which had preceded it, and eternity will unfold its results. I was exceedingly sick from poison for a brief time, but made the following note at the close: "A meeting of gracious power, many scores saved, probably seventy-five the last Sabbath. My soul takes hold on God for an illimitable life with Him. All hail the power of Jesus' name!"

Of the District Camp at Wilcox, Wisconsin, this note was made at its close: "A meeting of marked interposition of God, and the success of holiness preaching. Souls converted, reclaimed, sanctified." One of the blessed ministers in this camp went out into a happy eternity that year. There were from seventy-five to one hundred saved at our little camp on Peiro Circuit, Climbing Hill, Iowa, July 10-16. Brother Isaiah Reid rendered

very efficient services and was made a blessing to many here.

The National Camp at Silver Heights this year was blessed. Brothers Fowler, Breser, McLaughlin, Wilson, Haney, Pickett and Mrs. M. J. Harris took part in the preaching. The camp was preceded by a few days of service in New Albany and on the ground to prepare the way for victory. Brother Conner usually put in months of prayer and shouting before the camp opened and then in some cases had services in the city the previous Sabbath, followed by services of prayer and preaching on the ground before official camp was opened. In this case that preliminary meeting was especially owned of God. For many years now the National and other camps have been greatly enriched by the presence of Brother and Sister Harris in the service of song, and occasionally Sister Harris has preached, with gracious fruit following her ministry. Brother H. is becoming more and more efficient, not only in singing, but in leading of people's meetings. Dr. Breser was a signal blessing to this camp, as he has been for many years wherever God has sent him. God's ministers do not fail to be efficient whenever and wherever they are true to holiness. It seemed on this hill in '95 His ministers were as a flame of fire. Hundreds were saved, and at its close we made this brief note: "A meeting of marked power. Many saved. The best ever held here."

Dr. Edward Walker and myself held a camp at Sigourney, Iowa, Sept. 14-23, in this year. There was great resistance to the truth. Dr. Walker is one of our strongest ministers and preached with great power on this ground. We two had a wonderful time with the Lord, and the more we were opposed the more closely He took us under His wings. The pastors in the town had combined to oppose the meeting weeks before it was opened, as we were repeatedly informed, and threw their weight

against it while it progressed. Good men do such things sometimes, not knowing what they do. If the holiness movement is of God, surely His servants ought to wake to see that they cannot fight it without fighting Him. There is a thread of excuse for this in the fact that some of its advocates have acted unwisely and in some cases badly, but good men ought to *think*. What valuable cause have we ever heard of which has not been injured by its professed friends? What church? What phase of the true religion? What doctrine of the Bible? What good thing has not been perverted and made a curse in this world? If ten persons have made bad work of sanctification, how many tens of thousands have made bad work of justification? I find and record a note made at the close of the Sigourney Camp, as follows: "Closing service brief but precious. A meeting against which all the pastors combined for many weeks and throughout!!! Among the most deeply spiritual meetings of all my ministry—God manifest in every service. Great resistance to truth, but some saved beautifully."

A meeting at Lineville, on the line between Iowa and Missouri, was held for about two weeks, which was contested at every turn, but we had victory within and without. God had some beautiful saints in that locality and on both sides of the State line. Some of them are now with Him in robes of light, and others are on the way. My heart view of this meeting at the time was thus expressed: "Satan did use the Lord's professed people *wonderfully* against the meeting, but God was with us and fifty souls were saved." Whatever may be said about holiness preachers or preaching, they do get people saved where others fail.

We were eleven days with Brother Bisbee at Logan, Kansas, where there was division in the church and ground for alarm as to its future. Brother B. had been sent there with the hope of saving it from dissolution.

The battle was hot, but truth prevailed and the powers of darkness were driven. I find this note was made at the time concerning it: "A meeting of remarkable power and revelation of God. Great transformation of this bleeding church. Many reclaimed, many sanctified, some converted, and the pastor, Brother Bisbee, goes on with the work."

After a brief time on business in Kansas, and having but thirty-five minutes to leave for the cars, I preached in Hoxie as though I were running a race, but asked seekers to rise, and five sprang to their feet, when I left for Delta, Colorado, beginning Nov. 24 and continuing four weeks. Dear Brother Weaver was the pastor of the church and had faithfully executed the will of his Master. I have known but few who were so utterly given to the work of God. Delta was a place of material prosperity, and the leading members of his church given to money making. His deep spirituality and glorious Gospel was an offense to some of them, as is generally the case with worldly professors. Much good was done, but great results seemed well nigh impossible because of prevailing evils within the church. The folloiwng note was made at the time between my soul and God: "A meeting much hindered by those who have opposed the *Godly pastor*—some of them very influential. The other ministers and churches also put their might against it because of holiness teaching. Many were reclaimed, many sanctified, many were converted, though the number of the latter was small. Never, perhaps, went through a meeting more fully in harmony with God and accompanied with the *riches* of His grace." *Unspiritual* people, churches and ministers, can be *united* against holiness preaching and testimony when nothing else will *unite them*. Brother Weaver will sing when the stars are falling!

CHAPTER LXII.

From Colorado Eastward.

From Delta, Colorado, we went up the valley of the Little Gunnison River. Parts of this valley furnish probably the best fruits in the United States, if not in the world. A wind comes down from the snow-covered mountains each evening of the summer and returns in the morning. Its action on the down trip prevents injury to the fruit by insects and hence there is a perfection, especially of apples, I have seen in no other country. The flavor of the same species of apples is so superior there, to other localities, that one finds it difficult to believe it to be the same fruit. Nearly all the varieties of fruit growing in California are said to grow there and are superior in quality. The river, I think, is the most rapid stream I ever saw. The people say that no wild beast attempts to cross it when the snow melts in the spring. The mountains abound with game, though but few of the more savage animals are left.

A huge wild cat—as large as any two of that species I had ever seen—came down from the mountains on the west of Paonia to procure a turkey for a Christmas dinner while I was there and a big sinner slaghtered the beautiful creature. Two men were carrying it by and wished to show it to the preacher from the East. I expressed a strong admiration for its beauty, and the sinner prepared the hide and sent it to my wife! This act of his in some way interested him in me, and he came to hear me preach and was converted! Two cowboys in that country were said to have found a cinnamon bear, and

actually lassoed him and drove him into town! There is a heartiness about those Western people which is delightful. The town of Paonia was marked for the skeptical tendencies of its citizens, but there were a few Christians attempting to hold the fort. There was no church building, but the Methodists had a small society. Rev. J. W. Martin, of Nebraska and Iowa, had broken down in health and gone there to recruit. Having accepted the pastorate of a circuit amid those grand old mountains, he called us to help him and we were there from December 25th to January 14th, the latter part of the twentieth and the beginning of the twenty-first evangelist year.

Taking everything into account, I esteem this among the best meetings of my entire ministry. The services were held in a school house, but the community largely gave us a hearing. Some who had wandered from God in heart or life in the church were restored, and others began immediately to seek and obtain perfect love. This, as it always does, opened the way for the salvation of those from without, and hardened men melted like wax in the furnace of God. The ground had been graciously prepared by the efficient ministries of Brother Martin and his godly wife, and now while it was in progress, they were praying day and night as people rarely pray. When there was school our afternoon meetings were held in their home and God used our Bible readings to open many blind eyes. At the close of this service this statement was recorded concerning it: "A meeting of blessed results and gracious power. Scores were saved, leaving twenty-five at the altar. Glory be to God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Amen!" On New Year's eve, while this battle was going forward, I wrote with a glad heart the following: "This night closes the twentieth year of evangelistic services, in which I have seen the great goodness of the Lord. In this time I have been identified with *more* than twelve thousand services and have seen the

salvation of a multitude of souls. This night also closes the record of the fifty-fifth year of my *Christian life,* and truly this has been to me the best of all these years. On this night, in the first hour of 1841, Christ opened His arms and took me in. Would that these years had been more thoroughly devoted to His will, and wholly unmarked by sin, but *endless* thanksgivings and praise to my loving Lord for His dealings with my soul in these *wonderful years!* O that in the remnant that is left I may never grieve Him and yet lead a multitude to His salvation. Perhaps the most marked characteristic of these years has been a *passion* for soul saving. This was imparted when God spoke my sins forgiven, and despite all my unfaithfulness, it has never been taken from me! O Lamb of God, *Thy love to me has been wonderful!"*

In this year I was in twenty-four distinct meetings, involving about 600 services. This included ten camp meetings and services held in Colorado, Kansas, Illinois, Iowa, Indiana and Ohio. Of a meeting in Wathenee, Kan., January 19 to February 9, I wrote at the time as follows: "A meeting opening with gracious victories, which were retarded near the end of the first week by many in the church refusing to obey the call to holiness and wickedly talking against it. People were saved nearly every day to the end, but in large numbers at the beginning. God has been with us in this meeting and many will rejoice in heaven as the result. Glory to the Lamb." In ten thousand cases sinners have perished who might have been saved if God's professed people had not joined them in rebelling against the Holy Ghost! Reader, if holiness is right and sin is wrong, *why* reject the one and cling to the other?

Going to New Sharon, Iowa, for a short convention, the work opened and we were detained several days, when Hart and Magan were called to carry on the work. We then wrote: "Came here to lead a three days' convention.

Found the Lord would not let me off, and He has brought this church and her pastor out of fearful tangles and opened a wide work." We understood many were saved under the preaching of Brother Hart after we left.

The camp at Des Moines this year was led by Dr. Caradine, Dr. Walker, Aura Smith and the home workers, with the President, Isaiah Reid, as the overseer, the writer being in the battle from first to last. Drs. Caradine and Walker preached with wonderful strength. Aura Smith and others had great liberty.

Of this we wrote at the time: "Surely God has given us a wonderful meeting. Such preaching as I have rarely ever heard, and a throng of saved souls!"

The National at Silver Heights was led by Dr. Fowler, assisted by Brothers Pepper, Reid, Collins, McLaughlin, Wilson, McLean and Haney. The Harrisons, as usual, were a gracious power in song, and both able helpers in exhortation and altar work. A heavy debt hung over the grounds, and both Sabbaths were badly injured with persistent efforts to raise money. In the heat of my outraged soul I preferred gate fees to these long Sunday pulls, but afterwards saw it not best to substitute one evil for another. This financial burden has since been lifted and we trust this camp ground will be made the birthplace of uncounted thousands in the time to come.

The Storm Lake (Iowa) Camp has held on through the years and aims to be true to holiness. It is a pleasure to any man of God to be identified with its gracious work. It never fails to bear good fruit and in 1896 the Lord owned it as usual. It is a good thing to have a body of solid laymen back of a camp meeting, and often nice to have something or somebody to hold worldly preachers straight. The camp at Manilla, Iowa, has been a center for years of much devotion to God, but hindered badly by the rabid spirit of a few well-meaning men. The holiest man in the world will ruin his usefulness and injure the

cause he intends to advocate by yielding to fanatical influences. Among the most painful things in the case of every real fanatic is, he can neither be taught by God or man. Dr. Bunce was with me in this camp and labored as but few men labor. Much good was done, but twice as much would have been accomplished had it not been for the foolish sayings and bitter spirit manifest, both in the city and camp in previous years by holiness professors. We rejoice that this is subsiding and a better spirit prevails.

In Brownell and Ransom, Western Kansas, we had two precious camps where much was done to end the effects of fanatical leaders. Much greater good is often revealed in small camps than in the larger ones in proportion to the outlay. These camps were places of special outpouring of the Holy Spirit. When the King comes He will find some white saints from those localities.

We had lengthened services also in Wilson and Wakeney, in that part of the State. The former was protracted, with much labor and less results. At its close we wrote: "A meeting of marked revelations of God to a few people. Great resistance to truth—a town full of backsliders and encased in the iniquities of secretism. Much good done and souls saved." There was battle in Wakeney with less of victory because of old quarrels in the church.

The National Camp at Urbana, Ohio, was a gracious service, but not equal to the first in the days of Inskip. Brother Fowler had to leave after the first Sabbath. There were present as laborers Fowler, Pepper, Neusbaum, Scudday, Ross Taylor, Baker and Haney. Brother Baker is a very efficient leader in song. Brother Pepper is always a power for good and his presence a benediction. Brother Scudday is a beautiful preacher and much was accomplished by his ministry. Brother Neusbaum, as a practical man and able minister, is very valuable,

and it seemed to us he ought to be in the field as an evangelist. The loss of Brother Fowler as the leader was felt, but the Lord took us through and gave us victory.

In the opening of the next year we wrote: "I fully recognize '96 as the best of all these years, and trust its record will bless me in eternity. Now (Jan. 9, '97,) I leave home to open another year of evangelistic work. Wife very frail, and to leave her alone is my most painful cross." The patience of my faithful wife with her lonely condition has been a marvel, but her spirit has often been with me in battle almost as literally as though her body were present. Blessed is the minister who has such a wife.

CHAPTER LXIII.

Eighteen Hundred and Nintey-seven.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-seven was my twenty-second evangelistic year. This campaign opened with a meeting at Amber, a small town on a circuit which gave its young pastor much trouble. As a true Methodist preacher he advocated holiness, and this little, withered society disliked it much as backsliders generally do. He had given me a conception of its desolation and poverty, but so needed help that I agreed to go. Sister M. J. Harris had broken down in the work from overtaxing her vocal organs, and to them both it was a time of great discouragement. Physicians had warned her of the danger in the case, and Dr. Collins, who was a graduate in medical science in Boston, told her plainly there was no case on record where any person thus afflicted had ever been restored. Her vocal cords had pressed against the jugular vein, producing an angle in the vein, which endangered her life at any moment. She was suffering much from it and compelled to cease her singing. Much prayer had been offered for her, but there was no answer. Brother Harris wrote me he had planned to go into business, as his wife had failed, but would go with me himself for a few meetings if I could use him, and Amber was my first appointment. I knew that support at all was very doubtful at this point, but if the pastor would take him I should be glad to have him with me, and the pastor agreed to it. He subsequently asked if his wife could not accompany him and I feared to ask this of the pastor

lest he would break down, because he did not know where he could get a place for my head in that society.

So we three appeared on the battle ground. The parsonage was not far off and the young pastor and his wife procured a vacant house in Amber and we all moved in together and took care of ourselves! We were thus prepared for battle, having secured our base of supplies. After breakfast each morning we had a prayer service together which became glorious. The pastor's young wife got sanctified and was beautiful in holiness and her faith as simple as a child's. One morning Sister Harris was led to pray for her healing, and we all joined as best we could. There was a moment when her faith took hold and corresponding with that I was assured of her healing. She broke forth in a gust of praise, but while shouting she looked at her husband and the pastor, and they *seemed to her* to be doubting! This led her to partially let go, which I felt at the time, though nothing was said. I prayed much, but was sure her faith was crippled. At the first opening I expressed my fear to her, when she informed me as above. In our next prayer service her faith surmounted every barrier and the work was done. She sang from that time on in the meeting and has been singing ever since. The faith of the pastor's wife hung like an anchor all the time. Thus an exceedingly useful life has been prolonged, and Sister Harris given to the work of holiness through all these years! *Blessed be God!* The people of Amber largely rejected the truth, but we came away with shoutings.

A brief service in the army hall at Grinnell was made a blessing to the little flock and a few were saved. It seems strange that a city full of churches can furnish no building for the teaching of holiness by responsible ordained ministers. If Methodists had been true to their doctrine and calling there would have been no Salvation Army, but God will have holiness preached and His Gos-

pel given to the poor. We gave a few days to Pontiac, Illinois, to confirm the saints and give courage to the faint. Most of those previously saved were holding on their way and some were brought in.

The Des Moines (Iowa) Camp was led this year by Dr. Fowler, assisted by Brother Reid, Dr. Wm. Jones, McLaughlin, Amanda Smith, Sam Jones and Haney, with the rest of our home evangelists. I have rarely, if ever, been so impressed with the wonders of the Gospel as in that meeting. The people were moved mightily with sanctified truth from the lips of sanctified preachers. The encampment was large and each service seemed to be an increased revelation of God. Multitudes were moved by the truth and many were saved.

I think dear Doctor Jones was in a conscious battle with death. His manly frame was evidently yielding to the pressure. He was nervous when dear ones hinted that he was failing, and mentioned it publicly, but never preached so mightily. His last discourse in this camp was wonderful and will not disappear from the thought of those who heard it. A spotless character, among the sweetest of all saints, a Prince in Israel, a giant among ministers, whose *uncomplaining* great soul went off to God from a contemptible little town in Missouri, where he had been placed by an unjust ecclesiasticism for the *crime of preaching holiness!* His saintly wife had preceded him, and together they are with the sons of the morning, while I write! From first to last this was a great camp meeting.

Brother J. W. Martin and the writer conducted a camp for the Wright County Holiness Association, June 18-28, near Clarion, Iowa. Brother Martin is a good preacher, unusually forcible in the pulpit, and a fine leader of camp meetings. We have but few who equal him as a sound teacher, and through his Gospel many thousand have

been saved. Sister Epperson, one of our best women evangelists, aided much in the latter part of the meeting.

The National Association was called this year to hold a camp in the Allegheny Valley above Pittsburg, July 9-14. The ministers present as leaders were Fowler, Joseph Smith, Collins, Pepper, Daniels, Walker and Haney. The service was held on an old broken down Methodist camp ground, and its work had something to do with the resurrection of the dead! The blessed brother who called us there and was financially responsible, must have been severely tried, as a heavy load was left on his righteous soul. He bore it beautifully, and we trust the Lord has blessed him ever since. The location of the camp was beautiful, but past years of failure made success a difficult task. Could there have been a succession of holiness camps the people might have hailed the return of old time religion and hurried there to be saved. But God does recognize His real ministers and bless His own Gospel, so we had a glorious time. I find the following written on the ground after the meeting had closed: "A camp small in its beginnings, gracious in its progress, and Christ-honoring in its results. Probably more than one hundred were saved! *Personally,* there was a great deepening of my own soul. Glory to the Father, Son and Holy Ghost!"

Again the Nationals led the meeting at Des Plaines, July 29th to August 9th. The following workers were present: Fowler, Reid, Wm. Jones, Collins, Walker, McLaughlin, Pepper, Joseph Smith and Haney. The camp was not large, the regular church camp having preceded it. Dr. Jones preached four times, but broke down in his last sermon. His preaching was grand, but his strength not equal to what it was in Des Moines. Running over the record of each service made at the time, I am surprised to find a thread of *real* victory running through the whole.

A class of laymen who are staunch men of God lie back of this camp. These from the beginning have desired that the true Methodist idea of holiness shall be kept prominent in all their meetings, but have not always succeeded in making it so. Why do not our brothers in the ministry see that throughout the great Central West Methodist camp meetings have dwindled and most of them have disappeared where the Wesleyan view of holiness has been excluded?

The Bloomington, Illinois, Camp was a place of desire this year and much good was accomplished in it. Dr. Wm. Jones was the leader and this was our last meeting with this great and good minister. He preached with much power, but there was a faintness about his failing body which was noticeable, and painful to those who loved him. Brothers Collins and Fowler had much liberty in preaching, the latter coming for the second Sabbath. A note at its close says this: "A meeting of much power from God, of great liberty in preaching, of much prayer and apparent faith, with fifty to one hundred saved—think not more than sixty-five. O what unbelief!"

The Nationals held a camp at Greenville, Illinois, September 6-12, the Harrisons leading in song with usual acceptability and power. There were present Fowler, Walker, Collins and Haney. Brother Bradford, a young banker, called the meeting there and largely sustained it financially, and God blessed him in it. The following record was made concerning it: "Large assemblies, good attention, fearful preaching, glorious personal victories, great resistance to truth, and less saved than usual."

Our little camp at Cedar, Iowa, was a time of great refreshing to the saints, of genuine conviction and of much salvation in proportion to the outlay. Many of the County Association camps have been a great benediction to the people. To this one was added at the time: "A

camp of glorious import to God's saints and of power and revelation. Much resistance, but much salvation. Glory!"

After two blessed services in the Pentecostal Missions in Chicago, where Brother Rice and his helpers have wrought a great work and God gave us special victories, we wrote as follows: "The twenty-second year of evangelistic service has been the deepest and richest of all these years. My soul in this period has known much more than common of the glory of the Divine Indweller. Blessed be God forever and ever. Amen!"

I gave more time to my family and enjoyed the society of my wife in the twenty-third evangelistic year than perhaps in any other of the first twenty-five years. Had a meeting in February, 1898, in Seward M. E. Church, Omaha, Neb., with my old friend Robison as pastor—a man of kindly spirit and good talent. It was a pull for victory of twenty days, but the leaden weight of dead church members was a fearful thing to counteract. Dead church members generally have life enough to fight holiness if they cannot do anything else. There were some beautiful characters there battling for God against heavy odds. We wrote there at the time: "A service greatly encumbered with dead weights in the church and rebellion to holiness. God was wonderfully with me in all the preaching. Souls converted and sanctified, and much good accomplished." We also had two days service at Walnut Hill Church in that city, but little good was accomplished. On the way to Chicago we gave three days to Wesley Church, Des Moines, which were strikingly blessed of the Lord, and in West Side Mission, Chicago, God gave us a gracious time for ten days. That little mission has been the birthplace of many souls. Sister Beezely has been in charge of it for years. A woman of frail body and large family, but in close communion with the King. Dear Brother Rice has put many years

of earnest and self-sacrificing mission work in Chicago. The harvest will be gathered by and by.

A little camp this year at Goldfield, Iowa, was greatly hindered by great rains, smallness of camp, uncounted and unaccountable mosquitoes and human rebellion to God, but I said then, "God was with us, however, souls saved and sanctified and much good done."

Again we were in the battle at Des Moines. Brothers Fowler, Reid, Collins, Joseph Smith, Bunce, Laton, Brother and Sister Harris and Haney were in the fight, and what they said and did will be read aloud some day when Jesus Christ comes. The following note was appended concerning it at the time: "A meeting of gracious power to God's saints. Not as many saved as in some former camps, but striking in its advocacy of Gospel holiness and building for eternity."

Brother J. W. Martin was with us at Greenwood, Wis., Camp, where we had rain much of the time, but victory came from God and we rejoiced. We are always blessed among those Wisconsin saints. How we will shout when we meet them in eternity's morning. We find a note appended: "Much rain from first to last, but God was with us in power." This year we got to attend the Springfield, Illinois, Camp, Brother L. B. Kent in charge. Brothers McLaughlin, Hatfield, Duley, Kent and Haney were the preachers. Taken right along, Brother McLaughlin is among our strongest and most reliable preachers. Brother Hatfield is odd, like himself, and nobody else, but there is much good wheat in him, and he has done a great work for the Lord. If you do not love him, you had better begin now. Brother Kent is a strong preacher and has been a marked *self-sacrificing* worker for a great while. We have taken many precious lessons at his feet. The camp seemed every way good and we will meet people in heaven who were saved there.

We said of the National Camp at Silver Heights this year: "A meeting greatly hindered in its attendance, but marked in its power and revelations from God. My own soul taken into wonderful relations to the Holy Trinity." A strong body of ministers were there who preached with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven and souls were gathered into the garner of God. Who can estimate the good resulting to the whole country and the world coming out of the National Camp Meetings. The work of the National waned somewhat for a few years, but is rapidly advancing now. Blessed be God!

Our camp at Ransom, Kansas, this year from September 2nd to 12th was hindered by four days of rain, but full-salvation people are not easily turned from their purpose. When they cannot reach others they are sure to have a good time among themselves. So the work of character building went on graciously and the saints mounted above the clouds. Brother Gunkle had accomplished a great work through all this region and was there to help us, but Brother Thomson was now the pastor. Brother Sedore helped us in the fight and the pastor was faithful and true. We find this note made when meeting closed: "A meeting of gracious power and character building. Some were saved. Glory!"

Camp at Haysington, Kansas, opened September 13th and closed October 3rd. A camp meeting without tents! I insisted on living in my tent, so we had a tabernacle and one tent! The tabernacle blew down and I was bombarded for nearly three hours, *as it seemed* to me, by a storm of rain and hail and such a wind as people rarely see. My tent was well fastened with two systems of ropes and held wonderfully. At times I think the water was three inches deep under me, but I mounted my bed and held to the tent for dear life and prayed as best I could! At times it seemed the tent would be rent into ribbons,

but it held to the last and with but little injury. I was alone and no one near, but at last, as the storm was subsiding, a good brother came with an immense pair of rubber boots, and I got into them and waded to his house! This note was appended before we left the city: "A meeting against the success of which were very remarkable combinations. War of church members, fearful rain storm, wind, mosquitoes, two circus shows, a man murdered in town, spirituality choked out, &c., &c., but God was with us, many were raised from the dead, and a body of live souls left to save the church from perdition!"

The camp on Beloit Circuit, whose pastor and wife were blessed souls, began October 6th and continued till broken up by a persistent *cold* rain. It was a service of trial, but of triumph as well. Of this we wrote at the time: "A meeting which rescued two churches from great danger of utter loss, restored the Wesleyan doctrine and experience, brought some to pardon, others to holiness, revealed God to many as never before, restored two preachers to holiness, and greatly blessed my soul! Glory to the ever blessed Trinity!"

CHAPTER LXIV.

The Battles of the Twenty-fourth Year.

The twenty-fourth evangelistic year began January 1st and closed December 29th, 1899. It included eighteen distinct meetings, nine of which were camps. These were held in Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Maryland, Oklahoma and Indiana.

We began at El Paso, Illinois, January 1st, closing the 28th. The first Sabbath many arose as candidates for Christian perfection and had all of them kept their vow what a work of God would have been wrought! The second Sabbath about 150 of the church rose, saying they would seek till they found a holy heart. Had they all done what they promised to do, who can tell the depths and glory of the work which would have followed? Numbers did, and found what they sought. The pastor, Rev. W. A. Cumming, stood by the truth in a manly way and we have long prized him as a true minister. Father North of this church and his family were a great help to the meeting. The dear old suffering saint still survives and is ever a burning and shining light. The church at El Paso can never render one reason for not being holy with such a man and such a family in their midst. She has numerous members beside these whose garments are white and who will follow the Lamb to fountains of living waters.

Thus all over the land we find the church, and the church *within* the church. The one for and the other against spirituality, and the hindrance *of all hindrances,*

to a general revival of God's work are the tens of thousands whose names are on her records, but who have never been, or are not now, in the Book of Life. When the King comes, what wailings there will be, *when these two bodies are separated!*

A precious little meeting was held with my dear Brother Kidder on the Dubuque Circuit, Iowa. This man of God has stood for holiness through the years, against all opposing powers, and recently we had the pleasure of suggesting him for membership in the National Association. Of the service we made this note before leaving: "A meeting where a heavy majority of the church is utterly opposed to revivals and are without God! A blessed work—attendance very small, souls converted, reclaimed, sanctified. Minister gracious, and services continue under his lead. O how God has blessed me here!"

We were kept by a snow storm from reaching Warsaw, Nebraska, in time, but came as soon as the way opened, and some precious fruit was gathered. We found the pastor a true minister and were glad to help him. Some will come from Warsaw when God's elect are gathered. We had a sweet three days in Asbury Church, Des Moines, with Brother Snider's band and the Council of the I. H. A., March 12th to 15th. Touching at such places and coming in contact with such souls, how blessed it is!

A more lengthened meeting was held at Grand Island, Nebraska, where we were called to help Brother Webster, the pastor, whose name is in the Book of Life. The church within the church was here hindered as elsewhere by the church without. These two bodies, which through the ages have attempted to live together, but in no case have been one, have a distinct work on hand; so we were compelled to have a festival in the midst of revival work, and the outer church was interesting itself in drill performances for Easter, while the inner church was in the bat-

tle for souls. This, of course, greatly retarded the work, but God's faithful children made the best of it they could, and He owned and blessed their labors.

Putting in a few days of active work in the Soldiers' Home, near the city, we were badly pained to find so many of our old comrades so hardened in a life of sin, but some were saved and we went on our way rejoicing. Concerning it, at the time it was written: "A meeting opposed by the chief officers, but graciously blessed in the saving of souls. Everlasting praises to the King of Kings."

While at Normal, Illinois, from April 20th to June 8th, this note was made: *"Rest time.* God with me in a glorious home." It is very sweet to retire from the strife of the battle field at times to a home of purity and love.

My soul fattened rapidly on the food furnished at Mountain Lake Park Camp this year. It was the only time I was ever there and was then compelled to return before its close. Was treated with great kindness and love by the brethren, and the days spent on that holy mountain will not be forgotten. This was an opening for me to see dear Brother Thompson before he left for glory. He was frail, but mighty in God. It was a singular joy to meet him again and look into his saintly face. He embraced and kissed me as I came away and gave me his blessing. He said he had expected to be off, but "Father had made known to him he could not come just now," adding, "I think He has some little chore for me to do before I go home, and I am so glad to do His blessed will." It seems to me my condemnation would be very great after being in the society and holy fellowship of such men as Thompson, Pepper, Inskip and McDonald, if I should be untrue to my Lord. Mountain Lake Park Camp Meeting is one of the great camps of the world, and to take the scope of its heaven-born influence on the *race* is impossible till the great judgment day. More ministers are there led into the experience of holiness

than in any other meeting on the earth. Brother Pepper was the captain of the meeting, with Joseph H. Smith as his first lieutenant, and it would be difficult to put a meeting under better lead. The services were all beautiful and power from God increasing each day. It was no small cross to tear myself away from this glorious center of light and especially as I was compelled to leave while Brother Fowler was preaching. Should our brethren for any reason allow that annual camp to cease, it would be a painful blunder, and a loss to the Christian world. I feel and He owned and plessed their labors.

We had a time not to be forgotten in camp with Rev. D. W. Ross, pastor at Perkins, Oklahoma. The people were less hardened than in the older States, and many were hungry for the bread of life. Brother Ross is a great worker and his people were in a prepared state. The Lord be praised for such ministers! Our camp, of course, was not large, but the Lord made it glorious. Souls were being saved all the time, more or less. Young preachers went from that meeting to do great things for the King. In contact with them I seemed carried back to my youth. A dear brother who was instantly healed of *chronic rheumatism* at a camp on the Big Walnut River, Kansas, many years before, met me there with great joy. His wife and he, after spending much of their means with physicians, were both impressed by the Holy Spirit if they would go to the Walnut River Camp and ask God's people to pray for his restoration that God would heal him. He was a man nearly 40 years old, probably, and had been a man of strength, but was now painfully crippled. Both of his limbs were badly drawn up, but he could walk very slowly with the aid of two crutches. His hands were swollen and his fingers drawn out of place. His wife timidly brought his case to me, and asked prayer for her husband. I said I would, but having the whole meeting in charge, forgot it till she spoke

again. Fearing my carelessness had grieved them, I went to see him about it, and offering my hand, he refused to shake hands with me, because of the pain it must cost him, but said if I would carefully take hold of the fingers of his left hand I might. This led to his showing me his right hand, which was so swollen and the fingers so drawn that it was a painful sight. That afternoon he arose and hanging on his crutches gave a statement of his case and asked that prayer be offered. I then declared faith in God's healing power, adding that as these persons seemed to be His real children and had come there under the lead of the Holy Spirit for that purpose, and now made this request, that we had a right to pray in faith for his recovery. We all then knelt in a season of *silent* prayer and the service was closed with a few words of prayer, when he rose and said he was healed. This was about five o'clock in the afternoon. I was staying at Brother Green's house above the little camp, and came down to the morning meeting. Before reaching the ground I saw a brother leap off from the platform on the north side, and run to a covered wagon which was in waiting for him. The people as he sprang from the platform, which on that side was near the height of an ordinary table, gave a great shout and kept on shouting! Seeing the wagon winding through the woods, I managed to meet the parties to bid them good bye, for the attachments of that camp were wonderful. When I met them, to my surprise, it was this man and his wife. He reached down that hand which he had refused yesterday and took hold of mine with a grip I have not forgotten, saying: "Brother Haney, *I am healed,* and wife and I have not slept a wink all night," with words of praise and thanksgiving to God. He asked me to examine the hand, which I did, and the swelling was gone and those fingers straightened out! Six weeks after I wrote to a Brother Dougherty if he knew anything of this brother since the camp, and he answered that he

had just come from his house where they had been in a convention; that he had gone home and had cut sixty tons of hay, and declared that since he rose from that season of silent prayer he had not had one rheumatic pain! I saw him the next year on that same ground, and sitting on the platform, decided in my own mind he was the most perfect specimen of physical manhood in that company. Now, in Oklahoma, I think near fifteen years afterwards, he hugged and kissed me, and renewed his testimony as to what God had wrought. I am sorry his name has gone from me, but it can be found if desired.

At Stillwater, Okla., we met with resistence to holiness teaching as deep and persistent as we had met in any place. The church *acted* as though under mutual agreement not to yield under any circumstances. A few were saved, but the multitude went on as before. This note concerning my own soul was made at the time: "I go away, strong in God and rejoicing in this salvation."

We gave ten days to Carney, Oklahoma. A prominent brother had given time before the meeting and now during its progress, arguing against holiness teaching. Others joined him and made success in this meeting very difficult. A wide revival (?) had taken place here the year preceding, to which there seemed to have been no depths and the mass of the converts were now on the mountains of sin. This put the community in a skeptical condition. There is hardly any infidel-producing power which surpasses the ingathering of a host of souls to the church who have not been born of God. I have never found any power adequate to the task of restoring any community, or church, from the *evil results* of rushing a lot of unsaved sinners into church membership. I know no church which has ever fully recovered from such a calamity.

We were three days in Guthrie in a meeting where the District Conference and District Leagues united. Our

ministers with whom I met were generally young and deeply spiritual and under their lead great and gracious results must accrue. This was a beautiful occasion and much was done for and by the Lord. There was a crowd at the altar and my happy soul wrote on coming away: "Have rarely seen services *so blessed*. Glory be to God!"

I was three days in the camp at Bloomington, Ills., this year of 1899. Brother McLaughlin was in lead, and Brother Morrison assisting. These are among the best and strongest of our ministers. My soul was delighted to listen to the Gospel from such lips. The camp was large enough to secure the salvation of hundreds. Being compelled to leave in order to fulfill engagements in Indiana, I wrote at the time this note: "Grand preaching, yielding very slow, great light rejected, and holiness people not free."

We opened at North Manchester, Indiana, a blessed camp of ten days, September 2nd. Brother Glassock was my assistant and a blessed assistant was he. In hardly any other country is holiness planted on a sounder base or going forward more safely or rapidly. Brother Dan Speicher is the President of the Northern Indiana Holiness Association, and God has used him in a wide and glorious sense. The Association itself is made up of a solid body of beautiful Christians. The camp went forward graciously from the first and I have seen but few more gracious camp meetings. Concerning it I wrote: "A great meeting from first to last. Blessed be God, and more than 150 saved." How precious the memories of communion with such saints!

In contrast with this was a camp at Devices, Kansas, 700 miles away. Our old friend Bisbe had reached a point of desperation in that region of desolation and death, and almost demanded that I come and hold a camp in that little Sodomic valley. The dear man so needed help that I shut my eyes to the facts and went. At the

journey's end I found him and his good wife sick. His boys had put up one tent to be occupied, should there be any one to occupy it. I put up mine and stayed in the woods two nights alone. I had written Brother Morrison, of Colby, Kansas, for Jesus sake to come and bring his wife to help me. He could not come, but sent his wife, who is a fountain of song and a depository of salvation. The young pastor would have helped me, but his wife was sick. Not a soul out the first night. By Saturday night I had an audience of fifteen! But it rose to forty on Sabbath, which was an encouragement. Nights were cold and we had no tabernacle and we shivered. St. Paul was not half so glad when Timothy came as I was on the arrival of Sister Morrison. "Elect Lady" as she was, it was for her refined soul a tremendous undertaking; but she went through beautifully. The second Sabbath more had come and some had been saved. A strong wind from the south kept up all day and I preached three times facing it, without any covering over us. Some people whom the Lord had stirred up from the distance came in hungry and some of them were saved. That Sabbath I will not forget. I wrote as follows at its close: "A camp, the smallest I ever held, with men and devils to hinder marvelously and apparent *providential barriers*; yet overruled and made blessed in a marked manner to many precious souls. What was done was done cleanly and beautifully." The above has been recorded to indicate the *varieties* of evangelism!

We were called to Newkirk, Okla., November 8th, by the pastor, Brother E. B. Cole, an earnest and blessed young man, and had a healthy battle of four weeks, which by some will not be forgotten. It seemed as though the powers of darkness were unusually awake and much was thrown in the way, but the Lord took us through to victory. This note, written at the time, gives a hint at the facts: "A meeting broken into by two storms last-

ing nearly two weeks, three or four dances, and a murder trial, but greatly blessed and owned of God. Beside those converted and reclaimed, nearly fifty were brought into the experience of holiness."

I look with hope on the Oklahoma field as to the future, because so many ministers of that Conference are in the experience of holiness, and are true to Methodist doctrine.

We closed the twenty-fourth evangelistic year in a precious little convention in Indianapolis with Brother McLaughlin as leader. It was only held four days, but a gracious presence was there. It was thus noted at its close: "A meeting of marked interest and power. Probably about thirty saved."

CHAPTER LXV.

The Closing Century.

In the service of 1900 we had thirty distinct meetings, including nine camps. These were held in Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Iowa, Maryland and Ontario. The meeting beginning January 12th at Liberty Mills was a battle of peculiar type. A few among the best saints I have ever met were there. The Rittenhouse families are the very elect of God. The home of Father Rittenhouse was a Bethel to my soul. They had had much preaching on holiness, and there was much soundness among holiness people, but a part of the church had rebelled and were now rebelling, against the doctrine and experience. Then, they had a lodge room above the audience room in the church! There was a striking interest in the meeting from first to last, and we rarely labored more earnestly; but we were dissatisfied with the results. The following statement was made at the time concerning it: "A meeting of marked power and blessedness to the saved and deep conviction of the impenitent, but of great resistance. Some sanctified, some converted, some reclaimed, yet but *few* compared with what ought to have been."

Three days were given to Urbana, Indiana, in the Evangelical Church, many of whose people were beautiful in holiness, and whose pastor and his wife were walking with God. The meeting was marked with its depth of tone and freedom among God's children.

A meeting of ten days was given to Dodge City, Kansas, where much good seemed accomplished. Dear

Brother Weaver was the pastor and a blessed man is he. We had helped him in Colorado and found him a man of God. With the closing service we wrote: "A meeting of gracious power and salvation; last night very blessed. Praise the Lord. Continued by the pastor."

We were with Brother Gott in St. Louis nine days, which God recognized and sealed in the saving of souls. The earnestness and labor of the people in this mission are rarely equalled. The services went forward with increasing power from the beginning. Some desperate cases were saved. I believe thousands have been saved in the Union Mission and trust the foundations are *now* laid for a great work for the future, and I would not hesitate to give consecrated money to the furtherance of its interests. We wrote before leaving the following words: "Meeting of glorious power in which about seventy-five souls were graciously saved. Nearly all *clear and sound*. Glory!" There is a rescue mission connected with this which accomplishes the best work of the kind I have ever seen, and ought to receive the hearty support of lovers of the race. The holiness movement has been marked by a return to the *life of Jesus* in this respect, and thousands of devoted women are toiling day and night to raise up the fallen of their sex. Prayer without ceasing should go up for such, and money should be poured out on the altars of this most *self-sacrificing and Christ-exalting work.*

There had been about six weeks of revival meetings in the little town of Lincolnville, Indiana, when we opened and people were weary. Our work was in the U. B. Church, whose pastor, Brother Williams and his wife, had both found holiness in a meeting we held in South Kansas. She was and is an ordained minister in that church and a blessed woman. He had let go of the experience in part or whole, but was here restored. Ten were saved in one night and the Lord was with us all

through. The altar was filled the last night. We also held a meeting at Bethlehem Church with Brother Williams.

March 30th to April 16th we were with Brother Gott again and had a blessed time, though other meetings were running at the time which somewhat divided the interest and working force. Dr. Carradine was preaching in the great Temple which had been purchased from the Baptists by Brother and Sister Hall for a holiness center. Concerning this unwise purchase, and the after foolish departure of the Halls to Dowieism, much could be said, but we hope that the failures and disasters of the whole procedure will serve as a warning to good people *not to walk in their footprints*. I heard that prince of preachers, Dr. Carradine, in this temple when I could and was blessed under his ministry. Before leaving Union Mission this time we wrote: "Brother Gott, the pastor, suddenly broke down with trouble at the base of the brain, which his physicians pronounced fatal, and last night was instantly healed by the power of God while a few saints were in prayer for him. Glory be to God!"

The battle at Elkhart, Indiana, was well contested, but far away from failure. Brother Brown of the Wesley Church was an able helper in this church. I wrote in my private record before leaving, the following: "A meeting of unusual hindrances. Three prominent ministers were known to go from house to house to persuade the people to keep away, and it seemed that the whole ministry of the city were of one heart to hinder the work, except the U. B. Elder, who is a gracious brother and helped us much, and the F. M. preacher, with seven Mennonite brethren from the country, who were a comfort and blessing. About fifty were thought to be saved in all. There was quite an addition to the North Indiana Holiness Association and a holiness band and meeting started."

Brother Rees and Byron Rees, his son, held a ten days' convention about this time in Normal, Illinois, and stayed at my home. We had a time of great riches in their fellowship and ministry. Much good was done during their stay. We have regretted whatever of extravagance may have accompanied this brother since then, and have aimed to pray daily that God's hand may lead him from all errors and into all truth, for he is capable of being a man of great value to the church of God.

The Iowa State Camp in 1900 was a great and gracious meeting. Carradine and Morrison were the chief leaders. These two giant ministers of Southern Methodism have been a blessing to many ten thousands and a great power in the Des Moines Camp. The Harrises sang with increasing power and other preachers, including G. L. Miller, preached with great liberty and success. Dear Brother Reid seemed at his best and Brother Haney was on wings!

For want of space we are compelled to pass seasons of blessing at Nevada and Maxwell, Iowa, in June of this year, and can only hint at the sweetness and power of a service at Woodbine, Iowa, conducted by Brother Ruth. We took in the last three days of this camp en route to Storm Lake. Numbers of these people had been cut off *unjustly* from the church, but God preserved them from murmuring and bitterness, and I found them and have since found them the very salt of the earth. Of this camp I wrote before leaving: "A meeting of blessed results in view of vicious church opposition." Brother Ruth and the writer reached Storm Lake to open the camp June 29. The son of Sheridan Baker was there to lead the song and help in the preaching, and preached ably seven times. Brother B. S. Taylor gave us a sermon on Hell that was simply fearful to contemplate. It was said that some sinners expressed a fear the next day that the crust of the

earth would break through and let them tumble into its consuming fires. We wrote at the close of this meeting: "Among the best camps here for years, and Brother Ruth is a successful leader."

En route to Plymouth Camp, in Indiana, we brought wife to Chicago on her way to visit our son in Newark, New Jersey, and hastened on to open camp July 13. This was one in which there was much freedom and the Lord's people and ministers had a good time. Brother Dustman led the singing, and that part of the service was kept well on fire. Brother Brown helped us here much. Brother B. S. Taylor fell in on his way East and pushed well for a few days. Some feared when he came that his eccentric manner would turn the meeting from its channel, but he behaved well and preached his sermon on Hell with an awakening effect which did much good. We conducted numerous Bible readings which were accompanied graciously by the Holy Spirit. Once a reading on faith was followed by some being prostrated, while some shouted and others screamed with anguish. Brother Guise, of Urbana, preached blessedly, and the prayers and testimonies of the laity were a gracious force for God. Brother Dustman said about one hundred had been at the altar and nearly all were saved. At the close we went down to Urbana and preached to a hungry, happy crowd, to find the converts of previous meetings were standing well.

This year I was at Silver Heights for the first half of the meeting. There were present Walker, McLaughlin, Ruth, the Harrises, Brother Fowler, Aura Smith and others. From Tuesday till Saturday there was a battle before much victory was reached. The brethren, especially Dr. Walker, preached with great strength, but there was resistance to the truth. On Saturday there was an outburst of victory and shouting in the camp. The ground had been embarrassed financially and Brother

Ruth took one whole morning service to lift that cloud, and raised twenty-three hundred dollars, which has been a blessing to that camp ever since. Fifty to seventy-five saved before my leaving and a gracious prospect for much wider victory. While writing this I hear of the transfer of our dear Brother Conner, who was the founder of this camp meeting. What glory he has entered upon! Who can forget his triumphant shouting on this ground year after year, or his march at the head of his victorious column, waking the campers each Sabbath morning for years with notes of praise? Blessed Brother Conner, how much thou hast suffered, but how wondrous thy present environment! I knew not how much I loved thee till thy spirit fled!

We found the grounds at old Camp Wye, near Baltimore, Md., utterly unprepared, and the meeting opened under circumstances unpropitious. Here the Methodists had worshipped for more than a century. Here Asbury and Freeborn Garretson had poured their souls out to God, and fed hungry thousands with their holy gospel. Here multitudes had gathered with shoutings, who are with the ransomed before the throne! To me the place was sacred beyond common places of worship. Dr. Winchester and the Harrises were our helpers and well and blessedly did they shout on the battle. We found saints there with garments white and clean. There seemed much to hinder, but a blessed work was done. Those old trees under whose shade Asbury poured out the gospel of holiness, listened to the *same gospel* from the lips of Asbury's sons. There were evidences of decay from the standard of those early years, which gave us pain, but some felt their way back to the fountain and we were glad. Dr. Winchester, we found, was a beautiful spirit, and preached with much ability. Brother and Sister Harris were a gracious force in song and helped us on the platform as well.

Dr. Edward Walker was our helper at North Manchester, Ind., this year and revealed a growing strength in the pulpit. Many were saved, but I thought the meeting not equal to the one preceding it. The best of men and women are in this locality. The ministry of Sister Epperson was a potent factor in the camp and many were moved to her agency. This force went to Huntsville, Indiana, and held a camp from September 7th to 17th. Of this we wrote at the time: "A meeting beginning slowly midst a world of prejudices and increasing in interest to the end, Sabbath being a day of power."

We were called to St. David's, Ontario, to help the pastor, Brother J. H. Dyke, beginning September 30th, 1900. He and his wife and family I found to be very blessed people, walking with God in a life of perfect love. Think I have not known a whole family which surpassed them. Leading people in their church were not in sympathy with holiness teaching, and hence the faithful ministry of their pastor was an offence to them. That godly family had put in years of spotless living and faithful ministry, hindered and crossed by the unspiritual officials in the church. He called me, though we had never met, and my coming increased their antagonism to holiness teaching, making the battle a difficult one. A few were saved, but only one or two at a time, and it seemed impossible to fill the altar at any time. The pastor's wife had three daughters, aged about 9, 11 and 13 years. Each one of these children was a beautiful Christian, but the middle one I marked as having a remarkable knowledge of God. Each of them had their father's work on their heart and were in daily prayer for the meeting. St. David's was one of several appointments on a circuit and the pastor preached there in the afternoon. So I rested the second or third Sabbath in the forenoon, while he preached at another point. There seemed no one in the house but the middle child and myself, and I heard her

in fervent prayer. Coming out of my room into the hall I could hear her distinctly, and found she was not praying for herself at all, but for the afternoon meeting. It was a case of real *supplication*. I have no power to write it as it occurred to me. The child seemed in lone audience with God. Her soul insisted that God should melt the hearts of the people and bring them to the altar of prayer. The altar *must* be filled at that hour. She would nearly reach the climax and relax a little, but take hold with a firmer grasp, till she came the third time, and *prevailed!* When God answered that she should have her desire, she ceased at once to pray, and poured her soul out in praise, clapping her little hands and shouting aloud her praises. Then she sang a hymn of triumph and came downstairs. I gave no intimation that I had heard her, but think I never saw a calmer or more settled soul! When her mamma came in she told her the altar was going to be filled with seekers at 3 o'clock. The father came directly to the church and knew nothing of what had occurred. I preached and had no unusual liberty, but when the call was made the people came at once from every part of the church and filled the altar from right to left. The child expected what occurred as though she had seen it all before hand, and after the altar was filled went and knelt near a penitent sinner. Her father, thinking she was there as a seeker, came and asked her if she was in trouble of soul for herself, to which she replied: "O no, papa, but I am here praying for these dear sinners!" In all this ministry I have not witnessed a more wonderful case of prevailing prayer. Shall we ever learn our rights at the throne?

CHAPTER LXVI.

Nineteen Hundred and One.

Nineteen hundred and one opened up with a dangerous and persistent attack of la grippe, which more nearly approached an utter breakdown of my robust body than anything which had ever preceded it. To think of a possible end of my activities for Christ, required more grace than of fifty *added* years to spread His glory among men. I found my soul preferred the battle field to heaven, and He gave me the desire of my heart. From February 8th to March 31st of this twenty-sixth evangelistic year my time was given in short services, specially in the interests of I. H. A. work, in the following towns in Iowa: Clarion, Bristow, Burchinal, Swaledale, Fort Dodge, Des Moines, Independance, Nevada, Maxwell, Buena Vista and Newberg. At each of these places God met and blessed us, and we met with precious saints whose records are on high. The work thus done was under pressure, as the la grippe had not released its hold upon me for a day, and for a whole month afterwards at home I suffered with weakness in my throat, rheumatism and other evils flowing out of the malady.

May 3d to 13th we spent in the Holiness Assembly, held in the First M. E. Church, Chicago, which was a great and gracious service. During its passage many evangelists preached in the city and suburbs with souls saved in each place as far as we heard. We spoke one night in the First Swedish Church, where about twenty professed to come out into the light. The spirit of the

Assembly was blessed. There was a strong disposition on the part of its leaders to fraternize with those who differed with us, and what could be done to reconcile existing differences was freely done. Great good was accomplished and the whole of the last night was given to prayer, with souls being saved nearly every hour. We wrote at the time as follows: "The Assembly the best I ever saw. Including souls saved out where evangelists were sent, there must have been about two hundred. My own soul settled upon the rock!"

Before the Iowa Annual we held brief meetings at Dickens and Mt. Ayers, where God's voice was heard and souls were saved. Of the latter meeting it was said: "A service encompassed with hinderances, but greatly blessed of the Lord to those who were there. Thirteen or fourteen were saved, I think, and God's saints wonderfully enriched by the Holy Spirit. Praise the Lord."

Brothers Morrison and Ruth were the leading preachers this year at Des Moines, though the National Association held its annual business meeting there this year and for a day or two Dr. Fowler and other members were present. The preaching by these brethren seemed simply wonderful to those who heard. In many instances the Divine glory swept through and over the crowd and God's truth was clothed with fearful authority. It was thought that seventy-five or one hundred were saved on the second Sabbath. Of this meeting we wrote at the time: "Thought to be the best camp ever held by the Association. Probably about two hundred saved, besides the children. Numbers saved in the street meetings. Holy unity!" Brother and Sister Jacobs were a power in this meeting, and the Harrises probably never did better. Brother Haney was in the battle, and lifted above the world.

The camp at Des Moines was followed by another not half so large at Council Bluffs, led by Brother Ruth.

This camp was planned by dear Sister Ballard, who was carrying a mission in this city. The preaching was done by Brothers Ruth, Haney, J. M. and M. J. Harris, with others helping. Surely God was wonderfully gracious to us all. The meeting was held on the devil's ground, an old Sabbath resort with a saloon within the enclosure —now closed up. We wrote concerning this camp at the time: "Closing service with victory on every side. A meeting owned and blessed of God from first to last. Have rarely seen it equalled in liberty and power. About 150 supposed to be saved. How good God is!" This was followed by a convention in Dr. Savage's church in Omaha, which was a great help to many.

The Colorado State Camp was held at Greely this year, with Brother Ferguson and the writer as its leaders. It was a real battle for victory, with the night services largely attended. There was fearful conviction, but not so wide yielding. Brother Ferguson preached with much power, largely addressing the ungodly at night. We seemed on the eve of a *great* break for days, but it did not come. We were impressed that more would result from the teachings than was seen in this camp. Dear Brother De Foe, the President of the Association, was working day and night, despite his extreme frailty, and his spirit was a constant benediction. What *Christlikeness* does appear in many of God's afflicted saints.

In 1901 we were again at Silver Heights, Indiana, the favorite spot where God has so often been revealed. Brothers Ruth and Walker preached with great power and the sweet soul and ministry of Aura Smith helped the people on to God. Brother and Sister Harris were an unusual inspiration. The old time power was not wanting in the camp. Brother Haney was much blessed himself, but feared he was not made so wide a blessing to others. Sister Aura Smith has for a great while been

loved by the New Albany people and was there this year with her happy face and with some testimony and exhortation helped lift us toward God. We then wrote: "God with us from first to last. Many saved, but not as many as I desired."

Two conventions held in Pueblo in September and October were greatly hindered, 1st, by the presence of two bodies of brethren not in harmony with each other; 2nd, by a very unfortunate location, and 3rd, by walls of prejudice built up through a bad handling of the subject of holiness. Dear ones who are unwise in their methods, harsh in their spirit and abusive in their language, *never will know* till the judgment day *how much damage they have done to the cause they thus aimed to advance.* There were desperate cases at the altar and some of them saved. One fallen preacher who had become a drunkard, and when at the altar seemed to have the fires of hell consuming his vitals, had at times to be held by two or three men. The sight was appalling. At last some light appeared to dawn on the black night of his soul, and we hoped, but it was difficult to avoid painful fears. At times we seemed to be attempting to rescue the damned! Yet in the midst of it all some met the Lord and were saved, and we came away with gladness.

Our twenty-seventh evangelistic year was opened in the National Convention in Chicago, January 9th, 1902. Brothers Fowler, Reid, Walker, Whitcom, Haney and others preached the glorious gospel of holiness. At the time it did seem I never had heard such preaching. Brothers Fowler and Walker were beyond themselves, and God was with them wonderously. Souls were saved in nearly every service and I made a note of two *old men* who were converted one night with others. The pastor of the Wabash Avenue M. E. Church, where the convention was held, is a Christian gentleman and treated us with much kindness.

Ere this meeting closed we opened in Ada Street M. E. Church with a blessed young pastor who is a worthy son and representative of John Wesley. Here souls were reclaimed, justified and sanctified, and added strength given to the saints of God. The elect of God are in this church and such pastors will never lower the standard of our Divine religion. Before the National at Des Moines we held short conventions in Marshalltown, Bryantsburg, Epworth, Cascade, Fort Dodge, Cherokee, Lemars, Des Moines, Grinnell, Woodbine and De Soto, Iowa. The National at Des Moines, we thought, transcended all which had preceded it in the West, and at its close we wrote that from three to six hundred souls had been saved. Eternal thanksgiving to God and to the Lamb!

The Washington State Holiness Annual Camp was opened at Elberton, Washington, June 27th, Dr. Bresee, of Los Angeles, and the writer being chosen to lead it. Being in an obscure place and encircled with mountains of prejudice, the attendance was small, and by persistent rains we were driven into a church, but such men as Brother Bresee can make a meeting of interest in a desert! Precious souls from his church in Los Angeles with others from Washington were there, who helped mightily, and we had a glorious time.

We were aided at Medical Lake, Wash., especially by Brothers J. G. Martin and St. Clair in a camp very small at first, but larger and glorious as it proceeded. This was a meeting of peculiar blessedness and its results surprising.

The camp at Lyndon, near the northwest corner of the State seemed less than the least in its show of tents and assemblies. Located in the deep wood in such timber as we had never seen before, with apparently everything against us, Brother Martin and I seemed nearly alone. The first Sabbath God put it into the mind of twenty-

two young people to fix up a four-horse rig, with a large hay rack on the wagon, who came from Whatcome on the Sound, and spent the day, returning in the night, and before they reached Whatcome Monday morning every one of them was either converted or sanctified. This was not all done in camp, but they had a revival meeting in the hay rack on the way, till the last soul found liberty. Then a Swedish minister, miles away, hearing of our destitution, traversed his circuit and brought us a delegation of forty earnest souls for the second Sabbath. A beautiful deer came out of the wood and gazed at us a while, and bears came down within two miles and got apples. A small Indian tribe is in that neighborhood whose children are being taught by our dear friend, Laura Pippit Brown, whose ministries in Illinois and Iowa can hardly be forgotten. We had her preach and it had the old time ring to it, and her husband is a blessed man of God. Out of the converts of this meeting came a County Holiness Association which has been at work through the year and God has given them about 100 souls. They have bought a beautiful camp ground at Ferndon and now we are invited to hold their local camp meeting! How good God is!!

August 5th and 6th Brother T. G. Martin and myself spent in a brief service in Fairhaven on the Sound. The fire of the Lindon Camp has extended here and we had a blessed time. The Whatcome County Holiness Association was organized here with Brother C. W. Jones as its President, and he has led the Association to wider victories during the year than any other in my knowledge. Coming down Puget Sound to Seattle, we had ten days of glorious service in that city. *Many* were saved, and among them a business man who had broken down with strong drink and was in utter darkness as a skeptic. He had not been in a church for ten years. A friend of his excited him about the wonderful preaching in the taber-

nacle and he came from curiosity and to please his friend, and was wonderfully saved. A fallen Methodist minister who had been tampering with so-called "Christian Science" till the darkness of bald Atheism had gathered round him, broke down in the meeting and after three days of indescribable agony, got back to God. The wail of his soul was among the most piercing of all cries I ever listened to. He would look into my eyes and repeat with soul bitterness, "Oh! the darknes of these years!! *Oh!! the terrible darkness of my soul!!!*" His agonizing cry brought people from two blocks away to listen to his wail. It was the agony of hell begun in that torn breast. The cry of a lost soul, with its back turned on God. Why will God's people with open eyes tamper with that subtle and devilish delusion. *Not one case can be given who has gone with Christian Science who has not lost God.* We appended this note at the close of that meeting: "A meeting of great grace from God. A few desperate cases saved—saved gloriously. O the depth of the riches of our wonderful Christ!"

The State Colorado Holiness Association had planned to have their annual camp fifty miles west of Denver, but a few days before its opening, sickness broke out and they were compelled hastily to prepare a ground in the city. A great and difficult task was upon them, but they were equal to it and when we reached the camp it was surprising to find the work so nearly completed. The Association is on solid grounds and is led by a brother to whom God has given a sound head. A holiness *leader* with an unsound head is always a dangerous man. He may be ever so pure in heart, but if his head is unsound, God never appointed him to be a leader. He may, in a secondary sense, be a leader, so long as *he himself submits* to sound leadership of a sound overseer. Dr. Hills, of Texas, and the writer were chosen as the special workers in this camp, with Sister Boyce as assistant. Dr. Hills'

preaching was strong and clear. His teaching was sound to the core, and many were reached through his ministry. Sister Boyce was a precious power in the midst of us. Among the holiness people here there are strong and glorious men and women, and through their prayer of faith and active work the camp went forward from the beginning. There have not been many camps—if all the facts are considered—which surpassed this glorious meeting in Denver. I put its days down as among the best of my whole life and believe that God gave us about two hundred souls.

We closed this year with a free, beautiful and blessed convention of ten days with Brother Robinson and Brother Ferguson in Indianapolis, where the Lord rescued precious souls in Dr. Buye's church, and three meetings of from ten to fifteen days each at Ford, Spearville, and Ness City, Kansas. My old friend Bisbee had moved into that country and I was called there by his agency. Solid work was done at Ford, but much hindered by mixtures there in previous year. Some blessed souls in that locality. At Spearville and Ness City we found such a measure of death prevailing in the churches that it seemed impossible to counteract it, and so strong a trend worldward, especially at the latter place, that its memories are painful to me. But we closed this twenty-seventh evangelistic year finding heaven nearer and the road leading to it more enchanting than ever before.

CHAPTER LXVII.

My Work in Texas.

Some years after the war, Mrs. Haney and I were in Texas five months in labor day and night up to the strength given, in leading souls to Christ. Our field was largely in the northern part of the State, in small and large towns, but mostly with poor people. Great changes have since taken place in the financial conditions of those people. Our living was of a very simple character and our income ran in the wrong direction! It took two full years after our return to get where we were, financially, when we left Illinois for Texas; but we have never regretted the sacrifice thus made. We found hungry souls ready to be led to Christ in almost every place. We found a reverence for religion among the common people which was charming. I saw but one rude act connected with Divine services in the five months. Never had to reprove any one for bad behaviour. I preached to cowboys with pockets full of revolvers, but they always were gentlemen in the services and in the presence of the minister. Had I needed defence against intruders, I would not have hesitated to have called them to my aid.

The soldiers of the Confederate Army, five thousand of whom I had helped to capture at the Post of Arkansas, were at once my friends wherever I met them, though I everywhere published that I was in the Union Army and in no case attempted to appear under false colors. At Ennis we stopped with a son of Peter Cartwright, who went South after the war and joined the Southern Methodist Church. The wife of Dr. S. was a superior lady and strong friend of Sister Cartwright. This led

to her meeting us, but we were very distasteful to her, as we were a couple of old "Yanks!" and her prejudices were immense. Had we struck an iceberg in August it would hardly have been more apparent. I resolved to conquer her prejudiced soul, for I saw she was a woman of strong character and capable of much for Christ, and received in a kind spirit her utterances against the North. Among other things she heard and believed was that in the time when Memphis people were dying by the thousand with the fever, Chicago people combined and sent them a barrel of arsenic to destroy them by poison! I patiently showed her the love offerings which Chicago poured out to save Memphis in her time of calamity and she stood filled with astonishment. In the return of love for enmity from day to day, Mrs. S. was won over. One day as she sat down in Sister Cartwright's parlor, she said with a forcible voice: "I do *wonder* what it is that compels me to come to see you two old Yanks every day!" Ennis was about as dead a place as we ever labored in, but God raised it from the dead in this meeting. There was a Southern M. E. Church there, but such death prevailed that the pastor only had a handful of people to preach to when he came. We remained to rest a few days after our meeting closed and while there the pastor came to fill his appointment and his house was crowded! The whole community had been aroused and I had urged them to hear him preach. We were there, but he gave no attention to us whatever, which was a great offense to Mrs. S. When he dismissed, Mrs. S. came through the crowd to where we were and with a well twisted voice said, "If the Methodist Episcopal Church South were like the church at Ennis I would not remain in it one hour!!" We had no trouble whatever in being ignored, but she was wrought up to a fearful pitch! The next morning I looked out and there came Mrs. S. bringing her pastor, and if she had had him by the ear, it would hardly have

been more apparent that *she was leading him!* The dear man did his best to be genial and we made him as comfortable as we could. Exceeding high walls of prejudice and enmity can be melted away with love.

When at Gainesville a brother, whose name has gone from me, came from Marysville, as he had heard that two old Methodist cranks were there preaching holiness. He had been a Texas soldier and I helped to capture him at Arkansas Post during the war. Having been converted, he was a great student of the Bible and had joined the Presbyterian Church. He was seated on a back seat in a small afternoon service and those who had been saved were testifying to sanctification as an experience. Being much moved he sprang up, saying, "If this is what you Methodists call sanctification, *I have got it!*" He afterwards related to me the way he was led into it. Reading his daily lesson in the Bible, he came to First Thes. 4: 3, "This is the will of God, even your sanctification," &c. The Holy Spirit at once applied that truth to him personally and he felt it was now God's requirement of him. He could read no further, but took his book down a deep ravine where he usually prayed and knelt before God. Opening the Bible he placed his finger on that verse and said: "Now, Father, you say it is your will that I should be sanctified, and I don't know what that means, but You do. Whatever it is, *I want it now;*" and God sanctified him instantly. He arose, filled with the Holy Ghost, to return to his house, but was so overwhelmed with the glory of God that it was difficult to get there. He was a Presbyterian and had no thought of reaching this place before death, and told the Lord he did not know what it was, but he got it at once, because *he willed to have God's will done in him now.* No child of God will be without this wonderful grace whose whole soul wills to let God have His way. How beautiful the pathway of *heart obedience!* O that millions in like manenr would listen

and obey. This brother was so anxious to have his neighbors taught about holiness that he insisted on our coming and giving them a convention, which we did, and the hills of Red River were made glorious by the down pouring of the Holy Ghost. His wife had difficulty in "seeing into sanctification," but one day as I was going down that ravine to her husband's place of prayer, I saw a beautifully painted tin box in the pathway and tossing it with my shoe, a large quantity of snuff rolled out! In a few steps I came to another and sent it whirling, but it had not been opened, and I found the reason of our sister's blindness. After that snuff went down the hill she could, and did, see her way into holiness! A very large proportion of that community was saved when we left and that blessed Texan soldier had grounds for singing for a great while! It is usually true when the Lord's people are blind on the subject of holiness that *some sinful indulgence lies back of the blindness.*

While here a dear old Cumberland Presbyterian minister came from Denton where he was pastor to get us to preach holiness to his people. He was a heavy man and painfully crippled with rheumatism, so it was dangerous for him to ride about, but the old saint wanted his people instructed in holiness. We helped him in and out of his buggy while he stayed and helped shout on the battle, and joyfully went to his parish at the first opening. The meeting in his church was blessed and many came into glorious light. The minister's wife was one of John's elect ladies and a superior woman. She was also an exceedingly neat housekeeper, and such are usually strong willed and have a high temper, which her children had found out. The battle in her case was a fearful one, but at last she let go and plunged into the fountain when her face beamed with Godlight. Near the close of the convention she rose one day to bring glory to her Christ at her own expense, saying she wished to repeat an oc-

currence from her home. In preparing for the service that morning she had overheard a talk between her children in another room, when little Sue said to Johnny in a jubilant spirit, "Johnny, I am glad mamma has got sanctified!" Johnny inquired why, and she answered, "Because *she don't scold any more!*" This beautiful woman gladly made this recital against herself to magnify the grace which had delivered her from this curse of the family. O, if pure, Divine love could take the place of scolding in every Christian family, how soon it would revolutionize the world! What a multitude of young men and women are without God as the result of carnal outbreaks in family government!

We were at Dallas, Sherman, Fort Worth and many smaller towns and rarely failed to meet with a throng of hungry souls who were glad to receive the soul-satisfying gospel of holiness.

It afterwards required two years of labor in the home field to make us good financially, but witnessing the salvation of more than five hundred precious souls in Texas will bless us to our dying day.

Taking in the National Camp at Bismark, Kansas, the same year, we met Drs. Inskip and McDonald, with their helpers, and shared in the glorious gospel that they preached. The business side of that camp was painfully managed, and through certain prejudices the attendance was small and the results meagre for a National meeting. We there witnessed the most fearful outbursts of thunder and lightning of our whole life, and have not forgotten the eloquence of Inskip in his description of this electric storm. It was in this year I received a notice from Rev. Alex. McLean that the National Committee had unanimously elected me to membership in that Association. This was a glad surprise and how much I am owing to the union thus formed with this body will be seen in that day.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

The Last Year.

Before closing the campaign in Washington and Colorado, it seemed plain I should rest much of the time during the winter of 1902 and 1903. This gave opportunity for a blessed time in my home, which is always made a place of comfort and desire by the woman who has stood with me in the battles of fifty-four years. It did seem we had never before together passed so glorious a winter. We had journeyed together in youth and middle years; now the fires of the one had died out, and the strength of the other departed; but we were in the summerland of pure, unmixed Divine love, where God and home were blended!

Ten days in January were given to the National Holiness Convention in the First M. E. Church of Chicago. The convention seemed to be the best the Nationals ever held in this city. Thousands from the city, and strangers as well, during its passage, heard this wonderful gospel. Brother Bud Robinson had the noon services each day, when crowds were there to listen. These included people far and near. A throng of souls were saved and God was glorified. The burning soul and ministry of Dr. Fowler was a continued benediction and all the Lord's servants seemed specially endowed. Brother Isaiah Reid seemed to renew his youth, and Brother Haney, as usual, was eating honey out of the rock. This convention was one of a series which gladdened the hearts of thousands from Boston to California.

We gave two days to Durand, Iowa, and twelve to Bristow, in April. In the latter place we had real victory despite all hindrances. People here have had much light on holiness and the Methodist people especially have no excuse for not being in the experience. We were persistently hindered by a dear old brother of Alexander Campbell's church, who, under the guise of an inquirer, sought incessantly for *dispute*. He was begged again and again in much kindness and long suffering by the pastor and others to desist, but only ceased to be a disturber when compelled to do so by the demand of authority. Such occurrences are always painful to good men. The work went slowly, but after he left, the fire broke out and people were converted, reclaimed and wholly sanctified. What precious saints the Lord has hid away in these little towns and how blessed to help them.

At Grinnell, Iowa, we found the holiness work had been enlarged through a blessed little band from Marshalltown, and yet they are not strong. Had there an opportunity of visiting old Father Snider at his home before he went to heaven and did what we could to bring comfort to the afflicted family of Doctor Brown, at whose home I was made so comfortable. These two souls have known much of the Lord, but the furnace has been heated many times since they knew Him.

The Iowa Annual and National Camp this year at Des Moines was a great meeting, the largest, I think, ever held in the State. It was hindered at first by the fearful floods, but a real holiness meeting will rise above tremendous barriers. Plans for a great widening of the work were made at this meeting, out of which we trust may come the salvation of many ten thousands. Brother Morrison's ministry was glorious, while he remained, and his wife was distinctively a blessing to us all. Our northern people have exceedingly enjoyed the ministry of

Brothers Carradine and Morrison, and if they have more of such, we wish they would send them this way!

With but little time at our home to prepare for another Western campaign, we opened at Colorado Springs, June 25th, a convention of eleven days. Above all else, we were hindered here by the holiness work being divided into factions. Many people can't live unless they can be *leaders,* and so some notions are tacked on to holiness, and those who can combine in these *notions,* rally to the man or woman who promotes them, thus making a painfully little sect, which is not long in reaching the conclusion that they are about all the Lord has. I found one such leader in Texas, who told me that herself and one other woman, with one man, were the only people God had on the earth! She had a slight hope of one additional man, who was yielding himself to *her teachings!* I expressed to her my pity for the Lord, who had put in nearly six thousand years of labor to save men, and had only succeeded in saving two women and one man! God has a people as the stars of heaven, and some of them in all the churches, even in old fallen Rome, as well as millions whom He knows among the heathens.

Our meeting at the Springs was held in Brother Lee's mission and I believe him to be a very sincere man. The mission has some blessed souls who are full of self-sacrifice and good works; but there they are abstracted from all other holy brethren, and others separated from them. They toil as but few do to rescue souls, and souls are really rescued, but such utter want of co-operation between little groups of persons professing holiness is doing great damage to the cause and making a widespread work of holiness in their locality well nigh impossible. Isaiah Martin had planned for the meeting, and we did the best we knew to counteract this painful condition of things. The last Sabbath we had meeting in

Brother Fink's mission at 10 and 3, and brought the two together in the evening, and the day was glorious. God saved souls in both places and we had a blessed time, but we could not get at the masses at all. At Brother Fink's mission there are often more people than they can seat, but the building is small. If we could have had a tabernacle and gone in there as holiness ministers and the holiness people as such had dropped their notions and combined in *holiness,* we might have reached two hundred, instead of thirty or forty souls. Holiness people have never divided on holiness, and whatever does divide them should be abandoned without delay.

We had a blessed time with the Lord in crossing the mountains, but the dust was very trying. Having been requested by our old friends, Brother Fell and wife, formerly of Normal, Ills., to stop over at Pendleton, Oregon, we found Brother Fell had gone to heaven a few days before, and Sister Fell had great victory in her sorrow. We have rarely seen a soul so triumphant in bereavement. We preached at night in the M. E. Church and thirty-two persons were at the altar of prayer. Among others who yielded to seek God was Sister Fell's youngest son. This gave great joy to his mother, and strengthened her faith that God would also bring her other sons. The pastor of this church at Pendleton is a blessed man of God and his ministry is making great changes in the city. We reached Spokane, Wash., in time to open the camp July 9th, which continued eleven days. The Spokane River runs through the city and is among the most beautiful rivers of the world. Its falls are an enchantment as well as a great water power, and the city among the finest in the Northwest. The people in Washington are generally glad they are there, and as a rule are healthy and prosperous. The saloon is an awful power in this city, and its influence most damning. A city park near the camp ground is one of the places where its work is visible.

O when will the Christian world get ready to rise up and put down the saloon!

During the camp here people of both sexes were at the altar, drunk. In one case we had a fallen minister and his wife with her mother, all of them drinking. The preacher's wife seemed most drunken and hardened. She is a beautiful and intelligent woman and all three of them interesting people. The mother seemed the most broken in heart, and I think they all would have been saved but for the preacher's wife. She seemed sold to the devil and could not be led to yield to God. The camp at Spokane transcended most camps I have ever seen. Not one-third as large as the Iowa Annual or Mountain Lake Park, but many more saved in proportion to numbers and outlay. It was a meeting of prayer beyond any I was ever in. Almost incessantly the people were praying. The drunken crowd from the park would have broken down any common meeting, but this went on as though they were not there.

Brothers St. Clair, Isaiah Guy Martin and the writer were the leaders. Sister De Lance Wallace, the pastor of the Nazarene Church, was a gracious power all through and everywhere. She held an immense crowd the last Sabbath night wonderously. The power of God was so on the people that a holy hush pervaded the wicked. They hung there till late in the night, and so far as I observed, went away in utter silence! I have rarely witnessed its equal in fifty years. The Nazarene Mission here is a very exemplary body of Christians, and probably the most persistent body of prayers in my knowledge. Brother Wallace was healed of a half-day's fearful attack of bilious cholic in a moment of time in answer to prayer, and came right out to church, being well ever since. Others were also restored from chronic diseases marvelously who asked Brother St. Clair to anoint and pray for them in a tent. Brother St. Clair emphasizes

salvation ten fold above physical healing, but seems really to have the gift of faith for healing, and is a man of God. Brother Isaiah G. Martin is growing rapidly in grace and if he keeps humble will be of much value to Christ. A number of ministers were graciously sanctified in this meeting who have gone out to spread the tidings; but O, this hungry, restless world, when will it be reached!

CHAPTER LXIX.

In Conclusion.

We have thus brought this story up to the present time. Its discrepencies because of failing memory and insufficient record of facts, will doubtless be apparent. In the end of the years I see much to regret concerning the past, and many things which have been a grief to God. It is sixty-two years and one hundred and eighty days since He answered my cry for mercy and made me His child. The new life which came into my soul with pardon, brought with it a quenchless desire for the world's salvation which has never been absent for a day. As has been written, through a mother's prayers and *covenant with God*, I was set apart from the womb for a minister. I could not have followed any other vocation without violating the covenant which gave me being. I testify that from my infancy I now see that God kept His hand on me for this purpose, and some way, during my life in sin, *before* my conversion, I never got away from that trend of soul, and *always* rejoiced when sinners were converted.

That inwrought passion to save men from sin has increased with the years, and it has gone far toward preventing me turning to the right or to the left. My connection with Methodist preachers and people in early childhood and youth goes far toward accounting for that which may have been of value in me through these years to the cause of Christ. Had my lot been thrown in other schools of theology, no finite mind can know where I would have landed, or how soon I would have been

wrecked. To the fact that my first teaching was in the Wesleyan School, I am indebted beyond expression. Sitting at the feet of John Wesley, Richard Watson, Adam Clark and Benson, I placed my soul where no power has ever been able to turn me from the simplicity of the gospel of Christ. The books in my Conference studies were unmixed on the subject of holiness, and the law of my church demanded that my soul go forward into the grace of perfect love as a *distinct, second experience,* in order to be her minister. I was thus walled in, and could not answer the demand of my conscience as a *Methodist* preacher, without seeking a holy heart.

Then, such was my ignorance and excessive timidity, that success in the ministry seemed impossible without it, and long ago I should have gone down had I failed to secure it. It to me is a blessed memory, that in fifty-seven years I have never preached a sermon out of harmony with the Wesleyan doctrine of Christian holiness. In all, I have given about thirty-one years to the work of an evangelist, and as compared with the pastorate, it has been a sacrifice of more than five thousand dollars; but I believe it has added to my ministry twenty thousand souls. It has cost me the heart love of many who were very dear to me, and a thousand misunderstandings among my brethren, but God has seen to it that I should have the fellowship of ten thousand, who are closely allied to Him and welcomed my glad soul to wonderous union with Him.

No wrong treatment I have ever received from any human being, now pains me, and the greatest agonies of my life have been turned into blessing. No feeling of enmity to any soul for whom Christ has died adheres to my spirit, but a passionate desire for the highest happiness of all, now *rules me.* Seventy-eight years have passed swiftly by, but I see their wonderful connections with eternity. No days of childhood, or youth, or middle

years were equal to these hoary days of walking with God. This ministry of holiness is more beautiful than the light of the morning, and the chance to spread it, more desirable than heaven itself. *This real gospel of God's Holy Son!* O, I would gladly live yet, to proclaim it, till ten thousand young men and women were hurried out and on into its open fields! The millions who are dying without God are haunting my soul!. Be it known by any who may read this story when the hand that wrote it is palsied: There was one heart which did not cease its efforts to save men, till it ceased its beating.

GRACE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY